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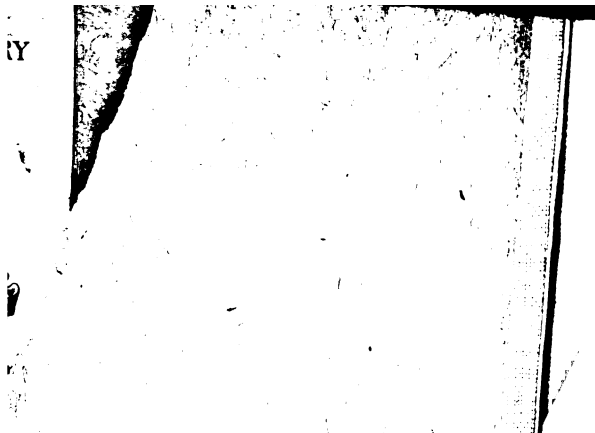
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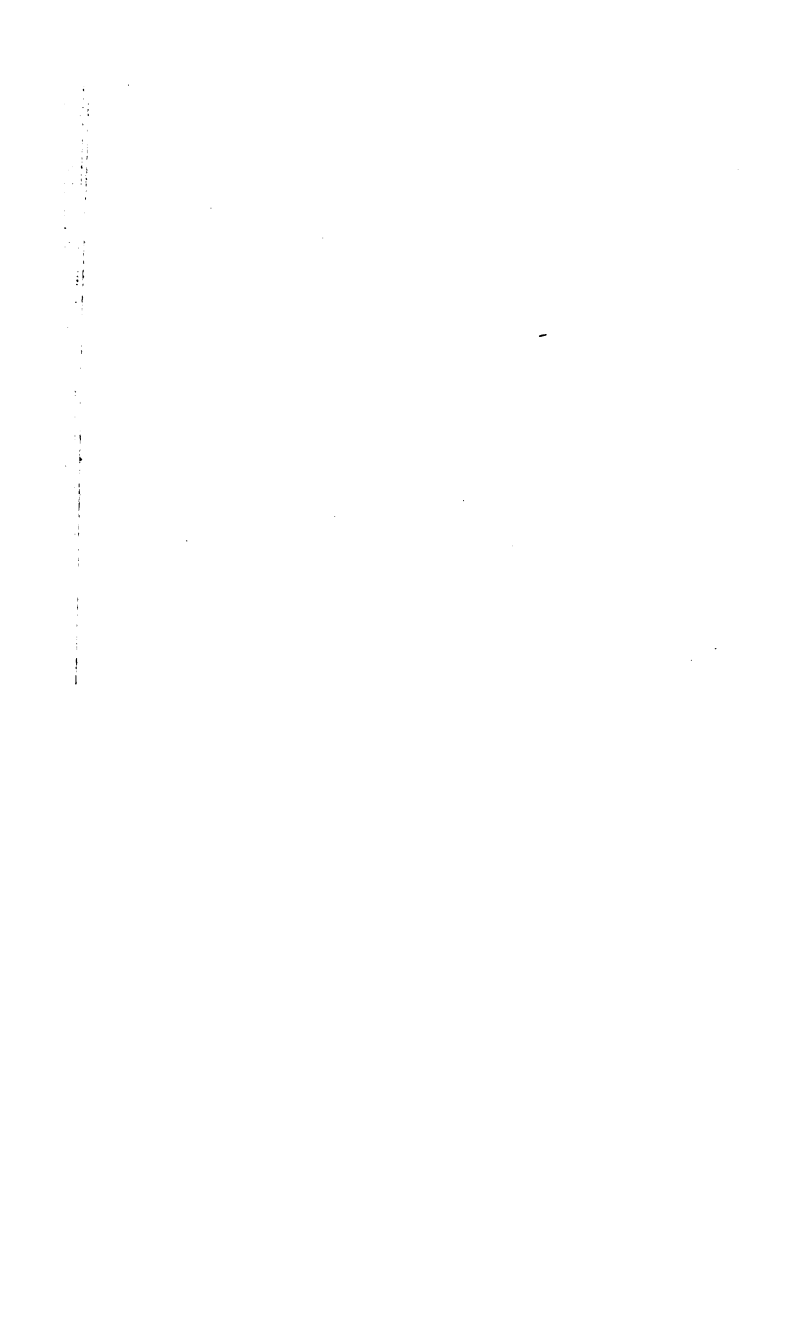


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THE  
**VAGABOND:**  
OR  
PRACTICAL INFIDELITY.

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A NOVEL.

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BY  
**GEORGE WALKER.**

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*Whatever is just is equal; but whatever is equal is not  
always just.* PLUTARCH.

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SECOND AMERICAN, FROM THE FOURTH ENGLISH EDITION WITH NOTES.

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## PREFACE.

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THE following work is written with a desire of placing, in a *practical* light, some of the prominent absurdities of many self-important reformers of mankind, who, having heated their imaginations, sit down to write *political romances*, which never were, and never will be practical; but which, coming into the hands of persons as little acquainted with human nature, the history of mankind, and the proofs of religious authenticity, as themselves, hurry away the mind from common life into dreams of ideal felicity; or, by breaking every moral tie, while they declaim about morals, turn loose their disciples upon the world, to root up and overthrow every thing which has received the sanction of ages, and been held sacred by men of real genius and erudition.

Nothing is more easy, if we leave human nature and *common place* reason out of the question, than to write a system of jurisprudence, a



perfect republic, a body of political justice, or a catalogue of rights : but a close attention to any of these works will readily bring forward glaring and palpable contradictions. What are the various classes of mankind to think, when these men not only *contradict themselves*, but every one has a system widely opposite to the other, agreeing only that every regular order and institution, religious, moral, and political, is worn out in this age of reason, and must be destroyed.

It may be right to apprise the reader, that the words *political justice*, are scarcely ever introduced, except when the sentiment is taken from Mr. Godwin's Political Justice.

No doubt those who feel themselves *sore*, will endeavour to cast upon the work the charge of exaggeration ; but, on this subject it is *impossible* to exaggerate ; so inimical are the doctrines of Godwin, Hume, Rousseau, &c. to all civil society, that, when the reader candidly reflects, he will perceive that the inferences I have drawn from *their* texts naturally result.

Can we wonder at the prevalence of adultery, when doctrines such as these men hold out in *fascinating language*, are tolerated? Can we wonder, at the vices and crimes of a neighbouring people? Or, can we wonder, that the generality of *shallow-thinking men* embrace and support them with ardour?



# THE VAGABOND.



## CHAPTER I.

### *The Meeting of two Republican Philosophers.*

ONE fine summer evening, Doctor Alogos walked out to the banks of Wynandar Meer, to enjoy the beautiful scenery surrounding, and reflected in the mirror of the crystal lake.

‘ This is charming,’ said he to himself, as he walked onward; ‘ the harmony of nature is visible in every object round me; the clouds form a majestic and ever-varying canopy; man alone deviates from that pure state of existence he knew in the golden age; man alone is unhappy; his passions and his appetites in society know no bounds short of attainment; and why? because he will not copy the example of unerring nature in her conduct of animals. These never deviate into rapine and outrage—they live free, and are happy.

At the moment he heard a noise in the air, and looking round, distinguished a hawk in full pursuit after a

lapwing. The harmless creature fluttered, and appeared nearly exhausted, while the bird of prey redoubled his exertions—Doctor Alogos, who usually walked with a fowling-pice for his amusement, brought the hawk down at shot; and the lapwing, as if to thank him, settled near the ground. In a little time it recovered from its fright, and a fine worm creeping before it fell a prey to *instinct*.

The Doctor mused on this subject as he continued his walk.—‘At worst,’ said he, “this is only a partial evil, and does not interrupt the harmony of the universe; it is only matter changing form, and making room in the great field of nature for new existences; if we had no hawks, in twenty years the whole surface of the earth would be covered with lapwings; and if we had no lapwings, the whole globe would be so over-run with worms, that, like a Cheshire cheese filled with mites, the crusting would crumble away. It is necessary that the stronger animals should prey upon the weaker, and quite in the order of things: but for men to murder each other, is very different, and arises from an unjust accumulation of property. Oh happy times when *property* was unregarded, when no tyrant could plant his foot upon an acre of ground, and repulse his fellow from the sod! Property! Property! thou art the bane of earthly good, an ulcer in society, and a cancer in the political œconomy.’

As the Doctor stamped his foot on the ground in the

attitude of an orator, heated with the idea of revolution and equality, a young man in very ragged dress leaped from a thicket of hazels, and holding a pistol to the Doctor's breast, demanded his money.

The Doctor's piece was unloaded, or his benevolence for the human species might have been lost in the agitation of surprise; but making a full pause, and gazing at his antagonist, 'This,' said he, 'is not right in the nature of things; force tells me that your argument is wrong; you should have first convinced me of your wants, and then my purse would have been your just property.'

'All property is a monopoly,' cried the young metaphysician, 'and the most laconic arguments are best: these rags which I wear are sufficient vouchers for my wants; and unless you can prove that some other has a greater claim to your property, I must have the contents of your pocket.'

'You are a philosopher,' said the Doctor.

'Yes,' replied the youth; 'my dear Stupeo used to tell me so; but philosophy is not rewarded in the present detestable system of things; virtue is ridiculed, and vice rides in gilded coaches.'

'How much do you need?' said the Doctor, in transport. 'You are a pupil of the *new school*; come along with me, and you shall find me a man who will esteem you exactly according to the quantity of merit you possess; your talents ought not to be thus lost.'

‘Stupeo was perfectly right,’ said the youth, ‘I told me that all men are equal; I will go with you!’

‘Who is this Stupeo?’ inquired the Doctor, while the young man walked by his side. ‘He was a very great philosopher, a mythologist, a metaphysician, and a scholar; he was my tutor at college.’

‘You a collegian!’ cried the Doctor, in surprise. ‘How came you in this miserable condition, and how could you commit such an act of dangerous outrage?’ ‘From the most natural reason in the world: all crimes, my dear sir, arises from some possessing what others want; but in fact, there is no such thing as crime; it is a mere chimera, existing only in the law, like John Doe and Richard Roe.’

‘There surely are crimes,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘crimes against political justice, and the liberty of the individual: as for instance, I have, as a willing animal, a right or power to take a walk; but if I am to be assassinated every time I go out, my liberty is restrained, my house becomes a prison, and I might as well be in a dungeon, I think crimes of this nature ought to be punished.’

‘How? By coercion or restraint?—My dear Stupeo used to say that punishment is a specious name, but is in reality nothing more than force, put upon one being by another who happens to be stronger. How can truth be promoted by this? If I am hanged for what is called a robbery, how am I convinced of my error? And it

he is the reform of the individual you should seek, and not the punishment of an action partial in its nature.'

'You are wrong,' said the Doctor; the offender ought to be restrained as long as the safety of the community prescribes it, for this is just: restrain him not an instant from a simple view to his own improvement, for this is contrary to reason and morality.\*

'But, my dear sir, cried the youth, warmly, 'Stupreo, who was a philosopher and a metaphysician, says——'

'Says a fiddlestick,' retorted the Doctor, 'it is the good of the whole we are to seek; what signifies individuals? They are as mites in the universe. Truth, truth must be propagated, and I glory to see we are making such rapid progress.'

They were by this time arrived at the gate of a neat-looking mansion, with high chimnies, and heavy cornices, which declared it to have been erected in the time of William the Third, a flower-garden spread before it, in which a beautiful young woman was gathering flowers. She appeared about eighteen, with all the innocence of that period, and the beauty attending upon health and good nature.

'Your daughter, I suppose?' said the stranger.

'No,' replied the Doctor; 'do you think I would

\* See page 132 and 161 of *Political Justice*, where the two last contradictory absurdities will be found *verbatim*.



believe my principles by uniting myself for life to any subject, when the human mind is of so changeable a nature? She is my niece; her parents, who were poor, and very ignorant, are dead. I attempted to cate her on my plan; but she is of a perverse disposition, she will not exert the divine privilege of resistance, and throw off the shackles of domination: she persists that the very difference of sexes should teach us that they are designed for different pursuits.'

'Laura,' cried the Doctor, 'have you set my room in order? I have brought home a stranger.'

'No,' replied Laura, blushing; 'I was obliged to visit a poor old woman in the village; and I intended, as soon as I had gathered some flowers, to arrange your apartment.'

'The devil take all the old women in the universe,' cried the Doctor, in a passion, 'with their diseases and their wants! What had you to do, you idle slut, with gathering flowers, when all my room is covered with litter? What a wretched state is society! every thing thwarting the temper, and spoiling our reflections.'

'In a state of nature, said the young stranger, 'we should certainly have fewer wants. The pleasant spring would supply us with drink, and the most of the forest with food. How happy would it be if all mankind, by universal consent, would destroy every vestige of society, and return to simple nature!'

‘ Nothing is more true,’ cried Doctor Alogos, taking his hand and leading him towards the house; ‘ you seem a youth of profound intelligence, and I glory in having discovered such a gem. All the children of men are dear to my heart; and my indignation boils when I hear that our brethren of Africa are urged to labour with a lash—torn from supreme felicity—carried from the yellow sands of Guinea to the burning furnace of the West-Indies, and all for what? To supply us with spices and sweet-meats. I could hug a Tartar to my breast, and divide my little property with a Greenlander.’

A wounded soldier at that moment accosted them from the gate, entreating a morsel of bread, or a farthing to buy it with.

The Doctor’s countenance reddened, and turned round—‘ Go,’ cried he, ‘ to your parish; for what do I pay so many poor’s rates, if my purse is to be always open to such vagrants? In a state of nature there is no necessity for soldiers; and I am determined I will not support the present infamous system.’ So saying, he slapped the door in the soldier’s face; and leading his new friend up stairs, they entered an elegant apartment, the furniture of which was in a style of the greatest luxury.

‘ Is supper ready?’ inquired the Doctor of a servant girl, who entered the room to place his chair, — ‘ It won’t be ready this half hour,’ replied she, pertly; ‘ if

you want it sooner, you must come and help to yourself.'

'Go along, you baggage,' said the Doctor, ing. Then turning to his guest, 'This,' said girl of independent spirit, the genuine equality for I admire her. If my niece were a little more disposition, I should be extremely fond of her—herself, because I am above all those false no relative connexion, but for her virtues.'

Supper was soon after served in a style that have gratified an epicure. The Doctor declaimed between every bite, on the virtues of temperance, beauties of nature.—The young man ate little engaged with the beauties of Laura: and the lady much abashed by the company of a stranger though in a garb that declared present poverty, a nobleness of physiognomy, which shone forth the cloud that enshrouded him.

Having sufficiently satisfied the demands of and appetite, the Doctor ordered his niece to and having replenished the table with wine, which observed was taxed in an infamous manner, he led the stranger to relate the outlines of his history.

## CHAPTER II.

*The progress of Truth and Philosophy in an ignorant mind.*

MY name is Frederic Fenton. I might perhaps be ashamed to mention my family, when you see me in these miserable garments; but truth must be spoken without regard to those false prejudices, which call folly by the name of honor.

My parents have great landed possessions, that is, are great tyrants, in the county of Kent. They educated me in all the superstitions of the Protestant church, and my whole study was to conform to their desires, and restrain my wishes to the line of what they called rectitude and religion.

I was so grossly ignorant, as to believe that disobeying them was displeasing to the Almighty; and I considered religion as a sure means of leading me to a better world, and making me hereafter happy: but these were the dreams of unenlightened imagination, impressed upon me by education.

Learning appeared in my eyes the greatest object of human attainment; and my parents delighting in my progress, my whole powers were bent to the acquirement of what they called valuable knowledge.

I did not then know that profound ignorance is the real and only state in which men can enjoy felicity; and that every advance from this is so far diverging from the intention of nature.

I was never easy under the neglect of a duty, & I either feared the censure of my parents, or the reproof of an offended deity: and I refrained for reasons from committing any of those actions, falsity particularly considers atrocious. So eager was my application to study, and so tenacious my memory, that at fifteen I was judged capable of commencing a student in form.

I took leave of my parents with tears; and my bosom seemed to lose its tranquillity at parting with a youth nearly my own age, and who had been my friend and companion from infancy. Vernon was not less affected; and we vowed eternal amity at our separation.

At the recommendation of a nobleman, the divine Stupeo became my preceptor. He was a person of mean birth; but that distinction I despised, seeing in him only a man of talents.

He began his plan of education, with starting bold truths, which shocked and dazzled me with their lustre, without confounding my perceptions. 'I will not,' said he, 'overwhelm you at once with the whole blaze of knowledge, though I would as little wish to lead you step by step, as though I would surprise you to an acquiescence with truth: immortal truths can never lose by being seen; it bears down every barrier; it is a mighty torrent; it may be stayed for a while, but the acceleration of its rapidity will increase in equal ratio.'

At first I ventured to observe, that the human mind is too often led into an error by a deception of the senses, which are ready to adopt any new object, however absurd. His eloquence, which was like the torrent he described, soon overcame my weak objections, and the first gleam of truth and philosophy dawned upon my soul.

He lamented the profound obedience I paid to my parents. 'My dear pupil, said he, 'what is this bondage you called duty? And what right have those beings you call father and mother to direct your actions, and controul the inborn vigour of your soul?'

'By the claim of nature; by the trouble they have taken for my preservation; and by the love they bear me.

'Unjust in the extreme! cried he. 'Do your parents love you for your real value?—No! it is aristocracy, self-love, and family pride, that teach them to set a value on you. No human being ought to be preferred because that being is my father, my wife, or my son;\* it is the good of the whole we should endeavour to promote. And what is your claim of nature? Are not all men born free? Children can be no longer connected with their father, than while they stand in need of his assistance. When this becomes needless, the natural tie is of course dissolved, the children are exempted from the obedience they owe their father, and the fa-

\* *Political Justice.*

ther is equally so from the solicitude due from him to his children; both assume a state of independence respecting each other.\*

‘But gratitude,’ replied, I ‘would seem to inspire reverence and esteem.’

‘Gratitude!—Nonsense,’ answered he, ‘I ought to esteem a benefactor, not because he has done a kindness to me, but because he has done it to a human being.†

‘But if what my parents request is for my own advantage, surely there can be no crime in obeying?’

‘Of that you are the best judge: if the action be good, it should be done because it is so, and not because certain persons have requested or commanded you to do it. But even this you ought to doubt: to doubt is the first step to be a great philosopher, and the more you doubt the more real knowledge you are possessed of. For instance, you will call that an apple lying on your table, because it appears so: but you must doubt it; your eyes, your taste is fallible—it may be an orange, or it may be nothing—it may be any thing.’

‘It may not be a church, or the Alpine mountains,’ said I.

‘But you must not believe it to be either, for those who believe *any thing*, certainly are fools.‡

‘I am convinced,’ said I. ‘I doubt whether I ever had a father, or ever was born: I will no longer be held in the leading-strings of obedience.’

\* Rousseau.

† Godwin.

‡ Hume on human nature, vol. 1. page 168.

Youth has a natural passion for entertainment; and having now cast off the trammels of parental admonition, I determined to enjoy those moments which my dear Stupeo taught me would never return. 'How few are our years, and of those years, how few are allowed to pleasure!' would he say. 'Grasp then, my pupil, the moments as they fly, for all beyond this life is annihilation and non-entity: dry and barren studies well enough for muddy souls, but not for those who know how to live.'

It is surprising with what conviction truth flashes upon the mind:—Stupeo's axioms were unrefutable, and I found the superiority of pleasure over all the laborious and musty researches of learning, which never satisfy a doubting philosophic mind.

I confess I ran into a few eccentricities, such as breaking the leg of a waiter in a drunken frolic—getting a fever by a surfeit—and spending my salary before it became due; but these are the necessary attendants on this miserable system of things. We are so enervated with *drinking tea*, that we cannot withstand the power of fixed air in fluids: and the monopoly of property prevents our spending more than we can acquire.

These reflections naturally led me to abhor tyranny of every kind. It is singular how we imbibe great truths, when once the mind doubts of every thing. The genius of liberty shone resplendent in mine eyes, and I groaned at the suf-



ferings of my fellow men. I saw that no possible right could bind any man in slavery. What power had any generation of men to sell their posterity, no matter who bought them? When had I *given my consent* to the government I lived under? Never; and therefore to me it was as *absolute* a despotism as any under the sun.\* It was no consequence to me that it might be just and well administered; to me it was a tyranny. I confess there seemed a trifling argument against this *new truth*; for it seemed a matter of difficulty, that the government should be sending to every individual, as he attained certain years, to know if he approved their establishment. But in the best of systems there is always some little defect; and surely Voltaire, Rousseau, Tom Paine, and the metaphysician Stupeo, knew which was for the best. 'I even doubt,' said the latter, 'whether the very article of our birth be not a great breach of political justice, since our consent was not required.'

He was a most exquisite reasoner; I remember him expatiating one day on the happiness of natural liberty: he kindled into enthusiasm on the subject. 'War,' cried he, 'that destroys our vitals, and in one moment silences eloquence, genius, and every virtue, with the howlings of misery, murder and despair, would never exist but for the machinations of monarchs. When did you ever hear republics going to war? What have they to fight about?'

\* *Paine.*

‘Did the Tyrians, the Grecians, the Romans, the Carthaginians never go to war?’ said I. But Stupeo knew his ground too well to be stopped by so *trifling* a question: he continued—‘The reciprocal relations of mankind, while living together in their primitive independence, were not sufficiently durable to constitute a state, either of peace or war, so that *men* cannot be naturally enemies. It is the relation subsisting *between things*, and *not between men*, that gives rise to war; which arising not from *personal* but *real* relations, cannot subsist between man and man, either in a state of nature or in a state of society, in which every thing is secured by the Laws. Thus it being evident that as men never can be at variance with them, for as much as no savages in a state of nature ever fight; it follows, that war never could happen, but for the quarrels of a set of tyrants, who lead men into the field of battle to butcher each other with their eyes shut.’

‘Then man becomes a mere machine?’ said I,

‘Man a machine!’ said he, with ardour: ‘man is a sublime animal; the great lord of creation: it is true his soul is nothing but an heap or recollection of different perceptions, or objects, united together by *certain relations*, and supposed, though falsely, to be endowed with perfect simplicity and identity. If any one, upon serious and unprejudiced reflection, thinks he has a different notion of himself, I must confess I can reason with him no longer: he may perhaps perceive something simple, and continued, which he calls *himself*,

though I am certain there is no such principle in me. But setting aside some metaphysicians of this kind, who believe they have a soul, I may venture to affirm, of the rest of mankind, that they are *nothing* but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement.

‘But,’ said I, ‘you tell me you are *certain* you have no soul, and yet you lay it down as a maxim, that we are not to be certain of any thing. This is surely a contradiction. Beside, if this bundle of ideas is always changing, and never the same, what is memory? How am I conscious that I ate my breakfast this morning, and got drunk last night?’

‘It is merely in idea,’ replied he; you cannot be certain you did either. All ideas are only slighter impressions than realities, and there is no other difference between reality and idea.\*

‘Then,’ said I, ‘the idea of an inch must be an inch long, and of a mile a mile long. If I have an idea of a roaring lion, or a thunder storm, I shall hear the sounds only in a smaller degree. I have an idea of two bottles of brandy, and the impression will surely equal the effect of two bottles of wine; but do I feel any actual difference between an idea of the frozen pole or the bowels of Mount Etna? Am I colder or warmer for either?’

\* *Hume on Human Nature, vol. i. page 361 and 433.*

es the idea of a bombardment lay me dead upon the  
in ; which it must do, if it were, as you say, that re-  
y and idea are in every respect the same, except  
the former strikes with more force than the lat-

You will *believe* every thing I have said,' he an-  
ered, ' if you *doubt* your own understanding ; and  
thing is more fallible than human reason, or more  
ertain than immutable truth.'

In this new path of philosophy, I made so much pro-  
ess, that I soon ceased to trouble myself with the jar-  
on of the schools : Aristotle, Grotius, and Puffendorf,  
peared as so many children, and even the great Locke,  
ut an infant in science. Latin and Greek became the  
most insipid of studies ; and in fact, my moments were  
too precious to be wasted on such trifles.

My father wrote me several letters, expressive of his  
grief at my change of principles, and hinting, that he  
would discharge Stupeo, if I attended to his infernal  
doctrines.

' And so,' cried the great logical metaphysician, ' you  
will stoop to the domination of this man, who wishes to  
cramp the divine impulses of your soul, to torpedo your  
faculties ! Other tyrants would be content with go-  
verning your body ; but this man, who calls himself

\* See Beattie's excellent *Treaties on Truth*.

your father, would depress the energies of your soul, spirit, and tear it down from beholding the splendour of reason and truth, to walk in the common tract of plodding men."

What reasoning could be more just, or delivered in more eloquent terms? I wrote in reply that my mind was free, that I detested controul, and would not submit to the directions of any tyrant, however distinguished by name.

My father returned me an answer in the mildest terms: he requested me to consider how much attention he had bestowed upon me in my early years. He asked how I should think of the man, who should return any favour I did him, with equal neglect and contempt. He entreated me to consider if any of his former advice had been in any ways detrimental to my own welfare; and to reflect, that no possible advantage could arise to him from my proceeding in a virtuous life, except that of beholding one, whom he had been a mean of bringing into the world, an honour to his country, to human nature, and to himself. He concluded with entreating me to meet him at a certain house upon the road, where he would communicate to me matters of great importance; and should set out from home, though very unwell, the moment he received my promise to meet him.

Stupeo was on a party of pleasure when I received

this letter. I am almost ashamed to own the impression it made upon me, though it is all in the old-fashioned style; but we cannot at once wholly overcome every prejudice of education.

I wrote immediately, that I would attend at the place appointed. I delayed till Stupeo arrived. He was surprised to find me ready for a journey, and more so when I informed him of the particulars.

‘Weak, purile, and inconstant man,’ cried he, you resolve in one hour what you undo the next. It was either fitting that you should yesterday have bowed to the commands of your father, or it is not fitting to-day:—I cannot change a moral action, What is it he requires? To bend you to his will—to make you the slave tool of his power. He would persuade you all that has done was for your sake. Who are you? an individual! his property?—A master gives physic to his slave, and pretends he has no interest in doing so. Nonsense! it is the good of the whole he should seek.’

‘But I have *promised* to meet him; and I would not willingly forfeit my word.’

‘All promises are morally wrong, and ought not to be kept. The action to be done, is either right, or it is wrong. If it is right, it should be done without an eye to a promise; and if it is wrong, no promise can make it right. For instance, I send word to a merchant I shall meet him on ‘Change, and I find more pleasure in some other excursion, or some action of greater

good, in my mind, appears for me to do. I ought not to meet the merchant; his inconvenience I am ignorant of, and I can no more be said to be accountable for any thing he shall suffer from the disappointment, than I am guilty of murder for not being on a trial at Newcastle, when I knew of no such trial, though my evidence should have saved the man. All that can be said is, that people would then in these cases depend more upon themselves, and less upon others.\*

‘But,’ said I, ‘how is business to be done, if no man has a certainty of meeting with those he has to transact some concern of the first importance with?’

‘What is business, what is commerce, when compared with moral virtue and political justice? It is the good of the whole, my dear Frederick, and not the petty interest of individuals, we are to consider. We ought never to do an action without first calculating the resulting good, and considering if some greater good may not be done.—You are dressed, and to tell you the truth, for we ought always, and in all instances, to speak truth, I this night am going to Mrs. Ell’s, where you will see a charming girl: she has not been introduced a month, and you will not regret the loss of ———— Come, my dear fellow, shake off all these superstitious notions, and taste real and genuine liberty.’

\* *Political Justice.*

## CHAPTER III.

*The new morality of Friendship, Honour, and Philanthropy.*

SOME days after I received a letter from my father informing me, that the disappointment he had received, with the fatigue of the journey, in his weak state of health, had so much raised his fever, that he had little hopes of recovering his health; and that if I yet retained the smallest spark of filial piety, I would instantly hasten to him.

I was at first shocked with the event, but it was evidently not owing to me, but the improper journey he had taken; for to say the disappointment could have such an affect, was talking like a nervous old woman. I was easily convinced by Stupeo that it was all a trick: and indeed I was in no condition to undertake a journey into Kent; the charming girl who had not been a month introduced, having given me sufficient reason to remember her innocence.

‘What a shocking effect!’ said Stupeo; ‘but you ought to doubt its reality.’

‘To doubt it?’ cried I: ‘No, no, I have no reason to doubt.’

‘But it may only exist in your idea, and that idea affects you.’

‘Affects me! How,’ said I. ‘What, if I have an idea that my throat is cut, shall I find the blood streaming about me?’



‘It all arises from the present miserable system of things, said Stupeo; ‘a despotism is the very worst of governments.’

‘But what has despotism to do with it?’ cried I peevishly; ‘am not I burning with all the flames of a volcano? and should I not have been well at this moment if I had attended my father? Pray how does this rise from the government?’

‘I will maintain,’ said Stupeo, with metaphysical coolness, ‘this, and every thing else that is bad, arises from it. If genuine liberty were established, all the female sex would be within our choice; we should not have to venture ——— What business has one man to monopolize a woman to himself? Affection and love is as various as any other passion. What are the names of mother, and wife, and daughter, and sister? In a state of nature men pursue their own inclinations, and not each grasp a female being himself, the slave of his caprice, and the object of his disgust.—Over this imaginary prize, men watch with perpetual jealousy; and one man will find his desires and his capacity to circumvent as much excited, as the other is excited to traverse him:—as long as this state of society continues, *philanthropy* will be crossed and checked in a thousand ways.’\*

‘That must be a very admirable state of things,’ I replied; ‘but at present, what are we to do, when our

\* *Political Justice.*

philanthropy must be practised in private? for it is a very dear article at Westminster-Hall. I am almost tempted to think it is a judgment of Providence upon illicit connexion.

‘Providence!’ repeated he; ‘is it possible you can really be such a child in science? In the eighteenth century to talk of Providence, is a mark of the profoundest ignorance. Do you think then that there is a great and omnipotent Being, who cares for such a bundle of atoms as you are? All priest-craft and lies. Does any thing tell you that you shall live hereafter?’

‘I have an idea that I shall; and all ideas must be realities, only in a slighter degree, if the doctrine of the *fashionable* Hume be true.’

‘Not in this case. Your existence will terminate when the lobes of the lungs are no longer inflated, and the blood ceases to beat in the arteries. The union of the spirit with the body, is a mere fortuitous connexion, happened wholly by chance, and will terminate in like manner.’

‘But,’ returned I, ‘nature seems embellished with a thousand beauties, that surely are not the result of chance. In the formation of one single flower, how insensibly does the stem increase, the leaves unfold, and the flowers expand! Were these the effects of chance, we ought to see the particles which form the component parts, settling from the air into the shapes of plants, trees, horses, and geese; nor should we ever see two animals or plants of the same species.’

Stupeo paused a moment, but he never wanted resources in the extensive stores of his mind. 'All this,' said he, 'proceeds from physical necessity, and the nature of things; you impel a ball along a smooth surface, and it must proceed in a fixed progress; so nature has given to all things an impulse, which never ceases to act. The same quantity of matter and spirit exists now that did exist at the first, though it is ever varying in form. In the first kernel, in the first egg, was contained the germ of all other kernels and eggs, of all the plants, and all the chickens, requiring only the progress of time to unfold them; and the first man contained in him all the men that ever did, or ever will exist.\*

'But how that first could ever exist without a creating power, is to me incomprehensible. We do not see new species of animals produced by nature in our time; we never find men with their heads just rising above ground, like the children of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, or the teeth which *Cadmus* set in the mud. It would be a convincing argument, if we were ever to find the horns of animals rising like plants before us in our walks. Indeed, my dear Stupeo, you must allow a great first cause.'

'Nature is all powerful,' said Stupeo.

'But what is nature? To be a powerful cause, it must have *will*: it must be a Deity; and I care not whether you call this mighty being Nature, Providence, or God.

'Those who believe any thing are fools,' replied he;

\* *Buffon.*

‘matter and motion may be regarded as the cause of thought:’ every thing arises from matter and motion.”

‘But what is motion? And what is the cause of motion?’ said I.

‘Priests,’ he replied, ‘have led the mind through their knowledge of its passions. They have introduced Hell to controul us by the horrors of future punishment. But the burning-glass of truth has struck the temple of prejudice and priest-craft; the fabric totters to the base, it will shortly fall, and crush all tyrants in its ruins.’

I could not but observe, that he had evaded my questions; but that was an effort of his exquisite wit and talent for disputation. It was impossible any one could resist the torrent of his eloquence; and my imagination was warmed by the glorious and brilliant idea of the temple of superstition tumbling down, and crushing tyranny in its ruins. I forgot my sufferings in the prospect, sighing alone in the fear that mankind were not yet sufficiently enlightened. Indeed I have yet to lament, that I find too many self-interested people, who prefer the *misanthropic* way of living in families, watching their wives and daughters like so many dragons guarding the Hesperian fruit, and hoarding up that wealth which thousands would be rejoiced to share. But the time will come, when knowledge is disseminated in all ranks; when the ploughman shall sit on his plough reading the Rights of Man, and all books of law and religion shall be burnt by the magistrates. Then,

\* *Hume on Human Nature*, vol. 1. page 468 and 434.

then, my dear sir, liberty shall triumph ! and aristocracy and property vanish together !

It was a long time before I recovered my health and strength ; and my father finding he could not bully me into his narrow principles, sent a dismissal to Stupeo. That great and good man could not bear to take a personal farewell of his pupil, but departed in the evening, two days after his discharge, taking with him a gold repeater of mine, which his delicacy would not let him ask as a memorial.—The loss of my dear Stupeo would have been dreadful, had I not imbibed sufficient knowledge to proceed without a guide ; the light of nature being sufficient for those who will follow her impulses, unbiassed by vulgar errors.

I endeavoured to *spread the truth* with all my powers ; but the old fellows thinking their places in danger, and alarmed at the thunders of reason, and the fulminations of science, expelled me the college, and I returned to my father's house.

There I resolved to live as much as possible in conformity to reason, without stooping to the forms of custom. Nature is the best regulator, and I was not obliged to eat and drink because the hand of the clock pointed to such a set of figures ; or to eat pork, when my appetite preferred mutton.

My mother, who was a weak, silly old woman, was always crying at my whims, as my father called them, and if I had not steeled my heart against that foolish failing, *pity*, I could not have persisted in the line of *truth*.

*Vernon*, the friend of my youth, resided at this time at our house, having finished the studies necessary to a mercantile education; and he now only waited for a vacancy, to go abroad on some adventure.

I endeavoured in vain to open the eyes of this bigoted youth, who was nearly my own age. I put into his hands books of religious controversy, in hopes of catching his mind by some insoluble question. I demanded of him frequently an explanation of all the articles of religious belief. I read to him the admirable writings of Voltaire and Hume: but he had the impudence to say, they contradicted each other; that Voltaire frequently asserted falsehoods as certainties, which three fourths of his readers had not means to detect; and that Hume was so contradictory and unintelligible, that the reader was lost in a jargon of words.

He had taken a strong fancy to a very elegant girl, the daughter of a farmer in our neighbourhood, and was never happy but when writing verses in her praise, or teaching her what he called, the Christian virtues. He was so jealous of this fancied property, that he was for excluding all others from their natural right. Had I attended to the old-fashioned doctrine of *honour*, I might have refrained from desiring the girl myself; but our enjoyments are very transient in this world, and none but fools will think of the next.

Your church people, who believe that they have souls, might indeed be deterred from violating innocence, and

plundering the weak : but I rejoice to think these notions are growing obsolete ; and not being troubled with such qualms myself, I resolved to gratify the pure and natural desire I had, at least to divide with Vernon the affections of Amelia.

The girl herself soon perceived the difference ; for, having a quick understanding, she became enamoured of the new doctrines I daily discoursed upon, for they carried self-evident proofs in the latitude they allowed for the passions and weakness of human nature.

Vernon was of too jealous a disposition not to perceive her growing coolness towards himself, and that all his sanctified religious notions were unattended to. His vigilance was roused, and he soon discovered that I had not only supplanted him, but even gained those favours he durst not in idea think of : a glorious proof of the superiority of truth, and the new morality.

In the narrow spirit of self-love, and the old times of chivalry, he sent me a challenge with all the fire of a madman, and all the reproaches he could have uttered had I injured him in the most infamous manner.

Determined to preserve the dignity of conscious innocence, I replied to him in a letter, ‘ That it was the offspring of despotism, to bring any argument to the sword !—that his appeal to force was palpably wrong, as he should have convinced me, by rational tenets, that I was not right. I also begged him to reflect, that my

mind, being infinitely more illumined, and more liberal than his, I was so much more valuable in the scale of moral virtue. That his death would, in the eye of political justice, be a matter of insignificance, but that mine would be a great detriment to society in general, for whose benefit I even durst not use the self-command of my person, by risking it against his.\*

I happened to meet him the same evening, on my way to Amelia. His eye kindled the moment he saw me; and standing firmly in my way, he waited my arrival.

‘Execrable coward!’† cried he, ‘monster of human depravity! you have forever ruined the tranquillity of my existence, and you deny me the *honourable* satisfaction of a gentleman. Were there not others less worthy than Amelia, whom you might have contaminated with your detestable maxims? But none other than the beloved darling of the soul of your friend, the girl whom he had doated on from infancy, you must defame!’

‘*Friendship!*’ said I, when his passion allowed him to pause; ‘we ought never to form *particular* friendships with any one, to the exclusion of the whole species: every man ought to be our friend; but before we enter into confidence, we ought to inquire carefully into the worth of our object, that we may not bestow upon

\* *The modern doctrine of Godwin and Co.*

† *I have been accused of pleading for duelling. Let any man, who calls himself a gentleman judge.*



him a regard which his abilities do not deserve, or ~~we~~ we shall act unjustly. We ought to be sure, after a certain allowance for the fallibility of the human judgment,†

‘Perish such infernal doctrines!’ cried he, interrupting me; ‘such cold-hearted and diabolical systems would unhinge all society in the universe!’

‘True, cried I, ‘true, most true,’ raising my voice, determined to be heard in the cause of truth. ‘It were well for mankind, if society were this moment abolished: we should then be free from its vices; virtue would spread her celestial banner over the children of men; science would dart the rays of its fecundating beams to the bosoms of all men; and liberty would spread her reign from zone to zone, and from one pole to the other.’

‘What is this jargon!’ said he, with a look of calm contempt: ‘Is the liberty you wish, the right of ravishing your friend’s mistress? Is this virtue you blaze forth—the committal of outrage, and slinking from the punishment? And what is your state of nature, but a state of anarchy and bloodshed?’

‘You misname every thing,’ said I. ‘If the great metaphysician Stupeo were here, he would soon convince you. As it is, I would ask how I have injured you? Is Amelia any way injured but in your roman-

† *Political Justice*, page 86.

tic fancy? What claim had you to her more than I? Should I at this moment oppose you, if you were to supplant me, or even divide with me her affections? No; so much *philanthropy*, so much *friendship* do I feel, that though I was now going to her, you shall go in my place.'

'Villain! monster!' cried he, nearly choking with passion; 'this moment I would tear your soul from your body, did not *gratitude* for your father prevent me. Live then! live to be a curse to yourself and society!'

'Do you not know,' said I, 'that *gratitude* is a crime? because——'

'Because, d—n—n!' vociferated he. 'Begone, monster! The man without gratitude is a companion alone for the blackest fiends of hell. The affections of angelic minds are lost on his calous soul. He may talk as he will of benevolence, but *self* is the centre of all his actions; and because he will not *return* a favour, he would meanly seek to destroy the obligation. Frederick, Frederick,' continued he, in a voice supernaturally solemn, 'remember this. Nothing can be more fallacious than the philanthropic principles held out by modern philosophers: they paint themselves as the most benevolent of the human race; they lament the horrors of West-Indian slavery; they groan at the sufferings of mankind, which arise from the nature of man and mortal existence. But look yourself, and let others dispassionately look into the conduct of these wor-

thy patriots, and I challenge you, or them, to bring me *one* man in an hundred, who will, or who has bestowed one single shilling *voluntarily*, either to relieve the distresses of the poor, or to aid the support of their country. In the one case, they shuffle off, by saying, the poor have a *right to demand* the property of the rich ; we are determined not to give a penny to a set of cowards, who will not rise and cut the throats of aristocrats and placemen. In the other case, they exclaim, I give any thing to support a set of ministerial minions ! No, it is contrary to my principles, I will oppose them in every measure ; and if a foreign enemy should come, I will either be neutral, or rejoice to see the day that shall make us free. What is the meaning of this cant, let your own sense dictate. Were these men to come forward and pay the regular taxes, there would not require above half that are now ostensibly demanded, the burden would be more equal, and the honest part of society would not be crushed with more than their portion. This, Frederick, is probably the last time I shall converse with you : it is *gratitude* which impels me to desire your reform ; and I would have you look at those men, who have always the word *morality* in their mouth : look at the private life of any one of them, and you will find the liberty they seek, to be no other than the right to practise every licentiousness unchecked by the *law*, and unstigmatised by sober and religious men.

I was going to repeat some of the arguments of the profound metaphysical Stupeo. I was going to prove

that we ought to doubt whether two and two made four, or the greater was larger than the less : but he turned from me with a look of superiority, and I could not for my soul but muse over his sermon, which was sacrilege against the cause of reason and truth ; it being well known that our political demagogues, our brethren in the cause of universal man, live in the most abstemious manner, that they may give the surplus to the poor. Will they not with true patriotism make the meanest subterfuges to evade a tax, by which means a double burden is thrown upon those who cannot flinch, and mankind are forced to open their eyes ! Do they not print cheap books to enlighten their understanding, and let them see how they are plundered and robbed ? For it is no argument to say, that from those who have not, nor ever had any thing, nothing can be taken ;—for what is more clear, than that I commit a robbery on a man if I withhold his just demands ? and the rich have no more real claim to their wealth, than the farmer has to the product of the ground he has cultivated ; and which ought to be divided equally to all the people on the surface. No man has a right to monopolize the fruits of the earth.

The arguments of Vernon might have weight on some minds ; and I trembled to think that he was counteracting all the good which I hoped to produce in the vicinity. So dangerous an enemy to liberty and reason ought to be removed ; and when I returned home, I immediately went to my father, desiring him to withdraw

his countenance from Vernon, who was a man that abused his generosity.

‘I can hardly believe him capable,’ said my father; ‘and even if he were so, the hopes I have inspired him with, render it in me a sacred duty to provide for him. I have educated him superior to his fortune; I have given him, as I may say, a mind equal to a great employ; and I should deem it injustice to cast him down and to destroy all the talents he has acquired, and the schemes he has indulged, beneath my influence.’

‘But,’ cried I, ‘your influence may be employed to better purpose, and it is the greater good we ought to prefer. What is the tenderness to which you are bound? This expectation you dare not disappoint. Has his expectation altered the original purpose of his life, engaged him in undertakings from which he would otherwise have abstained? Be it so: he and all other men would be taught to depend more on their own exertions: they would be taught never to rely on vain expectations, but act from the noble energies of independence.’

‘What language is this?’ cried my father. ‘What would society become, if no human being could depend on the promise or the protection of another? And what is the greatest good? A term without meaning, a cant phrase to avoid a duty. The greatest good is, to be upright and sincere before God and man; and not, because

my present convenience may suit, to turn the whole life of a dependant into a different channel; break all his connexions, and dissolve his plans at my will. This indeed is despotism with a power superior to the mandates of Persian plenipotence.'

'I wish,' said I, 'the divine, mythological, meta-physical Stupeo were here: he would shortly convince you that you are in a palpable error.'

'He could never,' replied my father, 'sophisticate the common-sense dictates of a mind wishing to do right.'

We were interrupted by the entrance of Vernon, who paused, and trembled at seeing me. I did not wish wholly to confound and embarrass him with my presence, and therefore withdrew.

I know not what passed between him and my father: but the next morning he departed by break of day, and my father shut himself up in his closet, in a gloomy fit.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*The greatest Good fully illustrated by a strange accident.  
—anecdotes of Patriotism.*

I CONTINUED my connexion with Amelia, and had the satisfaction to perceive that another human being would be added to the race of men. My father, by some means, became acquainted with the circumstance; and I was catechised for having followed the dictates of

nature. Family pride did not permit his requesting me to marry her, though he pretended that his only objection was, that no union could be happy after so great a lapse of discretion. He proposed that I should, for some time, quit the country; and he would provide for Amelia and the child, when it should be born.

‘Let the parish provide for it,’ said I: ‘all children ought to belong to the public. The great, the immortal, the virtuous, and illustrious Rousseau sent his children to be maintained by the Foundling Hospital at Paris;\* and shall I be ashamed of copying so great a master, whose actions were all sublime?’

‘And how do you reconcile those principles with morality?’ said my father.

‘Morality,’ I replied, ‘is political justice, which prefers the good of the whole to the good of a part; suffering partial evil, that the great work of truth may go forward, and liberty and reason be paramount over selfishness, pride, superstition, and priestcraft.’

‘Excellent!’ cried my father, breaking into a loud laugh: ‘a speech worthy the humble copier of Rousseau, and the great metaphysician Stupeo. Let me ask you one question, Frederick—Do you understand your self!’

‘Do I understand myself? Yes; and what I say is as legible as the broad beams of the sun at noon day: it is written in the great book of Nature.’

\* *Rousseau's Confessions.*

It was evening when this conversation took place; and we were startled by a sudden blaze of light, which darted across the hemisphere; at the same moment the servants cried out, Fire! and we could perceive the farm in a blaze.

My father and I, together with the servants, hastened to the spot, where we found a scene of deplorable distress. The farmer had forgot his children in his endeavours to save his property, which he threw out at the window.

His wife had fainted away; and the younger children were screaming in an upper story. My father, without any reflection, darted up the flaming stairs, and descended with the two little boys in his arms; in doing which, he was considerably scorched. Meanwhile, I snatched a ladder from one of the men, with intention to rescue Amelia, who had been sleeping in her room, and now appeared terrified at the window. I was going to apply the ladder, when part of the roof fell into the room where her father was employed, and drove him to the window in danger of suffocation.

In this dilemma it was impossible to save both:—  
'Were Stupeo here,' cried I, 'he would tell which is the most deserving of life; but I shall commit some injustice, if I save the life of the one with the lesser merit, 'Let go the ladder,' cried several; 'why do you keep it useless'. I, at that moment, remembered a parallel case, quoted by the excellent philosopher, Stupeo, in support of the new political justice.—'Suppose,' said



he, 'the Archbishop of Cambray and his maid are both in danger of perishing in flames, which ought I to save? The maid, a stupid creature, little better than a brute; —the archbishop, a man of eminent virtue and learning, and the author of *Telemachus*.\* To save the one, at the hazard of my own life, is scarce more virtue than to save a dog; but to save the Archbishop, is an act of the highest virtue; because all actions are to be esteemed in exact proportion to the merit of the person receiving the benefit. Now the difficulty is, in the present case, to know whether the farmer or his daughter is of most value to mankind. The farmer cultivates the earth, and provides for his family in a gross kind of way: the daughter is young, and may add many to the human species: but then——'

I was calmly proceeding, in spite of the struggles of the men to wrest the ladder from me, when a tremendous crash, and a large column of flame, ended my discussion, and I had the horror to see the farmer and his daughter both overwhelmed in the burning ruins. I was shocked at so dreadful an accident, which would not have happened had Stupeo been there: but in this present rascally system of government and society, virtue will not always succeed; and no man can be condemned, if evil should result from a good intention.

It was, however, a very deplorable circumstance, and I regretted deeply that I was not better versed in the

great book of Nature and Man, as I should then have known instantly how to appreciate the several degrees of merit.

Another unpleasant circumstance resulted. The common people, who are like a swinish multitude, and cannot perceive reason, (how indeed should they, when they are held in profound ignorance?) insisted upon it, that I had retained the ladder purposely to suffer them to perish: by which I expected to avoid the consequences of my connexion with Amelia. My father himself was inclined to believe the report; and unless I had the logic of Stupeo, and the effrontery of Voltaire, (who being asked how he could insert falsehoods so glaring in his history, replied, 'To one half of the present generation they will be facts, and the next will not possess the means of detection.') I should have found it impossible to prevent their reproaches:

A committee of stupid farmers met to inquire into the cause of the fire. It began in a back stable, where I had been on some business in the course of the day: their suspicions appeared facts, and a warrant was sent for to apprehend me.

I was very much astonished when my father mentioned this with tears in his eyes, and told me the corroborating circumstances were in every point against me: that my retention of the ladder was too evidently to prevent the rescue of two wretched persons whom I had in fact murdered: that he shuddered at being the father of so profligate a son; but that his consideration for my

mother prevented his assisting to detain me himself, as I should most assuredly be hanged, unless I possessed incontrovertible proofs in my favour.

‘I maintain it,’ cried I, ‘that in a state of nature the fire could not have happened: I even doubt that it has now happened. Did you ever read the great, the fashionable Hume, in his Treatise on Human Nature? In all incidents of life, we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we *believe* that fire warms, or water refreshes, it is only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise: nay, *if we are* philosophers, it ought only to be on sceptical principles.’\*

‘You will believe,’ said he, ‘when the rope is tightened round your neck.’

‘I know not whether there be reality in that,’ said I. ‘It may be only an idea: we cannot be certain that an man was ever hanged; because, if we proceed upon hear-say evidence, upon tradition, ever varying; upon chronicles and annals, which are half interpolations; say, if we believe all those sort of testimonies, we may as well believe the authenticity of our bibles; for, in fact, we have as little real proof of the burning of the farm-house, the hanging of John the painter, the revolution of Massaniello, and the existence of Alexander, as we have of a book, which is merely the laws and history of people, preserved in their synagogues by *them*

*selves*: our senses are the most deceiving things in nature.'

'You speak lightly,' said my father with a deep sigh: 'had you the common feelings of a man, the loss of Amelia would rend your heart: but you are callous to the ties of nature: if, however, you cannot prove your innocence, you would do well to fly; and this purse will supply you the means.'

'Give me a few moments,' said I, 'to deliberate, I would march rejoicing, with a firm step and steady countenance, to meet the axe of the executioner, if it would promote the cause of truth: but I have yet to consider how my death will benefit mankind, whether it will impress a conviction of the omnipotent power of truth, or whether——'

'Are you indeed mad?' said my father, gazing at me sorrowfully.

'Mad!' cried I. 'No; I repeat the sentiments of all enlightened men: I have the power to escape, and the power to march to the gibbet, and I only balance between the resulting good of either action.'

'You are not fit to be a member of civil society.'

'I know it; I glory in the idea: were I fit to live in society, I should be no real and genuine philosopher. Society is a fungus, reared in the hot bed of luxury.'

'Fly!' cried he: 'the mob is coming across the green—it is dark, haste through the garden!'

I really did not see that any good would result from my being hanged; for how could I know what yet re-

remained for me to perform on the great stage of life? and accordingly I hastened from the house.

I continued to cross the country, chagrined at the effect of consideration. I must confess, the new philosophy involves one in situations that require all the energies of the human mind; and indeed it would be almost impracticable, were it not for that fundamental and happy maxim of disbelieving every thing past, present, and to come.

I detested disguise, because it is inconsistent with the spirit of truth; and I know not but all sorts of stratagem are blots on the dignity of virtue. It was, however, very awkward, that a philosopher should be hanged for such a trifle as the death of a farmer and his daughter.

I proceeded forward the whole of that night, and the next day I remained to rest at a farm-house, again setting out at the commencement of evening. I had not advanced above seven miles, when I heard a considerable noise in a barn, like a tumult of applause, which again subsided into a calm; and I could hear a voice pronouncing a declamatory speech. I hastened to the door, which was guarded by some ill-looking fellows, and, having paid sixpence, was ushered into a croud of gaping farmers and cottagers. A little dark complexioned man, with a most hypocritical countenance, and a grin of self-applause mingled with contempt, was instructing the clowns in their rights. His voice was ele-

vated to the pitch of raving, and the idea of liberty gave volubility to his tongue, which he rolled about with the energy of enthusiasm.

'Citizens,' cried he, 'citizens and fellow-brethren' of the human race, this is a glorious sight, this is a display that shall strike terror into tyrants. The prisoners rattle their chains, and will soon dash them in pieces on the heads of their jailors.—Germs of my love! how it gives satisfaction to my soul, to see you assembled and determined in the good cause! What shall we do? Shall we pray, like a set of canting methodists? No, we will do something better. Here he made signs of stirring. Yes, citizens, we will rally round our rights; we will claim something else besides mouldy parchments and rotten charters; we will demand the Rights Man! Can any citizen furnish me with a morsel of it, for I am exceeding thirsty? Well, brethren, let me reflect upon the horrid times we live in; I don't mean to say this country, and I don't care how many government spies there may be amongst us; I am speaking, — if I was in Rome. Let us remember the times of our forefathers:—hear it, citizens! In the time of Queen Bess, every ploughman could, with his wages, carry home a sucking pig, or a turkey, to his family at night: which of you can do so? Won't you believe now that the times are bad? that you are slaves? that Old England, mind I mean Old Rome, is ruined, and that without some energetic exertion, we

shall never redeem ourselves from perdition? Brethren! germs of my love! this is a meeting for the cause of universal man: no real citizen would refuse to give—<sup>1</sup>What! slinking away through the gate when we talk of giving? Aye, aye, the minister has drained your pockets, not left you a farthing:—however, the box is held at the gate. Well, citizens, I am the man that stands forward to defend your rights—and what do you think the government will do with me? I will tell you: they will put me in a dungeon, where I shall look through the grating at you; or they'll hang me on a gibbet, where I shall dingle dangle before you like a scare-crow. But let them—I am willing to suffer for your sake.\*

Here he descended from the rostrum, amidst the loud applauses of the multitude; and I pressed eagerly forward to get a sight of a man labouring in the cause of philosophy and truth.

‘Citizen,’ said I, seizing his hand, were the great, the metaphysical, the oratorical Stupeo here, he would honour you for your noble speech.’

‘Which of my speeches?’ said he. ‘You may get the last phillipic of the door-keeper for a shilling.’

‘My dear friend,’ said I, ‘I am a disciple of the wonderful Stupeo, whom you must have heard of. Tell me how I may be of service in the cause of human nature.’

*\* Meeting at Copenhagen House.*

‘Have you subscribed?’ demanded he: ‘Are you a member?’

‘I am a stranger, but I pretend to some little philosophy.’ He gazed upon me; and some friend stepping up, I was parted from him by the crowd.

He is too much a philosopher, thought I, to have his reflections interrupted by idle curiosity: he will now retire to meditate on the subject of his undertaking, and I will endeavour to see him in the morning.

I proceeded towards the next village across some fields, and, as I went slowly, was overtaken by two countrymen, who were in high argument.—‘I tell thee,’ said one, ‘it be’s a thing impossible as a labouring body wold yearn a pig in yan day. Why, don’t I know as wot we pays dearer for an article in name, we do wot we have more money in *proposition*, as our parson says.’

‘He say!’ cried the other: ‘he’s a right to stand up for himself, and make folks believe any thing. Why, I tell thee now, atween mon and mon, that Ould England wold be one to the dogs, as we heard Citizon Ego say; and wot will never be as it ought to be, till we have another Aldermon Cromwell, and no tithes.’

‘Alderman Cromwell!’ repeated the first. ‘Why, wot be’s an arrant ninny-hammer; he were Oliver Cromwell, an our Parson did tell us about him last Sunday, as he did tax the people, when he got fixed, as much or more than they were before.’

‘I will be stringed up,’ cried the other, ‘if it were Alderman Cromwell now. Why, I did hear a deel



about un from a paper Citizen Ego did give away for nothing.'

'Like a mountebank to catch fools,' said the other. 'You'd a deel better go and mind your master's business, and not trouble your thick head about nation-affairs.'

My blood began to rise in the cause of truth.— 'What,' cried I, 'would you have the human soul bound down and fettered in bonds of superstition and ignorance? Give the intellectual faculties play, and then the great day of universal emancipation will soon arrive.'

'Mensuration!' cried the first: 'who be you, to talk of mensuration? Ayn't the country divided enough, without more mensuration!'

'My good friend,' said I, 'learn that emancipation is the freeing of all mankind from their chains; when neither priests, nor kings, nor Oliver Cromwells will be wanted.'

'Thee lies, cried one in anger: 'Alderman Cromwell were the only good man in the land, and I wish we had an hundred at this present.'

'Who are you,' said the other, 'that abuse your betters? You shall go to the stocks if you talk treason.'

'The stocks?' cried I: 'you would do well both of you to go there, and learn your alphabet; then you would know a little more.'

The champion of Alderman Cromwell was too much irritated at this reply to enter deeper into the argument;

and being also in a quarrelling disposition from the speeches of his adversary, he instantly struck me over the head a blow which nearly brought me to the ground; he returned it in an instant with a good cudgel, and he fell at his length before me. His antagonist attempted to collar me; but, darting my fist in his mouth, he stuck up to me in a more scientific way; and though I beat him black and blue in about six rounds, I was myself so bruised, that I crawled with difficulty to the next inn.

Having procured some vinegar, or rather sour beer, I retired to the chamber allotted me, which was the upper story, the roof admitting the sparkling of the stars as they passed over. I lay down on a dirty piece of a bed, which the maid told me was all they had to spare, the rest of the house being engaged by the London gentlemen.

I was grieved at so fair an opportunity being lost; but my bruises paining me, I found little inclination to enter into political discussion.

I endeavoured to sleep, but a loud noise in the room beneath effectually prevented me. I arose, after some time, and through a chink in the floor could perceive the same little dark citizen Ego, and two others, the one in green-and-buff, and the other in black.

‘We shall make a decent harvest, citizens,’ said Ego; ‘the germ of freedom begins to shoot, and we shall reap the benefit.’

‘How much,’ said Green-and-buff, ‘shall we divide to-night? This is but a poor place. I am about a work that shall bring more money, and set the nation more together by the ears than all your lectures and debates. I shall demonstrate by a ratio, clear as the angles of a triangle, that the whole kingdom is beggared; and every man will buy the book to see how: it will be torn from the press; the very government will buy it up. I shall prove to every man, if he has any common sense, that all the property in his warehouse won’t fetch him half-a-crown in the pound.’

‘Drink about my boys,’ said the man in black. ‘If we had but three nice pretty little *rogues* here, I would recite my ode to the best of kings—’tis a d——d clever thing, citizens; Pepper’s book will be nothing to mine: I make out every man to be a rascal or a fool; there’s nothing like it: the more you abuse people, the more eager they are to buy. I’ve found out the secret, and I take care to lay it on thick enough; true or false, it is no matter to me, not a pin.—There was the other night I was at the Opera, and there was my Lady——. Oho! here comes the supper.’

The papers before them were rolled into their pockets. Roast fowls, and other articles of equal luxury, attracted their attention; and jests at the folly of mankind filled the intervals. ‘D—n it, said Ego, ‘do you know I had a devilish difficulty to get on to-night! I thought I was a little too far out; but I thundered it away, and they gulphed it all down for gospel. If I

mention a government spy, I always set the room in a roar.'

Having eat till they could eat no more, they were again left to themselves over a bowl of punch.—Here's', cried Ego, grasping the bowl, and lifting it to his mouth, 'here's the dignity of human nature, and may the blood of ruthless tyrants flow like this punch!'

'Bravo! citizen,' roared out the man in black; 'down your throat you mean. Well, but now we must to business.'

'We have letters to write,' said Ego, 'from Edinburgh, from Liverpool, and from Portsmouth. Our club in London is grown so fearful, that we shall not keep them together without some flaming correspondence from some of the large towns. Which will you take, Pepper? Will you write from Liverpool? Talk a great deal about virtuous poverty, the dignity of human nature, and a thirst of knowledge; tell them of the converts my speeches daily procure: and you, citizen, you write from Edinburgh; talk about the Scotch tree of liberty: for myself, do you know I'm assassinated!'

'Ha! ha! ha! how, pray?'

'Why, the enemies of liberty, the hirelings of government, have stabbed me at Portsmouth. D—n it, citizens, it will be a blow-up, better than a mine in a counterscarp: when I get back to London, I may shew myself for a wild beast.'

'But it won't do,' cried Pepper; 'John Bull won't be gulled so. D—n it, keep the broad way; tell him that

there is a mine of dormant good sense in him, which, if not brought into action, will die with him.\* Talk about revolutions, taxes, ropes, and axes, till you set his brains a-whirling, and then you may pick his pocket with all the ease in nature.'

'Right, right, right!' shouted Ego. 'But what are all these trifles? When our clubs are properly established we shall govern the nation, we shall ride upon the heads of the people, superior to law or human controul.†

\* *Rights of Man.*

† *No man who has the smallest affection for genuine liberty would for a moment wish the establishment of affiliated clubs, under whatever pretence. The Jacobin club has deluged France with blood. But not to mention what every one knows, and to suppose that their ostensible motives were good, still they have no right to dictate to the nation at large: and it is well known that a few daring and needy men may by this coalition domineer over a whole people. The words of the Emperor Trajan to Pliny may here be applied. When the latter requested permission to institute a company of firemen, the former consented with these words: "But it is to be remembered, that this sort of societies have greatly disturbed the peace of that province in general, and of those cities in particular. Whatever name we give them, and for whatever purposes they may be founded, they will not fail to form themselves into assemblies, however*

I was so agitated with this dialogue between the pretended friends of liberty, that I started up, and cried aloud, 'Hypocrites! will you sully the beauty of truth by such actions? Will you bring her into disgrace with mankind?'

'Blood and murder!' roared out Citizen Ego, 'where are my pistols? Citizens, we are betrayed! Let us fly! The spies of government are come upon us, thick as the locusts of Egypt.'

'A despotism,' cried Pepper, 'is the worst of all governments; no man is safe in his own house; formerly, an Englishman's house was his castle; but since we have opened the eyes of mankind, we are daily more and more restrained.'

'Sit down, citizens,' said the man in black. 'Drink away, and laugh at the devil: it was only a false alarm.'

'I won't stay another hour in the house,' cried Pepper; 'I will be off through this window.'

'Who is to pay the reckoning?' said Ego.

'Pugh! what's the reckoning to us?' said Pepper. 'We will tell the world that we were pursued by the blood-hounds of government, and somebody else will pay the score. We have been here more than a week,

*short their meetings may be." So political clubs for whatever purpose instituted, will not fail in the end to produce anarchy, and take the reins of government into their own hands.*

and the bill will be some pounds.' So saying, he opened the window. I stamped aloud with my on the floor; they were again alarmed; and ing to look behind them, all three descended il-  
lane.

I raved about the room, lamenting the depravity of mankind, and almost afraid that some of the principles of the new philosophy were erroneous: but I remembered that truth could not be injured by the abuses of some of its professors, except they were hypocritical priests; there being a wide difference between religion and politics.

In the morning I found myself too stiff to remove with pleasure. The whole inn was in an uproar about the fugitives; and the landlord consigned all politicians pell mell to the devil. To refresh my spirits, I walked down into the garden, where I had not stayed long before I was alarmed by the cries of a lad, and, hastening to inquire the accident, found it the son of the inn-keeper, who was suffering a severe flagellation with an horse-whip, his father seemed to lay on in vexation for his late loss.

'What, cried I, seizing him by the arm, 'what are you doing? What has the poor lad done?'

'What I'll murder him for if he repeats,' answered the angry inn-keeper: 'he has been robbing an orchard, and will bring himself to the gallows.'

'But you should advise him—you should convince

“terror by reason and argument, and not use co-

“‘t know what you mean by coercion?” said he  
“I’ve already sufficiently talked to him, and now his  
shall suffer.”

You are wrong; all coercion is wrong,” cried I: “at  
this moment your son feels a sense of insult and in-  
jury; he feels himself right, and that you are a ty-

“are you?” demanded the inn-keeper. “Don’t  
don’t think you are a partner with those that  
he reckoning, and go about the country teaching  
disobedience, and the poor people to knock the  
the head for feeding them.”

“softly,” said I: “if you had ever heard the my-  
thological Stupéo, you would have thought differ-  
The rich plunder you, tax you, and drive

“That’s as bouncing a lie as ever was uttered,” said  
he bluntly: “we don’t plunder them to be sure, because  
its all in the way of business, but we tax them pretty  
soundly, and my ostler drives them.”

“You don’t comprehend,” said I: “I speak of politi-  
cal evils.”

“What have I to do with politics?” said he. “Let  
every man mind his own business, and I’ll be bound for  
it the nation will run very well. Why now there’s a

\* *Political Justice.*



canting set of mealy-mouthed vagabonds, preaching up rebellion, and setting people by the ears, and what good comes on it? Why, the minister, to keep his seat, pulls the reins the tighter, and the steady horse is pinched for the restiveness of his companion.'

'But,' said I, 'these are only partial evils: we ought to consider the good of the whole, and the benefit mankind will receive.'

'Benefit! what, to talk politics when their families are starving, and about the Rights of Man when they are drinking their children's maintainance, and about clothing the negroes of Africa, when their own family is in rags. I tell ye, master, I've seen enough of these here rotten politics in my ale-room.'

I found his conceptions so gross and stupid, that I determined to remain no longer under his roof; and, though I could scarcely walk, I took a place in a stage-coach for London.

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## CHAPTER V.

*The Vagabond meets with various Adventures—a duel in the republican style.*

IN the stage were two female passengers, a young man well dressed, and two persons with the appearance of substantial tradesmen.

‘ Well, Mr. Adams,’ said one of the tradesmen, as soon as the stage had cleared the town, ‘ is there any news from London? Have the rioters in St. George’s Fields dispersed yet?’

‘ Dispersed! No,’ cried Adams, ‘ nor I hope ever will, till they have cut up popery root and branch, and established liberty.’

‘ So you would establish liberty by religious persecution? That would be like the Americans fighting for freedom with one hand, and rattling the whip over their slaves with the other.’

‘ You and I never agree, Master Ketchup; you have read so little, that you are quite ignorant of all the wheels that set the great crane of government in motion.’

‘ I never heard that government was like a crane,’ said the young gentleman, ‘ pray, how may that be?’

‘ Why, it lifts heavy brains into the cockloft of honor,’ retorted Adams, with a loud laugh. ‘ You thought, I suppose, you had caught a green one: it is not for ignorant people to talk politics.’

‘ You are right, my friend,’ replied the young gentleman; ‘ and I can give you another simile:—government is like a crane, because it lifts all the rascals it catches out of this world.’

‘ Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘ this is idle punning, and beneath the discussion of men who think on the glorious

dawn of liberty that is breaking from the shores of America.'

'And blazing in the destruction of houses in London,' said Ketchup. 'I have however little doubt yet, but we shall be able to reduce the Americans to obedience.'

'Never,' cried Adams, 'never: the French will pour in troops upon Canada from the Baltic; and I had it as a private fact, that they were at this moment marching from the Spanish settlements in South America, and intended to take our Hudson's Bay factory in their route, and to ruin our Newfoundland fishery.\* Then, what shall we do for whalebone and lamp oil? The streets

*\* A post-master's son at Louvain, of the name of Wolfe, whose intellects were deranged, had for many years imagined himself to be a prince. As his madness was harmless, his friends did not confine him, and he used to sign his name the Prince de Wolfe, and to wear stars and ribbands of different orders. This Prince wrote a letter to the Assembly, testifying his admiration of the wisdom and philosophy of their decrees, and promising to imitate so great and good an example in his own territories.—The letter was received, and read with enthusiasm in the Assembly, and the President was ordered to write an answer to the Prince de Wolfe.*

One would be apt to think the ignorance of the twelfth century was returned, when the geography of Brabant was unknown in France.

of London will be involved in darkness, and I shall never go to club without loaded pistols.'

'Be not alarmed,' said the young gentleman, laughing at the geographical error, which was a mere trifle; 'they never will do it. There is news arrived within the last twenty-four hours, that the whole expedition has been wrecked upon the flats off the coast of Hanover.'

'Indeed,' cried Adams, 'I lament it from my soul; but I hope yet that liberty will prosper. If they would take my way, they would run no danger of these horrid tempests. But people in office are always too proud to take advice from those who are in low situations, or they might listen and learn.'

'Well,' said the youth, 'let us hear your advice, if it be no great secret.'

'Why, now, this is it, and can any thing be clearer?—Is not France a continent? and is not America a continent? and is not a continent, as Johnson's Dictionary says, land not disjoined by the sea from other lands? What then should prevent them marching over land to the relief of the Americans? We hear every day of journies by land to the East-Indies, and America is not half so far.'

'Did you ever look at the map of the world?' said the youth: 'you would then see a trifling objection.'

'I'll bet you a bottle,' cried Adams, 'it is so in Johnson's Dictionary, and that's the best book of the sort.'

I sat in some little pain for the well-meaning Adams, who seemed to have a clear sense of truth and reason; and what after all does it signify to know the relative situation of countries; it only conduces to extend oppression. Had Alexander known of China, he would not have lamented the want of other worlds to destroy.

‘Mr. Adams,’ said I, ‘you seem a man of a true mind, and so far as you wish the Americans success in the cause of universal man, I honour you; and were the profound politician Stupeo here, he would press you to his bosom as a brother of the human race. But, my dear friend, when shall we see an end of this detestable butchery of our species? When shall we cease to worry and devour each other.’

‘In a republic,’ said Adams, ‘no man has an inclination to quarrel—war always originates from kings. If there were no kings, there would be no wars.’

‘I am tired of this eternal babble,’ said the young gentleman. ‘I abhor war from my soul as much as any man; but is it possible mankind can be dupes to so glaring a lie? What were the republics of Greece and Rome, but a company of banditti, who over-run all the countries which could not oppose them? These very Romans pretended to emancipate the people they went to conquer; yet, when they had reduced them to the state of dependant provinces, so heavy were the taxes they imposed, that Rollin informs us, in the tenth volume of his history, page 139, that the people of Asia

frequently sold their children of both sexes to pay these republicans for procuring them freedom. What were the so much boasted Spartans? who were too imperious to till the ground, and had all things in *equality*. Were they not worse than the most cruel despot that ever breathed, to a whole people, whom they compelled to every servile employ? What were the refined Athenians, but a company of boxers and prize-masters, on a par with our porters and draymen? But let us look coolly into the subject, and we shall find, whatever be the ostensible reason, all sorts of governments, and the tribes of the earth have ever engaged in war.

‘You are right,’ returned I. ‘Mankind has hitherto been in a state of childhood, but the new philosophy will teach them to go without leading-strings. Stupeo has demonstrated, that when men are sufficiently enlightened, their chains will drop off as by magic; every man will hail his fellow as his brother, and the copper-coloured Indian will clasp in his arms the white European. Can any heart not beat with rapture at the idea? Can any mind resist the torrent of omnipotent truth?’

‘Your ideas are very strange, I must confess,’ said he, ‘but they are morally impracticable. If you destroy the arts, and return to pure nature, how will you teach men the new philosophy? How will you prevent them from sinking into barbarous ignorance?’

‘That is not my business,’ said I, ‘it is the greatest good we are to prefer, and not to be staggered by apparent and trifling evils.’

‘You are as far wrong, my dear Sir,’ said he, ‘in true maxims of political jurisprudence, as this learned gentleman is in his knowledge of geography.’ One thing let me however observe, and I have done. When we see the infinitude of principles and ideas on subjects of religion and politics, ought we not to be careful how we destroy all the establishments which time has sanctified?’

‘Truth, cried I, ‘cannot admit of error: alter it, and transform it as you will, it is still in its essence the same; and the divine Stupeo——’

‘Was for aught I see,’ interrupted he, peevishly, ‘an arrant fool.’

I saw it was in vain to attempt reclaiming bigotry and prejudice so firmly established, and I attached myself to Adams, who seemed to have made some progress in real knowledge.

After dinner, we were proceeding over a fine cultivated track of country, and passed by several weather-beaten and aged countrymen, who were mending an hedge.

‘See,’ cried Adams, ‘the effects of aristocracy and luxury. It is from thence all the miseries of the poor arise. Why is one man to wallow in wealth, while another is labouring in an hedge for a scanty subsistence? No man can give a reason for this.’

‘Would reasons convince you,’ said the young man, ‘I would endeavour to give you them, for I am grieved to see any man entertain such strange doctrines. Lux-

ury is a vulgar phrase for every thing possessed by another of which we could make use; but in reality it is like the manure to the ground, which causes every thing to bring forth double increase; it gives invention to the ingenious, it fosters arts and sciences, it employs the mechanic, the shop-keeper, and the merchant; without luxury, none of these could meet employ.'

'But the lands would feed all who dwelt upon them; mechanics would not waste their health in the noxious fumes of various processes, and the poor would have less to do.'

'It is true, the ground would feed all who cultivated it: but if we infer from facts, we shall universally find agriculture keeping pace with what we call luxury. You will find, that though on calculating upon paper, this country of England, if cultivated like a garden, would feed thrice the number of inhabitants it contains; yet unfortunately for political romances, the people would inevitably diminish, and a poor half-starved system of husbandry infallibly ensue. It is by calling forth variety of inventions, giving employment to all kinds of genius, that every thing is urged to perfection, and the multiplication of mankind forwarded.'

'But virtue and talents,' said I, 'do not meet their rewards, while vice rides triumphant: you surely cannot say that is politically right? Why should a man be despised because in a mean garb? And why are riches alone honored?

'For this reason:—riches are only the means of gratifying our desires, and increasing our conveniencies.



A wise man, and a man of genius will endeavour to do so by laudable means. In the present constitution of society, it is in the power of every man possessing real abilities to rise to a station equal to those abilities ; and therefore we reverence the exteriors of wealth, tacitly bestowing it upon all the possessors, because indiscriminate intercourse will not admit of time to distinguish the truly worthy. It is rare, very rare, to find a man of genius in a wretched situation, without having brought himself so by imprudence ; but it is by no means rare to find those, whose self-love has taught them to set a wrong value on their abilities, and who, therefore, repine at the success of others, and their own failure, as the greatest injustice ; and originating in a depraved government, and profligate generation.'

I was extremely chagrined that the sophisms of this youth should pass unrefuted, for his arguments and volubility had so confused my senses, that I did not recollect any retort, and nothing can be more shocking than to lose the last reply in an argument.

The fineness of the road invited the coachman to drive forward with celerity. 'The poor beasts,' said the gentleman, 'I feel for our riding at our ease. I am astonished that any of our modern nervous philosophers make use of carriages.'

'Why,' cried Adams, 'what are the beasts to us ? They want human understanding to free themselves. Let us first emancipate man, and then we shall not need the aid of animals.'

At that moment the coach overset in a waggon rut; and several countrymen came from their labour, in the neighbouring field, to assist to right it. Fortunately none were hurt; but Adams snatching up a whip, made at the coachman, cursing him for a careless scoundrel. 'Who the devil are you,' cried the coachman, 'that give yourself such airs?—' And who are you,' cried Adams, 'a lousy, stupid, drunken coachman, with not half the sense of your beasts. I'll enter an action against you, sirrah. What! am I a gentleman, a citizen, and house-keeper, to run the danger of having my neck broken by you?'

'Peace, friend,' said the youth, 'you have forgot that that you are usurping all the airs of imperious aristocracy: come, and help to right the carriage!'

'I help to right the coach! dirty my clothes, and work like a porter! Sir, you mistake me.'

'I do, indeed,' said the youth. 'But what right have you to be exempted more than your fellow men? If there was a revolution to-morrow, your lot would be a ploughman.' So saying, he turned indignantly away, and helped the peasants to replace the coach, I being engaged in comforting the women, who were very much frightened.

It was discovered that one of the wheels were broken, and the next inn at the distance of some miles. The countrymen finding they could render us no more service, begged something to drink.—'Come,' said the youth to Adams, 'you would not work yourself; let us

see your generosity in rewarding the labour of others.'

'For what?' said Adams. 'It is the duty of every man to help his fellow-men; in fact, those in distress have a right to demand it. To reward a man for doing his duty is unjust, because it is a bribe to do what ought to be done: beside, the money may be wanted for some act of charity, and the greatest good is always to be preferred.'

'You are right,' said I, 'in theory, but the present state of things frequently infringes upon political justice: for instance, I employ a workman to make me a set of chairs, for which I appropriate ten pounds; this man is rich, and another who is poor, comes and tells me his case; political justice commands me to give the ten pounds to the poor man, and let the other go without.'

'I profess,' said the youth, 'that is a most admirable argument; no wonder so many are enamoured of the new political justice.'

The affair of the countrymen being settled, by the youth giving them a crown to drink his health, we were proceeding towards the inn in full cavalcade, when a post-chaise driving up with a single gentleman, he ordered the driver to stop, and calling to the youth—'My Lord,' said he, 'is it you? What in the world are you now upon? Some frolic I suppose?'

'My dear friend,' replied the young gentleman, 'this is a fortunate meeting, a little accident has happened to our vehicle, and I will trouble you for a lift.'

'Upon my soul,' said Adams, bowing profoundly, 'I humbly beg your pardon, my Lord, I hope nothing I have said will prejudice your Lordship; and if you will honor me by taking one of my cards, no man in the trade shall use you better.'

I was confounded at this abjection of soul, and walked forward without taking the smallest notice of the young nobleman.—This is a strange world, said I to myself; and it is plain, as Stupeo said, that half mankind are fools and slaves to commerce, with all its train of selfish affections. Poor Adams has a weak soul, he sees clearly what is right, he feels the invigorating rays of truth, but his habits of trade drag him from the daring height, and sink him again into all the prejudices attached to property.

The inn where the stage was to stop was not the general rout for the stages; and it being only three in the afternoon, I determined to proceed on foot without waiting for the coachman, whom I had not paid for my journey, but that was nothing; I was not to be prevented by prejudice and common-place rules from following that will, which I possessed in my breast, for the direction of my actions.

I still felt the pains of my bruises, and walked forward slowly, admiring the beauty of the country, and consulting the great book of Nature. I fell into a profound trance, and began to doubt my own existence, which is very necessary, according to all philosophers, as we thence proceed in synthetic order to erect hypo-

thesis as upon a base. The fashionable Hume doubted whether he thought he existed; but I went farther, I doubted whether I doubted that I thought I did not exist, and from thence proceeding to establish the axiom, I think therefore I am; I began to think that I did not think, that I thought at all, when I was awakened by the sound of several voices; and looking up, I perceived coming along the road a man on horse-back, with several people surrounding him; one held the reins, and the two others, with constables staves, held him on each side.

A sight so shockingly shameful to human nature, and the natural freedom of man, aroused me to attempt some noble exploit. I darted forward, and, brandished my cudgel—‘What right,’ cried I, ‘have you to imprison your fellow man? This is a shameful abuse of power, it is all society hunting down an unfortunate individual, who has ten thousand chances against him, especially if brought to trial.’

‘He is an highwayman, and a murderer,’ replied several, ‘and you look like a madman.’

‘That is nothing to the purpose,’ cried I, kindling into patriotic frenzy, at recollecting some of the arguments of the great Stupeo, and the maxims of political justice. ‘The man who professes himself ready to commit murder, seems to be scarcely a less dangerous member of society than he, who having already committed murder, has no apparent intention to repeat his of-

fence.\*—Unless this man appeared ready, and in a situation to repeat his offence, political justice requires him to be left at his own discretion. He is no more likely to repeat the crime than any man here, for ought you can tell; and no man ought to be deprived of his liberty on presumption.'

'Pelt the madman,' cried several clowns, 'whoever heard such nonsense? A murderer is not to be punished for committing the crime, but appearing ready to commit it.'

'Certainly,' cried I, 'could you hear the mythological, philosophical Stupeo, you would not hesitate a moment bowing before almighty truth and moral light; but if you are like stupid beasts, deaf to the voice of reason, I insist that you liberate the prisoner.'

So saying, I seized the bridle from the man who held it, and the highwayman sticking his spurs in the beast, rode over the constable, and would have gained his liberty, had not a sturdy clown levelled a stone at his head, which brought him over his horse; I was seized by several at once, and notwithstanding a stout resistance, I was dragged like a slave, and forced against my will into an inn upon the road.

Are these the laws, the detestable maxims of society? cried I. Am I to be confined here as a prisoner of state, for attempting to rescue an injured man from the

\* *Godwin's Political Justice*, page 761.

tyranny of the law? O that the glorious day were come, when every man shall act from the divine impulses of his will, and reason and liberty be acknowledged as the presiding deities.

While I was exclaiming to myself, a constable entered, and informed me, that as I was deemed either intoxicated or touched in the head, it had been agreed that on my paying five pounds as a compensation to those I had wounded, they would not enter an action against me, otherwise I should be sent to the county gaol for attempting a rescue.

'Society,' cried I, 'I detest thy barbarous maxims and rights: what times! what country is this! where a man shall be imprisoned for an act of moral virtue in the eye of political justice, and be obliged to pay for his liberty? Dear, dear liberty! what are five pounds to thee? Here, take the money, and permit me to fly from the whole herd of mankind. O, my dear Stupeo, would that I could discover thy retreat; some philosophic retirement conceals the brightness of thy genius from mankind.'

'There is a return chaise for London at the door,' said one of the waiters, 'are you going that way?'

'Any way,' said I! and following him I entered the chaise, and was driven rapidly towards London.

I always make it a rule to read the great book of Nature, and philosophise as I go along the road; and I could not but be delighted to see the great book bound

in green, with variegated edges of trees and flowers. Now, thought I, is this chaise an idea or a reality; I cannot prove it by argument to be real, it is therefore an idea, a whirling idea; now I have a very strong impression of this whirling idea; I wonder if I was to step out into what seems an highway to my eyes, but which may be in fact the Red Sea, I should still continue whirling to London. This was a very metaphysical problem, which nobody but the fashionable Hume, the conundrumic Berkely, or the great Stupeo could resolve.

The cries of *No Popery* roused my attention, and I perceived we were entering the metropolis. *No Popery* was written upon every house, and a parcel of ragged fellows, with *No Popery* chalked upon their hats, stopped the chaise, and demanded money.

‘For what?’ said I, ‘I don’t care any thing about Popery; a wise man will have no religion at all, because the prejudices and narrow principles of religious sects will prevent his mind expanding to the broad beams of truth.’

‘No gammon!—Tip us the grub!’ cried several greasy fellows. ‘He’s a Popery man! a Roman Catholic! and an enemy to the Church!’ roared out others, while the words ‘Go it! go it!’ sounded around me, and a shower of mud and stones nearly overwhelmed me, smashing the glass of the chaise, and almost knocking down the driver.

‘You are a set of rascally cowards,’ cried I: will any



man of you fight me: I will die in the cause of freedom.'—A ring! a ring! was shouted and formed; and stripping off my coat and hat, I threw them into the chaise, which drove away from the fury of the mob.

There is something generous in a mob; we there see the first germ of justice, generosity, and magnanimity; we see that a giant of a man shall not be allowed to annihilate a little one. It is true, that the love of novelty often inclines them to promote a quarrel where it might be reconciled: but no man should be ashamed to box in a just cause, especially if he remembers the value of the pugilistic science at Athens and Sparta: and why, because I am better dressed should I refuse to enter the ring with a dirty antagonish, whom I may have injured? Whoever has read the novels of a very great dramatist, must be struck with the beauties of boxing; an art, which I hope will supersede the use of pistols between jealous lovers and injured husbands.

A champion being found, he came forward with an aspect horribly ferocious. He was a great-boned Irishman, and all the vile passions of human nature were written in his countenance. His savage appearance inclined the mob in my favour, who uttered a long roar of applause when I intrepidly determined to stand the contest. I had taken several lessons at College, and knew the most scientific motions, so that

the difference was not very great, and we immediately fell to.\*

After six or seven rounds, I marked an opening in his right guard, and with a well-placed side stroke, cut a long rip in his forehead, from whence the blood streamed into his eyes, nearly blinding him, at which the mob, who are always generous, roared with a tumult of admiration and pleasure. I now had considerable advantage, and though I had three teeth jammed into my mouth, I broke one of his ribs, and levelled him with a full blow upon the ground, where he turned black in the face, and was left dead.

A hackney coach was instantly pressed into my service, and I was conducted by the mob in triumph to a public house, where they drank themselves drunk in the joy of my having conquered.

Though I had at first been in considerable danger of being murdered, yet my subsequent valour had rendered me dear to them all: so true is it, that pure human nature can discern truth when it descends to the level of their own ideas.

I was here cleared of gore, and refreshed with some cordials. I had lost my coat and hat, and had not paid

*\* See the elegant reasons for boxing in Anna St. Ives and Hugh Trevor; two Novels, which the Reviews hold up as samples of virtue and morality. It is true, if blasphemy and curses are virtue and morality, these offsprings of the new school have an ample claim.*

the chaise, which I knew not where to find; but these were mere partial evils. A generous blacksmith accommodated me with a coat, and a butcher insisted I should take his red and blue cap for love, for he had never seen a better cock in his life, as tough as bull-beef. My dress was completed by a pair of trowsers, and a large cockade of blue ribbon.

It was now near eight o'clock. The mob who were drinking in the street were more than a thousand strong, and the shouts and vociferations of *No Popery!* Lord George Gordon for ever! rent the air.

A man, dressed like a chimney-sweeper, with *No Popery* gilt on a blue ribbon round his hat, came familiarly up to me, and taking me by the hand, led me into a corner of the room.—‘Are you engaged?’ said he—‘No,’ I replied, ‘I know of no engagement.’—‘I beg pardon,’ he returned, ‘I thought, by the clothes you wear underneath, you were one of us.’

‘I am always for the greatest good,’ I replied; ‘in seeking a magnificent object, we are not to regard the means.’

At these words he clasped his arms round me, nearly smothering me with soot.—‘I know,’ said he, ‘you are a man of education—all London will shortly be in flames, and the cause of mankind will be successful. We have cast aside prejudices and human frailties; it is necessary in the great labour of a revolution. We have at our command some thousand insurgents, who, with a little more discipline may be brought to face the regulars,

and then despotism will tumble with a tremendous crash; the very earth will be split by its fall, and the gulph of hell yawn and swallow it up.'

'O glorious!' cried I, 'then the great day is dawning. But what are those cries of *No Popery*?

'It is our watch-word. The ignorant believe they are fighting for religion, but we guide them, and direct where the storm shall fall. The passions of men must be raised, their rational senses must be confounded with terrific reports, before the mass can be roused; but there are always a sufficient number of profligates and vagabonds to join in with any thing.—You appear one of the true men; you will be a great man in the new system of things. At this moment the mob are plundering Newgate; I am wanted in another place; I beg you will direct the mob to Snow-hill, for I am certain you may lead them any where. I have studied the mobs of different nations, and they are all alike. Go then and prosper.'

I was on fire at the glorious idea of emancipating the victims of tyranny and oppression, of opening the cells to the heart-sick offender, who could not hope any redress from those laws which condemned him.

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Vagabond achieves several noble exploits—an unexpected meeting in the cells of Newgate—a slight idea of a Revolution.*

I DESCENDED amongst the mob, and grasping a pole with blue colours, and the words *No Popery* inscribed upon it—‘Let us go,’ cried I, ‘my dear boys. No Popery! Lord George Gordon forever!’ A loud and repeated huzza rent the air, and the prodigious mass of people pressed after me towards Newgate. I was astonished in myself at the change of my fortune: I had but an hour before been in danger of being stoned by the very mob, that, under my command, would have made no scruple of setting London on fire. But such is always the reward of great talents in moments of popular commotion; it is ‘then great men are brought forward from obscurity.

Thousands were already assembled before the august deposit of trembling victims: our reinforcement was received with the triumphant shouting of the patriotic bands, who felt the energy of liberty pulsating in every artery. The air was crimsoned with the flames of the gaoler’s house, and his furniture was cast into a bonfire, which sparkled in my eyes like an offering to the Goddess of Reason, or like that glorious flame which consumed all bonds and engagements when equality was established by Lycurgus at Sparta.

I hastened to second the attack upon this grand for-

tress, by leading my followers into Newgate-street, where, with sledge-hammers, crows, and iron-pallisades, we soon broke an entrance into these detestable abodes, where the poor criminals were panting for freedom. With a high ladder, and in the sight of thousands, I scaled the lofty walls, exulting as I rose at the glorious prospect before us, and waving my colours as a trophy of conquest.

We soon penetrated into the wards of this almost impenetrable building, which short-sighted politicians might have supposed capable of repulsing an invading army; but the energies of the people are irresistible when determined on emancipation, and *unopposed*.

Fireballs and fire-brands soon set the timbers in flames. I ran from one ward to the next, and from cell to cell, sounding the tidings of liberty, and receiving a thousand blessings from those tongues which had too often been turned to curses and execrations. Pick-pockets, cut-purses, shop-lifters, and felons of every denomination, hailed the dawn of returning freedom, and sprung forward to a glorious consummation, helping us to destroy this dreadful tomb to all who despise the laws, and claim the natural privilege of dividing property.

The flames raged and run with rapidity among the thick oak planking, which cracked with the noise of thunder; the smoke and heat was nearly suffocating, and many in their over eagerness to clear the dungeons, fell martyrs in the glorious cause. In a cell which I

had nearly overlooked, I found a miserable wretch half naked upon the ground. I had broken open his door with an iron crow, and the first object that he saw was a tremendous blaze of light, which proceeded from the opposite wainscot on fire. He had long heard the shouts of exulting thousands, and the burstings of the fire. 'Heaven and earth,' cried he, 'is the day of judgment come? Or have I sunk alive into hell? Are you a fiend?' said he, staring wildly, and starting from me. 'Are you come to pitch me into everlasting flames?'

To say truth, my figure was not a little hideous, for I was covered with all sorts of dirt, swelled in my face from the different bruises I had received, and streaked with blood from a cut in my head by the falling of a plank: but how was I astonished to perceive, by the light of the fire, the great Stupeo, the wonderful philosopher in chains.

'Exult,' cried I, 'you are revenged, my master, my tutor, liberty has reared her standard on these walls, and the fabric of selfish tyranny is tumbling about our ears. Haste, get these irons off, and join in the noble cause of liberty and man.'

Stupeo immediately started up, uttering incoherent expressions of joy, I hurried him from the chamber of his studies into the press-yard, where his detestable fetters were knocked off, and being refreshed with a large goblet of wine from the cellars of the gaoler, we went into the street to enjoy the exultation of the surrounding

multitude, and the most tremendous sight that can well be conceived; a sight which awed the military into inaction, and struck the magistrates into a panic of the most pusillanimous name: but cowardice is ever allied to terror, and I stood considering how best to exert the force now in action, that the greatest blow might be struck to the present detestable system of monopolized property.

Part of the army of patriots remained upon the walls, and dancing round the ruins to prevent every attempt at extinguishing the flames: the rest followed Stupeo and myself, who encouraged them to persevere and be free. The crowd would have destroyed Langdale's, a large distiller's, in Holborn, but I represented that this was a paltry business, when we had yet to open the doors of so many gaols to the liberation of our brethren; besides, we had already near four hundred felons amongst us, and the augmentation of this force was a grand point, for who could fight for freedom like those who had experienced its loss? Or who would level property like those who had nothing to lose, and all to gain.

As we proceeded every passenger was stopped and plundered, and from every house were collected two or three times over, considerable contributions. I would have remonstrated, but a fellow, who had been confined on a charge of murder, and whom I had liberated, swore he would rip me up alive if I attempted to prevent it; and indeed, though his argument was not in



the line of reason, Stupeo reconciled me to the practice.

‘In revolutions and public commotions,’ said he, ‘no man in Athens was allowed to be neutral: every man who does not fight for us, ought to be considered as against us: and if we follow the new philosophy, we should shew no mercy to those who support the system of despotism.’

Having liberated the prisoners in Clerkenwell, our forces were divided to objects of less moment. That division under our direction proceeded to Lord Mansfield’s; and there liberty and rational principles received a complete triumph over all regular order. The musty records of precedents, cases and law, made a fire to warm the people they had so long enslaved: I own I wished to have preserved several works of curiosity and art, but Stupeo would not suffer a thing to be taken—‘Let them all perish together,’ said he, ‘we have yet remaining too much of art to be happy: let us not stain the cause with the appearance of selfishness.’

‘But why then,’ said I, ‘are we to plunder the poor inhabitants? Surely it were better to supply ourselves from stores like these?’

‘No,’ answered he, ‘can you not perceive that the destruction of property must be the grand aim; from those who have little we must take that little, and the hoards of affluence must be utterly destroyed. As long

as one single cart-load of property remains in any country there will be no genuine equality.'

From these ever-memorable exploits, I and Stupeo, with several select leaders, retired to an obscure public-house, to contrive and arrange the undertakings of the ensuing night. I already fancied myself as great as the immortal John the Painter.

At our meeting, several foreigners of *liberal principles* were present. A plan was proposed for organizing the body of the people, and urging them to throw off the yoke of dependence, and declare themselves free. A paper, entitled *The Thunderer*, was drawn up by Stupeo, which he hoped would kindle the glow of enthusiasm, and awake the people to their rights.

The prisons were condemned to destruction, that none of our brave followers might be deprived of their liberty. The New-river water was to be cut off, that we might have the town effectually at command, and compel those weak and obstinate people who were afraid of joining our standard. The Museum we fixed upon as a good deposit for stores, after all that trumpery should be burnt, which gives edge to a childish employment of time. The toll-houses on the bridge we condemned, because bridges ought to be built without subjecting individuals to expense. The East-India warehouses and the Custom-house we considered as large lumber-rooms for monopolizing property that belonged to every body.

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The Tower and the Bank were two grand objects, behind which we could intrench in defiance of the troops which were drawing towards the town from every quarter; and indeed our plans were too extensive and grand for me to detail in minutiae.

In the attack upon the Bank I was severely wounded in the hand by a musket bullet, for there the soldiers recovered their thirst for blood, and fired upon the innocent people, who were gloriously fighting for liberty. We determined there to conquer or die, being strongly reinforced by the Borough patriots, who had burnt the toll-houses on the bridge in their rout. To place a just sense of our cause before them, an horse loaded with the chains of Newgate, was driven through the crowd in place of colours, and every breast beat with throbs of vengeance at the sight.

A body of savages on horseback cut down several with their swords, and the infantry made use of their infernal muskets, which severely galled the unarmed patriots. It was shocking to hear the tremendous roar of exulting rage sink after every platoon, as if it was exhausted.

Poor Stupeo, who stood beside me encouraging a band of those, whom the ignorant call felons, to an attack on the infantry with iron spikes and bottles, received a shot that laid him dead beside me. The mob, who now began to faint from the unequal contest, trampled over him and hurried me along with them. I endeavoured

to rally them, and one of them dashed a link into my face, which I returned by shooting him with a pistol, for I had found a very good pair in an house we had gutted, and nothing could be more proper than turning the weapons of tyrants against themselves.

I was confounded at the fickle disposition of a mob, which can only arise from their want of instruction; and so long as what is called civil order and police exists, I very much fear the people will never unanimously rise: but, however, truth is making a rapid progress, and it must irresistibly break forth into a glorious day.

The mob would have executed summary justice upon me for the murder of the link-bearer, had I not escaped through the narrow streets into Holborn, where Langdale's, the distiller, was on fire. Torrents of spirits ran in the streets, and being played upon the neighbouring houses for water, augmented the danger and the flames.

Here the military destroyed a great number of patriots, who were dancing round the fire, or tumbling the furniture out at the windows; while many others fell victims to the half rectified spirits which ran in torrents through the streets.

I saw clearly it was a lost cause, for want of a more regular organization, and I lamented that we had not made better use of the time allowed by the timidity, they called it humanity, of the government; we should then have reduced the whole city to an heap of ashes, from

which liberty, like a phoenix, would have arisen in ten-fold splendour: the mass of luxury and of wealth would have been annihilated, and the partial injury individuals might have received would have been amply compensated by the new order of things which must have arisen.

It would have been, as Stueco often said, talking of revolutions, like the fermentation of anarchy, which from all the rage of lust, of revenge, of murder, of cruelty, of rapine, and unheard of distress, sinks into a glorious and heart-soothing calm.

Indeed nothing could be more dreadfully great than the appearance of London on that glorious night. The large body of fire issuing from the different conflagrations of the Fleet Prison, King's Bench, Toll-houses on Blackfriar's bridge, Mr. Langdale's two immense warehouses full of spirits, and a vast number of small fires together with the illuminations, which of themselves would have rendered the streets as light as day, all ascending into the air, and consolidating together, formed an atmosphere of flames, impressing the mind of the spectator with an idea, as if not only the whole metropolis was burning, but all nations yielding to the final consummation of all things. But how much greater must have been the sight, amidst which even the soul of a modern philosopher might tremble, would it have been to see the flames chasing the distracted people from street to street; to see the enemies of liberty pe-

rishing in heaps before the burning sword of retributive justice; to see the rage of lust despoiling those disdainful beauties, whose love heretofore was only to be won by cringing; to see trembling tyrants biting the dust, and drinking their own blood as it mingled in the kennels; to hear amidst all this uproar the thunder of cannons, the whistling of bullets, the clashing of swords, the tumbling of houses, the groans of the wounded, the cries of the conquerors; and see, amidst the blazing and red-hot ruins, the sons of Freedom and Liberty waving the three-coloured banners dropping with the blood of their enemies, and hailing the everlasting Rights of Man!!!

Ah! how dear must such a scene be to the *friends of liberty and universal man*; nor should the paltry consideration of two or three thousand being massacred, to satiate private revenge, be taken into the account of so great, so immortal a consideration.



## CHAPTER VII.

*Humanity of a mob—the Vagabond is unfortunately prevented attaining a martyrdom—Gambling demonstrated to be the only liberal science.*

NAS so agitated by the failure of our glorious  
 se, that I was nearly putting a period to my exist-

ence, especially when I recollected the shocking and infamous system of a constitution, which none but fools can see *any one* virtue in; and this was, that every man who had suffered by this effervescence of liberty, would receive satisfaction for his losses, and thus the people would be made to pay for what they had destroyed; so that our failing in the ultimatum was worse than if nothing had been done, and we had in fact been strengthening the lash for ourselves. To be sure, there was this alleviating reflection, that the cowardly and selfish citizens would have to contribute equally with the patriots.

I wished myself away from such a detestable country as England, where property is guarded with as much vigilance as if it were a deity; and no man, however obnoxious, can be plundered, without a right of retribution from the parish or county, a thing totally unknown in other countries, and quite inimical to genuine liberty.

My wound, my bruises and fatigue, had nearly exhausted my strength; for till mind shall overcome matter, the human frame stands in need of repose and cessation from action, though it is astonishing what exertions we are capable of, when the mind is engaged in great exploits; and I have little doubt, but when the new system is established, we shall have no need of what is called *sleep*, nor shall we require *food*, both of these being superfluous to *spiritual substance*. In fact

as my dear Stupeo says, why may we not one day become immortal?\*

I did not regret the loss of this prodigious great man any other than as society lost an invaluable member, for I had strengthened my mind to the case, and should with the immortal Brutus, have looked with indifference on the death of any relation or friend, these being mere partial evils, and not to be separated from extensive designs.

It is not politically just that a wise man should expose himself carelessly to martyrdom for the sake of liberty, till he has well weighed whether the human species will be most benefited by his life or death. To run rashly on the point of a bayonet was wrong, because I might yet live to illumine the world, and catch some glorious crisis—while truth would not receive any promotion by my death at the present instance: I therefore retired unnoticed amidst the universal alarm.

I was very little acquainted with the town, having been there only upon one or two vacations; but the light of the fires, and the brilliance of the illuminations were

*\* One would be tempted to suppose the man insane, who should maintain that the human soul was a material substance, and had no existence after death, but that he no doubt when we had cast away our prejudices, we should become immortal in this present world. Such inconsistency is the doctrine of Godwin, Holcroft, &c. &c.*



sufficient guides. Several watchmen looked as if they intended to stop me, but awed by the dignity of my countenance, though covered with blood and dirt, they all slunk away, so powerful is the effect of innocence and impressive resolution.

I arrived opposite a bonfire, where the furniture of a Roman Catholic milliner was blazing; it made but a paltry light, compared with the many others that gleamed in the air; and the noble band that danced around it being ashamed to be out-done in their patriotic exertions, in the goodness of their hearts dragged the bed from beneath two-infants, and a woman in labour, which gave a great, but transient addition to the fire. To be sure, the poor woman died of fright, but that could not be helped in such a case; and it is the ill-education of women which introduces all sorts of nervous affections.

In a little back alley I met an old woman carrying something in her apron; at my approach she appeared very much frightened. 'What have you got there?' said I. She replied, trembling, 'only some trifles, your honour, that I have preserved from fire.' I required to see those trifles. Accordingly she opened her apron, displaying some gold fringe, a silver censer, and two cups, which she had taken from a Romish chapel. 'You are heartily welcome,' said I, 'to these spoils of superstition; I wish you had as many more; but now, can

you tell me where I may sleep securely from unwelcome intruders?"

'Aye, and that I will: come to my little lodging, my dear babe, you need not be frightened at no-body there.'

Accordingly I followed her into a miserable house, up three pair of stairs, into a back garret. A crucifix stood on a chimney-piece, and a string of beads hung upon a nail, by which I soon discovered that this good lady, who had been plundering a chapel, was a Romanist; and I rejoiced to find that knowledge had reached even into a back garret, and taught an old woman to discern the cause of mankind from the bigotry of priests' craft.

With this hospitable creature, who was an Irish woman, I determined to reside. Being extremely jaded and pained by my bruises, I went immediately to bed, and she hastened to procure me some refreshment. She had have fetched a surgeon, but I utterly detested the crew of leeches, who deal in a cant jargon, like priests of Cybelle, which nobody understands.

When the fermentation of my spirits began to cook, in spite of all my efforts, I became nearly distracted. I had lost three of my teeth, and my whole body was ruined: the cut in my head, to be sure, was only an inch and half long, and a finger deep; but I had a nasty wound in my hand, which had taken off half my little finger, and grazed the rest, so that I was not in the most comfortable situation. I raved like a madman at the

loss of the noble opportunity, which might not occur in a whole generation.

Before morning I became wholly delirious, burning with a violent fever; and now it was the old woman introduced a lame apothecary from the neighbourhood. I was tortured, blistered, and blooded, and underwent worse than a thousand deaths in the course of three weeks, when I recovered my senses, and awoke as from a dream. I then learnt, to my infinite regret, that the kind old woman had been taken up and hanged, adding another to the long list of victims to despotism. The apothecary pretended that the old woman had attempted to criminate me respecting the stolen articles, and that I should have been taken up had he not sworn I had been under his care prior to the riots; and it turned out, on the trial of the old woman, that she had been seen alone entering the chapel.

I reproved him severely for his falsification of truth.—  
‘Truth,’ said I, ‘ought at all times, and in every situation, to be spoken. Friendship—every thing should bend to omnipotent truth. Stratagems of all kinds are detestable, even in war they are unjustifiable; and I hope tactics will be so simplified, that they will be reduced to a few general maxims, and then no man will need the experience of a long life to become a general; it will then become a generous, manly, and open sys-

tem.\* Beside, in concealing the truth, you have done me an irreparable injury, you have sunk my name in obscurity, you have deprived me of the honour of a public death.'

'It is not too late yet,' replied he, 'if you have an ardent desire to swing, but I thought you had the appearance of a gentleman.'

To this observation I made no reply, being agitated with the loss I had suffered.—'All mankind,' cried I, 'would have seen an example of magnanimity in the cause of freedom. Oh, my beloved Stupeo! had you been alive, you would have gloried in hearing the name of your pupil in the same sentence with Massienello, William Tell, Oliver Cromwell, Cato, Leonidas, Jaffier, and Judas Maccabees.'

\* See Godwin's *Political Justice*. In one page he declares against war with all the fire of words, and in another he tells us he hopes it will one day become a generous, manly, and open system. So much for consistency.

—It may not be unworthy to remark the eternal babble kept up by the new philosophers concerning war. War is savage, war is inhuman, war is despotic, &c. &c.

Granted. Who does not know this? But there are wars which are inevitable, in which, to be passive, would be tame submission to destruction. The people fortunately begin to open their eyes, and see into the hypocrisy of these friends to the human race.

'We must take at least three ounces more of blood,' muttered the apothecary, and went out of the room.

I now plainly perceived that I had a rascally, ignorant, aristocratical apothecary, who meant to bleed me to death out of spite, that my name might forever be lost to mankind. I therefore searched for my pistols, which I had thrust under the bed; and that never having been disturbed since I laid down upon it, I had the satisfaction to find them. The apothecary soon after entered, with a ragged attendant, and made preparations to tie my arm, when grasping ~~one~~ of my pistols, I drew the trigger, and should have terminated his practice had the piece been loaded.

'Do you mean to murder me, said I, 'with all this bleeding? Does nature ever bleed her patients? and her you ought to follow in all things. You think I am mad, but I have sense enough to tell you never again to come in my sight.'

'Who is to pay my bill?' said the frightened dealer in drugs. 'I saved you from the gallows, and from dying raving mad.'

'How could I have died both ways?' said I. 'As to your bill, I have more need of the money myself, and the greatest good is always to be preferred.'

'But my attendance and medicine must be paid for.'

‘What is your attendance? Ought not every man to labour for the good of his fellow men? I should be guilty of political justice were I to reward you for doing your duty.’

‘But, Sir, I have dedicated my life to the practice of medicine: I have no other means of gaining a living, and cannot afford to practice for nothing.’

‘That is not my fault, it is the ill-construction of society. In a state well ordered, no man would receive wages, but every one would do what he esteemed the greatest general good. Had you ever listened to the lessons of the great, the immortal Stupeo, you would have disdained a bribe to perform a duty.’

‘Sir,’ said he, humbly, in a vile depending tone, ‘when you reflect, you must observe that you only exchange one benefit for another. In society all must mutually hang together, and if any part be disordered, the whole organization must suffer. Men have a variety of genius, and what would become of the world if those who were willing to work gave all their labour for the benefit of the idle? All human genius would then be cramped, and directed merely to the providing of food.’

‘Peace, peace,’ cried I, ‘will you, an ignorant apothecary, a pounder of drugs, pretend to talk philosophy with a disciple of the everlasting Stupeo?—Why, Sir, I could talk with you on the subject for seven years, and in five minutes you would not have a word more to say.’

Is it not, therefore, demonstrable that you are in the wrong?"

'Well, Sir, pay me the trifle I require; it is only three guineas, and I have a numerous family.'

'A family!' replied I, with indignation, 'and what business has such fellows as you to get families? In the present system, it is only bringing into the world a parcel of slaves.'

'But population is the riches of a country.'

'Granted,' cried I, 'in a good government, where the children are public property, and no one knows his relations; but in our system children introduce all the infamous train of selfish and family connexions, and shut up the bowels of compassion against the dear suffering Chinese, who eat rotten meat and pounded rice.'

'Sir, said he, 'give me leave to say you talk in a very singular manner; your sentiments would *unhinge the universe*.'

'Come here,' cried I with transport, 'you own then the power of my arguments; I knew they must carry conviction; I should die contented if I could only unhinge society. I detest a claim, but you are a man of understanding, and in want. At present, I do not know on whom I could bestow five guineas to a greater good; take them—but remember, that I shall always regret your having prevented my execution.'

'A very singular gentleman,' exclaimed he, over-

joyed, 'give me leave to attend you in future for nothing.'

'As long as you please,' said I, 'that is the natural way, but I will not be blooded. The art of medicine is to follow nature. If the patient is sick, it is a sign nature wants to discharge, and you should dose him with emetics: if he is delirious, you should apply strong stimulants to increase the frenzy, as the sooner it arises to the height, the sooner a calm will ensue.'

I continued to take his drugs by way of experiment; but I am satisfied I owed my recovery alone to the natural strength of my constitution. I had daily accounts of the sufferings of the persecuted patriots; and I debated with myself what line of life I should pursue as the most rational, and in harmony with my principles.

I resolved not to stoop to my father; I could as ill cringe to any man in power, and I detested every thing in alliance with trade as a debasement of the human soul. Surely, thought I, I am born for something more noble than to measure goods, or sort the articles of commercial exchange: low and base minds may find satisfaction in such employ, but the intelligence which learned to soar into the realms of science, must not be chained down to such groveling undertakings.

To amuse my mind, I visited a billiard-table which was at no great distance from my lodging, and I found some entertainment from the exertions of skill. I there



became acquainted with the most good natured man in the world, whose name was Williams. I soon discovered that he was an advocate for the new philosophy; and he protested that he could not in conscience accept a living in the present system of things in any other way than by gaming. 'It is true,' said he, 'the prejudices of mankind have stigmatized it as ignoble, but it is of all sciences the most natural; it brings lords, and all those titled trumpery, down to a level with the most insignificant of men: it introduces a freedom of discourse, it detaches the mind from all those bigoted notions called religion: it equalizes property, by taking from the rich to give to the poor; and in one word, it is the most eligible way of living with honour and independence.'

'You charm me,' said I, 'I once thought gaming was a foolish method of spending time, and calculated merely for the introduction of vice and dissipation; I now see better, and it is to me singular how naturally the mind transides from one truth to another: but so it is with human nature. The progression of knowledge is going forward with rapidity, and the wisdom and experience of ages are discovered to be nothing at all in the eighteenth century.'

Williams proposed, that as I was what he called new to the town, we should divide our gains, to which I readily agreed, and we were for several nights very successful, so that I had to my share near two hundred pounds. The transient state of human existence loudly

urged me to grasp at the present ; and my college habits returning with force, I frequently spent whole nights with drinking parties.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*Mr. Hume's arguments for Adultery, with practical consequences—the new mode of Benevolence.*

I WAS charmed one evening at the play, by a beautiful young woman, who was in company with an ill-humoured, jealous-looking, *illiberal* man. I attempted several times to address myself to the lady, but his severe looks and lowering frowns compelled her to restraint, and I did not wish to be the cause of increased domination.

I was extremely well dressed, for in these trifles one may as well appear like the rest of the world, though I had more than once an intention to adopt the Roman Toga, on purpose to attract attention, for these matters go a great way with little men. I found that I gained the attention of the lady, who appeared uneasy under her restraint, and I made a secret vow, to emancipate her from the bondage under which she groaned.

I discovered on further inquiry, that she was the wife of a citizen, who had married her when she was extremely giddy; that they had two children, and were as happy as a tyrant and a coquet can be in wedlock.

I read over the *Essays* of the fashionable Hume, where I found that adultery was one of the moral virtues, and perfectly agreeable to political justice. In volume 2, page 409, of his *Essays*, edition 1767, are these admirable words, which, singly, and unconnected with his other excellent principles, would be sufficient to raise the book into public notice.—‘Adultery,’ says he, ‘must be practised, if men would obtain all the advantages of life, if generally practised, it would soon cease to be scandalous; and if practised secretly and frequently, it would, by degrees, come to be thought no crime at all.’—‘Immortal Hume,’ cried I, though thou doubtest whether thou had’st a soul, I doubt whether it be possible to doubt that thou had’st a body.’

I determined to follow so great an idea, and it was not long before I contrived an interview. It is needless to say the lady soon became a convert to the prevailing principles of reason and nature; she was disgusted with her slavery, and wanted only an opportunity to exert the inborn freedom of her sex. I engaged very neat lodgings for her, and began to enter into that state, so congenial to the feelings of human nature and rational being. I found her a very singular character, within a truly feminine form; she had a soul of masculine energy; every thought of her mind seemed received by in-

tuition. She was often right by this means, only in matters of mere speculation; she adopted one and rejected another, *by a sort of tact*, and the force of a cultivated imagination; and yet, *though upon the whole she reasoned little*, it is surprising what degree of soundness was in all her determinations.\* My disposition frequently led me to waver in the practice I had adopted: I doubted, and I sometimes feared; but my oscillations and scepticism were fixed by her boldness. When a true opinion emanated in this way from another mind, the conviction produced in my own, assumed a singular character. She did not descend to all the frivolous softness of her sex, which custom has rendered general. She saw in woman, a being in no point inferior to man, except in personal prowess; and she disdained all those attractions, which poets and mankind have generally combined in perfecting the female character.

Our connexion was that of friendship; we only met when mutual inclinations prompted; and she has frequently lamented, that the customs of the world prevented her mingling in all the pursuits and undertakings of men.—‘Is there any sex in soul?’ she would say, ‘if not, what right have those tyrants, the men, to exclude us from the senate, the bar, and the army? *Do we not pay taxes in every article we consume?*—And

\* The reader may find many of these sentiments in the *Life of Mrs. Wolstonecraft*.

*who are our representatives in Parliament?*—It is an outrage against the inborn Rights of Women.’—‘Why,’ I would ask, ‘may not a woman be as capable of leading troops into the field as a general? Are they not perpetually playing cunning tricks? Soldiers and women I maintain to be equally alike: the officers are perpetually attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule: like the fair sex, the business of their lives is gallantry: they are taught to please, and they live only to please; yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction of sexes, for they are still reckoned superior to women, though in what their superiority exists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.’

A woman of these sentiments was congenial to my soul; our discourses were a feast to the mind, in which the senses had no share. She frequently lamented the evils to which nature had necessitated her sex in the article of children; a subject which she never could discuss with patience, it being an evil to which man was not subjected, and a badge of bondage not to be overthrown.

‘Oh!’ cried she, one day to me, in a fit of enthusiasm, ‘what signifies all the freedom of our souls, all the exaltations of our intellects, if we are to be confined for months to carry a burden which we have no means to lay down, and when the little wretch appears in the world, what a dreadful idea:—with intellects that soar beyond the firmament, are we to be confined to swaddle

and dandle an animal that has no ideas, and must at every moment destroy itself if we do not preserve it ? Oh horrid ! that Nature did not provide some middle, some stupid, lumpish being, to rear and take care of the human progeny : why not make man an oviparous animal ? Then we might have hatched the eggs in tempered stoves, as they do chickens in Egypt.'

I could not but admire this flash of idea, which was bold and grand, and new ; indeed, all her speculations were sublime, *though she reasoned little*.\* I had nearly overlooked an unpleasant incident, which would have very much grieved me, had it been occasioned by me ; but it was another dreadful consequence of the present organization of society, and gave me an additional reason to execrate the prejudices of mankind.

The husband of my Mary had expected to find in her that softness, complacency, and modesty, which none but idiots ought to require, and which are merely calculated to fit a woman for a seraglio, or a play-thing to a voluptuary. He had taught himself to desire a female, who might solace him after his business, with the endearments of a mind that had no will but his own, and sought to oblige the man who preferred her to all her sex. But Mary was of a different nature—her soul was

\* *We are told in the Life of Mrs. Wolstonecraft that she reasoned little ; those who reason much will easily believe the fact.*

not to be confined in a gilded cage, and she would not bow to the bashaw dictates of a master.

The poor wretch became distracted at her loss. In place of taking another, he was perpetually raving about conjugal affection, the claims of children, the duties of wives, and such ignorant prejudices, till his senses failed him, and his friends sent him to Bethlem Hospital. The children who had none to provide for them, were sent to the work-house, to be educated by the public, where they caught the small-pox, and died; an event which ought naturally to have been expected, when they had not been inoculated, and could not throw all blame upon the conduct of their mother.

After this incident we continued on the most harmonious footing, for though Mary allowed herself the conversation of many of the opposite sex, I did not experience the smallest uneasiness, for she had as much right as myself to all the *excentricities of fancy*; and I never thought her the worse for having contributed to the happiness of other human beings.

About a month after this, the poor husband died denigrating, one of the most stupid deaths a man could die for the loss of a woman: and Mary, thus freed from the shadow of a tie, appeared with me openly in public. Our neighbours made their usual rude comments upon our intercourse; and because several gentlemen presented some handsome presents upon Mary, they circulated the calumny, that I kept my wife as a prostitute.

I despised all this; I was not to be frightened into any act because of scandal, and I had long regarded marriage with so well grounded an apprehension, that, notwithstanding the partiality for Mary that had taken possession of my soul, I should have felt it very difficult, at least in the present stage of our intercourse, to have resolved on such a measure; thus, partly from similar, and partly from different motives, we felt alike in this, as we did perhaps in every other circumstance that related to our intercourse.

The human mind delights in variety. It is impossible we shall be forever attached to one particular object. This change Mary experienced before myself; and she parted from me for the protection of my friend Williams, who certainly possessed very powerful attractions, and was an athletic figure.

I regretted this separation, but was not fool enough to repine; and I determined, according to the maxims of the great Stupeo, instantly to select some other; though it was difficult to find one with such an understanding as to march forward to the high goal of reason, trampling down prejudice, superstition, and character, in its career.

While I was in search of such a female, I wrote, by way of amusement, a little tract, proving that girls ought to receive the same education as boys; that the same exercises ought to be pursued by each, and that beauty was not of the smallest value, when compared to a robust constitution, that feared neither wind nor weather.



I proved, beyond contradiction, that every thing called the graces, such as music, singing, dancing, timidity, delicacy, and bashfulness, ought to be exploded.

I know not how it was, but my book was only bought by a few ; and the aristocratic critics condemned it, as the work of a man who paid no regard to truth, provided he made himself singular ; which was an absolute libel, for I had lost in the cause of truth, three teeth and half my little finger.

I confess I did not understand the subject. When a man writes a book of *methodical* information, he does not write because he understands the subject, but he understands the subject because he has written. He was an uninstructed Tyro, exposed to a thousand foolish and miserable mistakes when he began his work, compared with the degree of proficiency to which he has attained, when he has finished it. In like manner no man understands poetry or architecture, until he has written a poem or built a house.

Frequently, by way of amusement, I attended the six-penny debating societies, where truth is propagated in every branch, and religion and government, attacked from behind a masked battery. A debate on the beauty of a coquet, or the merits of a beau, was sufficient to introduce annotations on despotism and satires on nobility, to the edification of the ignorant and young, who are thus prepared to receive all the enlightened principles of the new school. It is astonishing what energy reason possesses, when adorned with all the flowers of

oratory: and it was in vain that a man of narrow opinions should endeavour to be heard; for let him say what he would, he was unattended to. I was, however, disgusted at a little trifle, for I could not endure the smallest duplicity, which is beneath the dignity of man, and ought not to be permitted even in the promotion of general knowledge. This trifle was a quarrel between Citizen Cow and Citizen Calf, about which side of the question they should take: the one insisting that he could declaim best on the side of liberty, and the other declaring his own talent lay in discovering faults. I was ashamed that great men should wrangle about the parts they were to act, like the performers of a country barn; and I could not but consider, that the cause of liberty must suffer, when garbled by the palsied efforts of men, whose object was a dividend of six-pences, to be spent the same evening in a debauch.

One evening, at the hazard-table, a young man, who had been sitting near six and thirty hours, attracted universal attention by the extravagant execrations he uttered, and the agitation of his mind. He protested that he was ruined and undone to all perdition.

My feelings are ever peculiarly alive to the sufferings of my fellows, and though I endeavoured to guard against false pity, I am frequently melting at the distresses of my fellow mortals. I followed the poor wretch home at a distance, and entered his room abruptly, I found him sitting in a chair, with a fine young woman

hanging on his shoulder weeping, and a child sleeping in a cradle.

He started up confused at my entrance, and would have made an apology, but I soon tranquilized him, and pressing him with the irresistible arguments of truth to rely on my services, he confessed that he had wronged an excellent master to a considerable amount, under the fallacious hope, that by hazarding it at the gaming-table, he might acquire an independence, his salary being too small to enable him to keep a family and appear as he must; that he had now lost the means of concealing his crime, and should bring shame on his wife and his relations by a public death.

I was affected at the dreadful situation, for though his feelings were false, he having a just claim on his master's property, yet, in the present system of things he would have all mankind against him; I therefore determined to let him have two hundred pounds, the whole amount of my cash, which would cover his affairs for the present.

Returning home, I met with Williams at the door of a tavern, and acquainted him with my purpose.—‘ You know my sentiments,’ said I, ‘ and you know of what little value I esteem property when it is conducive to good. I have not *promised* Jackson, because promises are criminal, but I think at present it is the greatest good I can do, and I have raised his hopes from the edge of despair, by my assurances of succour.’

‘But shall you not want it yourself, and how shall he repay it?’

‘Hear,’ cried I, ‘the profound sentiments of the infallible Stupeo, that most-exalted of philosophers.—My neighbour is in want of ten pounds which I can spare: there is no law to transfer my property to him, but in the eye of simple justice, unless it can be shewn that the money can be more beneficially employed, his claim is as complete as if he had my bond in his possession, or had supplied me with goods to the amount. If two persons should offer, I must balance between them; it is therefore *impossible for me to confer upon any man a FAVOUR, I only do him a right.*’\*

‘Stupeo,’ said he, solemnly, ‘was a man of the most exalted intellect, he was a prodigy amongst men, a meteor in the path of science, which blazed for a time, but was too brilliant to be permanent. His language was superior to all the groveling maxims of men, and his eloquence must have rivalled the persuasion of Cicero.’

‘I might say,’ answered I, ‘as Æschines said of Demosthenes, if such be the effects of mere repetition, what would you have said had you heard himself?’

‘We regret,’ replied he, ‘the decease of great men; but when their principles are practised by their pupils we ought to be content. At this moment I was searching for you, to throw myself into your protection, well

\* *Godwin’s Political Justice*, page 89.

assured that the justice of my claim will convince you. I have lost this night every farthing I possessed; and I am now under immediate apprehension of an arrest for two hundred and fifty pounds: I am even told the bailiffs have been after me. To be deprived of liberty, is more dreadful to me than death; I never will support it; I am determined in my purpose, and it remains for you to consider whether the saving of a rational being is worth two hundred pounds.'

I felt myself in a distressing situation, and pressed on both sides by very urgent claims, the merit of which required reflection.—'My dear Williams,' said I, 'more than ever I lament the death of the illumined Stupeo; he would with one word have relieved our embarrassment; but, tell me yourself, without any bias of prejudice or weakness, which will be the greatest resulting good.'

We walked several paces in silence, 'At length,' said he, 'I would not appear selfish. I swear it by my love of truth and political justice, that both these cases are severe, but I do think that mine has the greatest claim upon you.'

'It is sufficient,' said I, 'you are right.' He accompanied me home, where I delivered him, within a guinea, of all I possessed. It was useless to visit the young man when I could not relieve him, and I had no inclination to insult distress. I was happy in having saved Williams from imprisonment, though the disappointment Jackson must endure in the failure of my offers

now and then intervened, but I remembered that no man ought to place dependence upon any but himself.

I cannot remember the conclusion of this incident without regret, and the reflection that philosophy cannot always direct us amongst the doublings and mazes of human affairs. The young man was apprehended the next day, and his wife running forward to the most sinister conclusions, cast herself in the Thames, where she was unfortunately drowned.

I grieved, but grief was useless, after the event; I execrated the customs of mankind, and drew some comfort in remembering that I had probably saved Williams from equal calamity.—I hastened to his lodgings to pour out to him and Mary the tumults of an agitated soul, but I was informed that they had departed before break of day, nobody knew where; and that a warrant was out against him for having cheated a gentleman with cogged dice.

I was struck dumb at this account, which informed me that I was a beggar; and the woman of the house hinted that I was implicated in the business. My mind was, however, clear of this aspersion; it was too manly to descend to other finesse than that of skill; but I could not reconcile the behaviour of Williams to any maxim of truth or political justice; for if there be not *common honesty* amongst those the vulgar call rogues, how are the affairs of life to be conducted?

The accidents I had witnessed resulting from gaming, had startled my mind, yet I preferred it to binding myself a slave to the caprices of any man. This resource was now become dangerous. No man from persuasion, would render me a portion of the superfluities he enjoyed, and in the midst of society which calls itself polished, I must either labour in employ, beneath the dignity of a rational being, or perish unpitied or unrelieved.

Occupied with these reflections, I returned to my lodgings, absorbed in a gloomy melancholy. Mankind appeared to me a set of selfish, solitary animals in the midst of society, and so far from being associated for mutual protection, they seem only to live for themselves.

I remembered, in all its brilliance, the state of nature, described by Rousseau, and enlarged by Stupeo. I repeated again and again *Il retourne chez ses Egauz*; and I determined to make the wilds of America my asylum. In this intention I sold every article of value, and changed my dress to that of which you see the remains, the better to pass unmolested, having many reasons to fear personal detection, for no man can be truly great till he is become an object of hatred to nine-tenths of mankind.

## CHAPTER IX.

*The omnipotence of modern Truth—meditations on a  
Gibbet—and the consequences.*

I DETERMINED to cross the country of England to the North-West, and proposed to make observations upon man in my journey; for, as some writer has said, that ought to be the object of all voyages and travels; and, as Pope says, "The proper study of mankind is man." Indeed, man may be said to compose the first chapter of the great book of Nature: and before we pretend to a knowledge of all the chapters of that large book, we ought surely to be masters of the first.

On the sixth day of my journey, for I walked on foot, towards evening I arrived on the borders of an extensive waste; a large crowd of country people were assembled, and in deep debate about some new enclosures, which had shamefully infringed upon the common right. Some gentlemen were endeavouring to persuade them, that by cultivating the useless ground, larger crops would be produced, which would create greater plenty, and render the articles of life cheaper.

All my patriotism was roused at the glaring imposition, and taking advantage of a mound of earth, I requested to be heard.

'Can you listen patiently, Citizens,' cried I, 'to this detestable doctrine? Do you not know that the ground which now scarcely sustains a goose, will then fatten an



ox, and thus your oppressors will be enriched, and you will be starved? You have an undoubted right to the whole surface of the earth, but if the cultivation goes forward, you will be penned up in the highways: you will not have so much as a path left through a meadow; your very highways will be taken from you, and made into canals, by which every waggoner in the kingdom will be ruined; and what will you get by this spirit of improvement, as they call it? Will they give you the surplus of what they cannot devour? No, they will pile it up in barns to rot, and make manure for a double crop. Open your eyes, citizens, and you will see the falsity of their speeches: they tell you provisions will be cheaper, I tell you they will not; and ask yourselves which you are to believe, those interested men, or I, whom you never saw before: I tell you, you ought to have provisions for nothing.—Awake; citizens! remember that when you are driven from the highways, you will be like frogs in a gutter. Now is the time; a moment's delay, and you will be too late. Unite and tear up the fences, level the hedges before the cultivating spade has turned up the sod. Would to heaven there was not a single acre cultivated, and the then imperious rich would not monopolize provisions. I see impatience in your eyes—I see the rising flame of liberty and truth flash in your countenances.—Come then, down with the boundaries, those badges of slavery, and tell all the world that you have as much right to the surface of the earth as you have to the air.

This speech was like an electric shock, every man confessed its truth, and the triumph of patriotism was complete. In vain the gentlemen endeavoured to argue down the storm; *no one would hear them*; a plain demonstration that their *arguments* were false. I tore up, with my own hands, one of the stakes, and in an instant the aristocratical enclosures were laid open again in a state of nature. Oh, cried I to myself, Oh that Stupeo could witness this effusion of reason, this march of philosophy. But, alas! the great mythological, metaphysical patriot was first killed by a musket bullet, and then trod to death by his friends.

While I stood witnessing this transient start of energetic freedom, I was suddenly seized by three of the gentlemen, and though I made a strenuous resistance was soon overpowered. I called aloud for the country people to rescue me, but the disposition of a mob is always fickle, those who a few minutes before hung with raptures on my words, now seemed to rejoice in the new object raised to their attention.

I was chagrined, and as they led me on, I exclaimed aloud, 'Rascals and cowards, is this the manner to treat a pupil of the great and immortal-Stupeo? Is this treachery to be reconciled with political justice? For myself, I am not concerned, I glory in the martyrdom I shall suffer; but remember, that the axe which sunders my head from my body, cuts at the same moment all your liberties.'

‘Who in the world are you?’ said one of the gentlemen; ‘you surely are not in your senses, or you would not utter such incoherent absurdities.’

‘Did I not tell you,’ said I, ‘that I am a pupil of the great Stupeo, a man who, if he had been here would have confounded you with his eloquence, and shaken all the prejudices and habits of your mind like an earthquake, which, at one trembling, overwhelms all the proud puny structures of ignorant and tyrannical men.’

A gentleman on horseback advancing towards us, stopped at the sight of so tumultuous a procession; and I knew him to be the same I had met in the stage. He recollected me, but seemed not to know me.

‘How does your Lordship?’ said one of the gentlemen. ‘We have here one of those seditious impostors that go about the country destroying its peace, and telling palpable lies in a flowery language, which warms the passions, and runs away with sober reason.’

‘My Lord,’ said I, ‘I am glad to see you, because you shall be a judge of the subject in dispute, and for which I am dragged along the public road like a traitor and a slave. What is truth? Can any circumstance change the immutability of its nature? Is it not like those mathematical axioms, which we only enquire to hear to understand? Think you that the senses of the people are so dull, they do not comprehend the light of truth when it flashes in their eyes? Or, as the sublime

Stupeo would have said, when truth, like a volcano, bursts forth on the darkness of night—its thunderings shall awaken the dormant senses of mankind—its lightnings shall glitter in their eyes like the brilliant morning of science—its lava shall bear down all opposition, over-whelming all the puny barriers of state—its cinders will scatter destruction upon its enemies, and the devastation it spreads, like a revolution, shall be momentary, giving place to a tenfold fecundity.’

‘But,’ said his Lordship, ‘not to question the *truth* of your bombastic metaphor, you forget that this *devastation* would sweep away all the then generation.’

‘And what is one generation,’ I returned, ‘or what are ten generations to the resulting good? Are we always to be as imbecile as infants? I have no doubt, that when reason acts in all things, we shall live to the age of the primitive parents of mankind, and then we shall not tremble at revolutions.’

‘Oh that the glorious days were come!’ said he, with a sneer, ‘when the dagger and the rope shall lose their destructive qualities, when the musket, the sword, and the pike shall rebound from the bosom of the patriot, and the cannon ball, in place of flying onwards, winged with death, shall fall harmless to the ground—then, and not till then, ought we to rush into revolutions.’

‘But truth,’ cried I, ‘truth is omnipotent, of which this very day is an example.’

‘Which way?’ said he. ‘I know you have sense, though at present it is warped. You call by the name of truth that which stimulates ignorant people to outrage: but you forget that all men are not cool philosophers, that the great mass of mankind are enamoured of novelty. The very bustle of a riot or a revolution has for them equal charms with a horse-race or a bull-baiting, and the merits of the subject are never discussed till they smart under the consequences. What can be more easy than to lead people to desire to live without labour, to plunder the rich, and pay no regard to those laws which were made purposely to restrain the passions? And because this is easy to be done, you call it truth and liberty, and patriotism. But I would ask one sober question, and would to God the whole world could hear me. If simple nature, poverty, and equality is the natural state of man, why do reformers wish to deprive the rich of their wealth, to render the poor unhappy? A plain argument that all they want is to plunder the rich, and, under a mask of mock patriotism, destroy all those sacred bonds which give energy to genius, and encouragement to virtue. If they have the real welfare of mankind at heart, in the establishment of equality, and detest, as they are always pretending, cruelty and bloodshed, it would be very easy to establish themselves in America.’

‘But monopolizers,’ cried I; ‘are they to be suffered to prey on the entrails of society? What right has one man to eat a pine-apple, for which he gave a guinea?’

when another is starving for want of an half-penny worth of bread? Answer me this ———.

‘Few things can be more easily done,’ replied he. ‘In the first place I would observe, that the incident never happened but in imagination, drawn for the purpose of casting an odium upon the rich, they do not in general deserve. Secondly, the accumulation of individual property is the natural and certain consequence of society. It is to be seen in the state of savageism, where an industrious Indian shall possess good arms, while an idle one shall be almost without. In the state of equality, that is, ignorant barbarism, no principles would be cultivated. How many depend for their share of the guinea paid for the pine-apple? The fruiterer, the gardener, the glazier, the carpenter, the bricklayer, the smith, the coal-merchant, the mariner, the miner, with all the crowd of others who supply each of those individuals with materials; and when you shall have divided the guinea between all these, I think the gentleman may eat his pine-apple with a good conscience, unless you can prove that he ought to give half of it to the vagabond, who will not work to provide himself food.—To state your question right, you should ask which is the greater good, to all those tradesmen and their dependents, by encouraging the luxury, or to give the superfluous guinea to the support of unproductive idleness? There is another question frequently asked—What right, say they, have the rich to tax the poor? What

right have they to live by the labour of the poor? The real fact is, that they do not live by the labour of the poor, but *vice versa*; for were there no people to pay the poor for working, there would be no work done. What bricklayer would build a house without being paid? What labourer would work for him without hire? *The benefit is reciprocal to both parties*: but, to speak a truth, the rich, wrapped as they are in ease and indolence, would do much better without the poor, than the poor without them. As to taxes, the poor in this country pay very few in proportion to the rich; their cottages are exempt, they are not vassals who work without pay, as in most countries of the world, and those who wish to live in peace, may do it with as much security as a lord; their persons and their little all are equally sacred in the eye of the law, and except in the article of game, *equally free*. It is the drunken, the idle, and the vicious, who have their families starving, and a burden to the parish. But such is the singular constitution of the country, that no Englishman can die of absolute want, if he will appeal to the charitable institutions. In fact, it is the middle class of people who bear the great burden of the state: the poor are exactly the same as they were a thousand years ago, and were, and will be always the same under every form of government, with the exception of personal freedom and protection. It is to be remembered that taxes ought never to be murmured at, provided they are applied to public affairs. I am, however, grieved when I reflect that the upright,

peaceable, and loyal citizen pays at least one third more than his just portion, to make up the deficiency occasioned by the sneaking, miserly part of the rich; and by the mock patriot evading every impost he can flinch from—thus stabbing the country he pretends to weep over.’

‘But,’ replied I, ‘it is a gross and ridiculous error, to support that the rich pay for any thing; there is no wealth in the world except this—the labour of man, so that when a man of property pretends he is rewarding the labourer, he is cheating him, he is giving him a bauble, and cajoling him. If he employ them in erecting palaces, in sinking canals, &c. it will be found he is their enemy; he is adding to the weight of oppression, and the vast accumulation of labour, by which they are already sunk beneath the level of brutes.’

‘From this doctrine,’ said Lord B——, ‘it follows, that the less employ given to mankind, the greater is their happiness, and the greater your benevolence; and the Eastern Bashaw, who grasps every accumulation of property, destroys the speculations of commerce, arts, sciences, and agriculture, reducing men to the happy station of providing no more than just sufficient to support existence, is, in your system, the benefactor of the human race.’

I know not how it was, I felt all my ideas unorganized, and I endeavoured in vain to reply: though what could be more *trite*, illiberal, and common. The country people who had listened to this discourse, one and all



protested they were grieved at their offence, declaring, that they now saw plainly how much better it was to receive the wages for their labour in cultivating the ground, than to keep it barren, and of use to nobody, at the same time offering, the next day, to replace the hedges they had thrown down.

‘And to conclude this adventure,’ said the young nobleman, ‘let this unfortunate man be liberated; and I hope he will yet be convinced of the folly of destroying one system, which has *some faults*, with *many beauties*; and in its place proposing another, which has not one single *practical beauty*, but is pregnant with the most detestable and dreadful evils.’

Being at liberty to proceed on my journey, I left Lord B—— and his train of slaves. Continuing along the road by moon-light, and having leisure to recollect the apothegms of Stupeo, I was angry with myself that I had not contradicted every assertion made by Lord B——, and proved that his reasonings were false in *totò*.

I was reused from these reflections by the creakings of a gibbet on the highway, and could not avoid shuddering at the inhuman spectacle.

‘O property!’ said I, ‘this is one of thy blessed effects—what a dreadful exhibition of injustice glares upon the thinking mind, that death shall be the fate of the man who by force exerts the rights of nature. In the principles of Penal Law, we are told near an hundred persons annually are executed. Oh ye victims of this

infernal monopolizing scheme, the whole amount of the goods, vulgarly called stolen, is only threefourths per cent. upon moveable property, yet they hang you up on the highway. Perhaps you were obliged to shoot somebody in self-defence, and must ye die for that? Can we wonder at the miseries of society, when luxury and trade are risen to so enormous an amount, that the aggregate of property brought to the city of London, and moved in floating bottoms only, is annually seventy millions, out of which only about four millions are taken in plunder, only four millions reduced to the laws of equality. There is, indeed, a bright gleam breaking through this dark picture, which enables the private patriot to tax the property of these dealers in wealth; this is the article of *base coin*, amounting, it is true, to no more than one million a year.\* Let us a moment contemplate this mighty Colossus of property, which threatens to devour up the Rights of Man, and resist all the open and secret attacks of philosophers, and we shall see how necessary it is by every means to render property less secure. Let us reason calmly, and without prejudice, and to any man of liberal ideas, what is the moral turpitude of robbery? It is no more than taking by force what I have a natural right to: it is an heroic and ge-

\* See the excellent *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*, which, though certainly exaggerated in some of the calculations, deserves the attention of every man.

nerous way of exerting the claims of nature and Agrarian justice; and the hazard I run is the same as every patriot must lay open to, who excites revolutions, and proclaims the glad tidings of universal emancipation. The one, as well as the other, is detested by all men who are blinded by religion, and the prejudices of the old school. It becomes, therefore, the part of every patriot, who would nobly resist oppression, to begin by counteracting the unjust distribution of property; and were they all to a man boldly and heroically to set out on the high road, they would soon render wealth less secure, and its possessors less arrogant. It may be objected, that this would not be so manly as at once throwing off the yoke of bondage: but till the *march* of sentiment has proceeded to universal conviction, the next greatest good ought to be preferred to listless inactivity.

Such were my reflections while I stood gazing at the gibbet: I ridiculed the idea that it would act as a restraint: it was in my eyes like the mangled body of Cæsar, which only stimulated to revenge. I considered the poor victim as unjustly massacred by the iron-fisted law, for though he had committed murder, that was no reason for coercion in the code of political justice.

My mind was impressed with a majestic and independent tone, resulting from those ideas. I felt myself roused to some arduous exploit, and a post-chaise driving towards me, gave me an opportunity to emulate the valour of an Alexander, or a Charles the Twelfth.

I drew out my pistols, and marched forward along the middle of the road, which the postillion perceiving, spurred his horses, with an intention to ride over me. With a stroke of my oak-stick I brought him down, and grasping the reins, retained the horses. The gentleman immediately fired, and missing me, I returned the shot, and a loud scream from a female caused me to think it took place. The horses taking fright, tore away from my grasp, and rode over the postillion, who was much bruised, and had one leg broke.

This unfortunate accident extremely chagrined me, but I consoled myself as much as possible with remembering, that partial evil will ever attach to general good. The *immortal* Stupeo, before he died, used to observe, that nature in her fecundity, produced all things in superfluity, that much might be spared for the destruction of accident, as in the produce of animals and vegetables; and man, being nothing but a brute, was also supplied in greater numbers than sufficient; in fact, that the death of two or three hundred thousand was a matter of no moment, and absolutely unworthy to fill the mind's eye a second in the contemplation of a great event.

These arguments were clear as the broad base of truth; for what man could walk out on a summer's day, if he feared crushing the insects in his path? Or who could look coolly upon a revolution, if they valued the

lives of individuals, who must be crushed by the ebullitions of the moment.\*

I rejoiced that my mind was superior to prejudice, and continued forward, after this little accident, with an high flow of spirits. I was on foot, and walked slowly on, forgetting, that by this outrage, as it is vulgarly called, I rendered myself liable to account, when I heard behind me the clattering of horses. It was totally dark, and stepping a little from the road, that they might not run over me, I stuck in a muddy ditch on the other side.

The splashing I made to clear myself caught their ears, and they quickly surrounded me ordering me to surrender. I was in no situation to contend, for I could not extricate myself. I threw my pistols over the hedge into a thicket of whins, and replied, that they might use me as they pleased, for death was infinitely preferable to slavery.

I was conducted back on horseback several miles, to the nearest inn, where I was ushered into a large kitchen. It was now very late being near three in the morn-

*\* the reader must observe the difference of the Vagabond's sentiments, which is the exact language of modern Jacobins. If one of their own party suffers for his crimes, it is a massacre, and must be revenged by the most sanguine examples; but if thousands are murdered by their own party, it is then a petty ebullition of liberty—nothing, compared to the great object they aim at.*

ing, so that only two maid-servants were there, with the three persons who had caught me. One, who had the appearance of a gentleman, turned me to the light to examine my features, when I instantly knew him to be my father.

‘Great God!’ exclaimed he, ‘who do I see? What dreadful fate is this? Why did I not die before I had beheld this hour? But for a trembling hand I should have killed my son; and that son would have been spared the guilt of murdering his mother!’

A cold damp sweat gathered on my brow. I was unmanned in a moment, notwithstanding every effort I could make to preserve my resolution.—‘Was it not imprudent,’ said I, ‘to travel at this hour? What business had you upon the road? And how could I know you in the dark from another?’

‘Ill-starred boy,’ said he, shedding tears; ‘Providence directed your arm against your parents, that you might behold, in full light, the horror of your actions, and repent!’

‘Nonsense,’ cried I, recovering at this impeachment of truth. Do you not know, that, in the eye of a man of sense, relations are no more connected than the greatest strangers? Would Rome ever have been a republic, had Brutus recoiled from ordering his own children to execution? Would Cæsar have fallen had the second Brutus been tied by the name of friend? Or would any revolution happen, if brothers, and fathers, and sons, feared to plunge the dagger in each others bosom? The

mind that cannot leap over these paltry and prejudicial considerations, is not inspired with genuine patriotism: we must learn only to appreciate persons by their intrinsic value, and not by their titles, nominations, and connexions.

My father, during this speech, had thrown himself upon a chair, holding his head in an agony of emotion which I did not wonder at, considering his prejudice and I regretted myself, that so little good had been produced by an action, which, had it occurred in full calm amidst a tumultuous people, and in the bustle of a revolution, would have rendered me eternally immortal and handed my name down to the remotest posterity: a dread to tyrants, and a *text* to all declaimers on sufferings of human nature: as it was, it was only a seed scattered in sterile ground, unproductive and secure.

‘What shall I do?’ cried my father, suddenly starting up. ‘Shall I, for the sake of severe, but immutable justice, become the instrument of vengeance on my son? Shall I adopt his own maxims, and rend at once all the tender ties of nature? Shall I burst all the bands asunder, and consign him to public execution? O Heaven! can such a sacrifice be required of me, having given existence to such a monster? No, get from my sight! fly! fly to the deserts of the world beyond the boundaries of society, lest the earth open and swallow you alive.’

‘ said I, calmly, ‘ what it is to be agitated with these puerile feelings of kindred ; they unman the and when we should reason rationally, overwhelm in a vortex of passion. I am not so prejudiced as to refuse that portion of liberty you offer me : I will go, since I do not think that I have yet fulfilled the great mission I have undertaken. In the present instance, I do not see how the good of mankind can be promoted by resistance : till we can see this, we ought never voluntarily to march to the scaffold, or as the immortal Sturges said ————’

‘ Let the executioner strike him to the centre,’ cried my father, in great rage with fury.

‘ It is as folly to attempt reasoning with madmen ; and as the two countrymen debating whether they should resist or not, I put on a determined air, and walked firmly out of the house. There is something imposing and awful in the frown of a determined man, conscious of his innocence ; and I have little doubt but an executioner would have suffered me to pass with equal impunity.

Soon I shook off the chagrin this little incident had occasioned, and having recovered my pistols, I thought no matter of common precaution to strike from the high



## CHAPTER X.

*The Vagabond concludes his Story—the Effects of Reformation in a country parish—the Vagabond's in favour of Seduction.*

ON the following day I stopped a post-chaise in a cross road, which contained two ladies, and was driven by a lad. One of the women fainted away, and the other was excessively frightened. I took nothing but my purse, informing her, that she mistook, if she supposed me a common robber; for, though I was willing to qualize property, I did not wish to monopolize. saying, I quitted her, that she might assist her inseparable companion.

I could not but execrate the whole system of education, which thus enervates the human body; it being an eternal fact, that were women educated to all the exercises of men, and, as my dear Mary used to say, so mingled with the world, that every action would be performed promiscuously, sex out of the question, we should not have women fainting on sudden emergencies, and as imbecile as infants.

What a glorious thing would it be, if the whole female sex would emancipate themselves from those tyrants the men, and enter equally into every concern of life! We should then no longer admire a beautiful idiot, but value them according to their mental charms and personal prowess. It would also be a very great advan-

tage in the article of love, it being no inconsiderable trouble to a philosophical mind to bend to all the frivolities of declaring a passion.

By the exertions of my independent principles, I acquired a sufficient subsistence; but I always made it a rule never to put in my claim to a part of the universal stock, till necessity, which has no law, in some sort compelled me. It was on one of those occasions I had the good fortune to meet with you, and I only lament that the immortal Stupeo was killed with a musket bullet.

‘I lament too,’ said Doctor Alogos; ‘I should have delighted in the conversation of so great a man, who has introduced so enlightened a pupil to the world. But let us now retire to rest; the clock has struck three, and to-morrow we will discourse further.’ So saying, they separated for the night: Frederick rejoicing that he had at length found a man illuminated with the irradiating principles of the new philosophy; which he the more wondered at, considering the Doctor’s *property*, for he had found the pupils of the new school, in general, a little short in financial affairs.

The next morning the company met to breakfast. Laura was extremely lovely; and the eyes of the philosopher frequently repeated the observation. Susan sat down familiarly to breakfast with them; and the luxury of the times was ably descanted upon.

Tea and chocolate, new bread and fresh butter, with

relish of cold ham and eggs, composed the breakfast of these practical philosophers.

'Luxury,' cried Doctor Alegos at every mouthful, 'will be the bane of this country; every thing rises to so enormous a price, that a poor man cannot absolutely get an existence; we shall be starved!'

'It is a dreadful thing to think of it,' said Frederick; 'I have often considered what could occasion such a rise in meat, for instance; formerly we used to have the best beef at one penny a pound, and now it is sixpence.'

'I apprehend,' said Laura, 'that there are two reasons: the increased consumption, and the increased quantity of money. Formerly, a farmer, before he killed an ox, had to contract with so many families as could purchase the whole, not being able to place a dependence on chance custom; a fact that must give the lie to the tales of some people, who would make us believe that day-labourers fed upon roasted beef.'

'You are a little perverse jade,' said the Doctor, 'to dare contradict a man like me. Pray, how should you know what use is to be, who have not yet seen eighteen summers?—You are a moth in the creation yet, I insist upon it that our peasants are starved and famished:—Are not potatoes and bacon half their support?—Answer that.'

The Doctor enjoyed the triumph of rhetoric over common sense; but Laura, with becoming deference, replied, that it might be true, but that was even better

than skimmed milk and oatmeal cake, which was formerly the general food, with a change of barley and rye. 'The people of England, then,' said she, 'were subject to leprosy and cutaneous diseases, which have vanished since the introduction of tea. I grant that they live hard, but it is what they have ever done; and were it possible for them to see the peasants of other countries, they would rejoice at being people of England. Not to mention the power of life and death, possessed by most landed gentlemen on the continent, let us look at the eastern nations, whose lower orders live upon nothing but rice, and particularly the Chinese, supposed in the Annual Register for 1789, to contain *three hundred millions* of people, whose lower orders, in-land, taste nothing but rice and water, and on the sea-coast a little fish.'

'Rice and fish!' said the Doctor, 'I am persuaded they are both primitive dishes. Rice is the food of more than half the human species, and savages on the sea-coasts universally eat fish. I am determined my table shall be furnished with these productions of all-provident nature; and suppose, for the second course, you give us a brace of roast capons and a few tartlets.'

'For my part,' said Frederick, laying a slice of ham on his bread and butter, and putting three lumps of sugar into his cup of chocolate, 'it is to me a matter of the greatest indifference what I eat; I eat merely because it is right to eat for the keeping our bodies in order. A family physician proves, that ~~one~~ half the

necessity of eating is to distend the intestines; for which purpose, any farinaceous paste is sufficient; and I have an intention to try a pudding of *marble flour*; for, if this proves true, what great exploits may be performed without the trouble of carrying bread!

‘For heaven’s sake!’ said Laura, laughing, ‘forego the experiment, or the images of Jupiter and Juno, in the garden, will be made into hasty-pudding; and the arm of Venus will have as much temptation as an haunch of venison.’

After breakfast, the Doctor requested Frederick to walk in his garden, and help him to weed some beds of herbs.

‘Do you think,’ said Frederick, ‘after what I have told you, that I will degrade my dignity by a menial employ? that I will become a slave to till the ground?’

‘No,’ replied the Doctor; ‘you are a philosopher: I do not propose to you any such thing; but husbandry is a primitive art, and no disgrace when practised for exercise. I propose that we shall live together on a footing of equality, and that we shall endeavour to enlighten the people in our neighbourhood, erecting to ourselves a little republic.’

‘The idea is grand and noble,’ cried Frederick: ‘had we Stupeo here, his whole soul would enter into the subject. Let us begin this very day—only let me observe, I will be entirely independent.’

‘Of course,’ said the Doctor—‘Though I very much fear we shall never bring them to the standard of na-

ture. This island is the sink of slavery. The very elements won't let the people go naked like the Indians of America. What shall we do first towards bringing about the freedom of man ?

'The first great action to be performed, is to convince them of their wrongs—to shew them they ought to govern the state; and that, if they do not recover their rights, they will be starved and enslaved; and that all distinctions are badges of tyranny, and not rewards of merit.'

'But in that point,' said the Doctor, 'it appears to me cheaper to bestow titles and ribbons than pensions—if there were no titles, the pension-list must increase.'

'And suppose it did,' cried Frederick, 'are we going to do away all profits and rewards? Every man should labour for the resulting good.'

'Right, right,' answered the Doctor. 'But should we not say something on the article of marriage? We shall never introduce real liberty till we can do away that Gothic barbarity. There's Susan, a good deserving creature, just such another as Rousseau's Teresa: own the truth, we, that is, she and I—you understand me—but the opinions of the world have hitherto prevented my living with her in a manner congenial to wishes, and as nature and reason point out.'

Hear,' said Frederick, 'the sentiments of the great philosopher Stupeo: When the distinctions of society shall be confounded, and men shall cease to appropri-

ate a whole female to themselves—*two* men might easily enjoy one woman, because it would be *her company* they desired, and the *sensual* gratification would be considered as a trifle. *Reasonable* men will propagate their species; not because a certain pleasure is annexed to this action but because it is *right* the species should be propagated, and the *manner* in which they exercise this function will be regulated by the dictates of reason and duty. It cannot definitively be affirmed, in such a state of society, who is the father of the child; that is of *no consequence*. I ought to prefer *no* human being to another because that being is my father, my wife, or my son.\*

‘What a glorious doctrine!’ cried Alogos: ‘one might then have as many concubines and children as they could procure. This very reason alone ought to make us detest monarchical government, where what is called sacred engagements are obliged to be in some sort preserved. I will, this very day, tell the world that I disregard its prejudices, and Susan shall appear in her proper character.’

Poor Susan, who was an ignorant, vulgar girl, was so intoxicated with the elevation from the cookery, that she resolved to exert the inborn Rights of Women, disclaiming any longer to superintend the kitchen; and the Doctor frequently cursed society, which had introduced luxurious dishes.

*Replie.* Godwin's *Political Justice*, 4to. page 852.

Mean-while these two great men exerted their endeavours to reform the parishioners, and it was not long before the excellent effects of their doctrine became visible. The churches, those temples of priestcraft and ignorance, were soon left without visitors; and even the elocution of a popular preacher could not assemble an audience.

The two philosophers rejoiced at this dawn of reason, and, the better to *spread* the truth, elected a large barn into a Hall of Reason, where they undertook alternately to read moral lectures.—Frederick there clearly proved, that all religion was the offspring of ignorance, resulting from ideas, mingled with impressions, mingled with realities; and that the first idea of a Deity was taken from a howling wind on a stormy night; so that, if he did not convince, he confounded his hearers. He, however, proved beyond a doubt, that religion was not of the smallest benefit to mankind. ‘It is true,’ said he, in one of his lectures, ‘that *architecture* was first carried beyond the unpolished beam, and the unshapen stone, by the enthusiasm of people to honour an unknown Deity; but could any thing be more absurd than to raise great piles of magnificence to nobody knew who? And what was the consequence? Why, the great men then would have great houses, and no longer live, as they used to do, in hovels of mud. It is true that *astronomy* was first studied for the sake of tracing the power of God in the creation; but what has been the result? We have learnt to traverse the ocean, and send people



from Europe to tyrannize over the people of Africa. Religion indeed gave birth to all the *arts and sciences*, because it was supposed the Architect of worlds must delight in gauds, and every costly ornament was deemed too little an offering to his abode. But, in my opinion, this would better have been given to the starving poor—no doubt the priests had their tithes out of it. Here a loud burst of applause broke forth. It is vain to say that monks have been the preservers of *literature*; for, at the time they promoted it, they had no intention to benefit mankind, and it is the intention which makes the merit. You are told that religion teaches social duties; that it is wrong to injure your neighbour, for you shall hereafter be punished. Who told you all this? A parcel of priests, whom you pay to hold you in darkness. Are you to believe them, or I who instruct you for nothing? I tell you then that there are no future rewards and punishments. I am certain that no man can prove that there are; and if you read the great book of Nature, it does not say a word about it. That is the book you ought to study, and burn your Bibles, if you would enjoy the world without those shocking reflections about fire and brimstone.'

Moral lectures like these could not but influence the minds of the country people, who wondered they had been so long imposed upon. The Curate was under the necessity of suing for the tithes, and the parsonage was threatened with destruction.

Corn had been dear and scarce, owing to a wet sea-

son ; and to render it cheap, a mob of patriots burnt down several stacks and barns, for which one was hanged and three transported.

The Principles of Universal Equality, and the Catechism of Nature, the one written by Frederick, and the other by Doctor Alogos, were printed and distributed gratis. The public houses had each a club, where the newspapers were subscribed for, politics discussed, and ale consumed with genuine liberty ; by which means those heretofore ignorant people became *warm advocates* for freedom, and declaimed about the inborn reason of the humble soul, till all reason was suspended in hilarity, and the whole company *levelled* to a state of *swinish equality*.

They now clearly perceived that the times were the worst that ever Old England had witnessed ; for they every day found themselves less able to maintain their families ; and so far from being capable to pay their rents, they had scarcely money sufficient to support the club, on which depended the salvation of their country.

In vain the gentlemen of the parish endeavoured to stay this torrent of philosophy. Man only requires to be told his rights to know them. The young men copying the example of Doctor Alogos, were not to be bubbled out of a fee by the priests, and the wives became what is vulgarly called lazy and slovenly, but which in the language of refined philosophy, is independent, and superior to prejudice.

Things proceeded thus admirably in a parish, where, but a little time before, all had gone on in the old track; where contented and ignorant families depended on their own labour, and were so proud of the childish title of Englishmen, that they detested a work-house so long as health and strength remained. But now they saw clearly, that, according to the *Rights of Man*, every one had a just demand for support from the community, after a certain age, and therefore to work for a rainy day was as absurd as it was old.

The poor rates multiplied so fast upon those who still continued to support the Gothic prejudices of their ancestors, that several heretofore flourishing families were obliged to quit the parish, and their farms remained unoccupied.

Frederick, in the mean time, had endeavoured to cultivate the affections of Laura; but though he gained upon her heart, her head resisted all the arguments of his philosophy. It was in vain he traduced the custom of marriage; she remained wedded to the blind principles in which she had been educated. 'For,' said she, 'were I to become your *companion*, or that of any other man, when I shall perhaps be surrounded with two or three children, a moment's disgust may leave me without a partner. Till it is the fashion for men to maintain the children of others, no woman in her senses would permit the passion of a man unmarried, because, though he could range and select another, she must remain forlorn and abandoned.'

'The supposition,' said Frederick, 'that I must have a companion for life, is the result of a complication of vices: It is the dictate of cowardice, and not of fortitude: It flows from a desire of being loved and esteemed for something that is not desert. The institution of marriage is a *system of fraud*, and men who *carefully mislead* their judgments in the daily affairs of their life, will always have a crippled judgment in every other concern.—Marriage is law, and the *worst of all laws*. Whatever our understandings may tell us of the person from whose connexion we should derive the greatest improvement, of the worth of one woman, and the demerits of another, we are obliged to consider what is law, and not what is justice. *So long as I seek to engross one woman to myself, and prohibit my neighbour from proving his superior deserts, and reaping the fruits of it, I am guilty of the most odious of all monopolies.*'\*

'Do you wish me,' said Laura, 'to suppose you speak seriously? You are dreaming, Frederick, or you are mad or worse. To say nothing of the *moral turpitude* of such infamous and *brother* doctrines, I should like to know if there is one single republican in the kingdom, who, however he might wish to indulge himself in such license, would permit his mother, his wife,

\* *After such a sentence as this, which is in Godwin's Political Justice, the reader will not accuse the author of exaggerating facts.*

his sister, or his daughter to live promiscuously like beasts of the field?

'And are men not by nature brutes, as the mighty Rousseau has proved to a demonstration?'

'Let us take it so,' said Laura, with a sigh: 'what will be the result? We should see half a dozen throats cut for a pretty woman, for then the law would be no check on licentious appetites. But, Sir, reflect if what I say be not true. Your reformers *in general* are men of broken fortune, fiery passions, or eccentric dispositions. You would cast aside restraint, because you are too great tyrants yourselves to submit to the government of others; as, for instance, Doctor Alogos was one of the best tempered, humane men in the world, till he took to those whims from the loss of a law-suit; and now, though he is always telling us we are slaves, and have as much right as the men to every freedom, yet, if every article in the house, to the smallest trifle, is not in exact order, we hear nothing but execrations, which once he was afraid to utter. But, in the present case, I do sincerely believe, that those men who preach up promiscuous intercourse of sex do it merely to cover their own depraved desires, and avoid the stigma of the world by rendering it common.'

'I am very sorry,' said Frederick, 'that you argue as if you had never heard the great doctrines of philosophy. Had you heard my Mary on this subject! persuasion hung upon her tongue, and the self-demonstrated axioms of moral science flowed from her lips. "It

is difficult to recommend any thing to indiscriminate adoption, contrary to the established rules and prejudices of mankind; but certainly nothing can be so ridiculous upon the face of it, or so contrary to the *genuine march* of sentiment, as to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony, and that which, wherever delicacy and imagination exist, is of all things most sacredly private, to blow a *trumpet* before it, and to record the moment when it has arrived at its climax.”\*

‘Excellent!’ cried Laura, breaking into a laugh; ‘this is sheer bombast, and putting into hyperbolic language what might have been said in simple words. Can any thing be more *impudent* than for a woman to *marry*, because by marrying she tells the world that she has conformed to its customs in following the purpose of her creation? Whereas, if she despised all its rules, trampled down those barriers to lust, modesty, and morality, and became a *prostitute*, she is *modest* in the extreme, because she did not tell the world beforehand she was going to be ruined. With regard to the trumpet and the climax, it is not a practice in our country, where marriages are frequently performed with

\* *Memoirs of Mrs. Woolstonecraft Godwin. A Review says, my treatment of Mrs. Godwin is brutal. If repeating verbatim her own sentiments be brutality, then am I guilty. But if they mean that such sentiments brutalize a woman, I cannot help that.*

that decent secrecy which eludes even the questions of friendship.'

'There is no reasoning with women,' cried Frederick, in a pet; 'they have no souls capable of receiving the new light of irradiating science, which is breaking through the mists of superstition and ignorance. How few are like my Mary, free in thought and in action! She was a wonderful woman, and despised the jests of the world: she knew, that in reality there was no difference of sex in souls, but that education made women fools and idiots.'

'You have often,' said Laura, 'talked to me in this strain; you have told me that women are no otherwise inferior to men than by education; but to me there appears an humbling difference.—Have they not to bear and bring children into the world? Are they not then tied down to the routine of a nursery? Are not all their employments necessarily domestic? And does not nature seem to have pointed to this end in the disposition of their frame?—Men, in all countries, take upon them the ruder employments, and it is only an eccentric soul that would wish, in the frenzy of imagination, to blend the sexes.'

'But women, with their present *weakness of intellectual philosophy* are not capable of teaching children their duties, and

'I will quote you a passage,' said Laura, 'from a droll book of reveries my uncle lately bought, called the Rights of Women. In page 148, I believe you will

find these words :—" The management of the temper, the first and most important branch of education, requires the *sober, steady eye of reason*: a plan of conduct equally distant from tyranny and indulgence. I have followed this train of reasoning much further, till I have concluded that a *person of genius is the most improper person* to be employed in education, either private or public."

From this quotation we may infer two conclusions : First, that a person of *genius* possesses not the *steady, sober eye of reason*, and therefore all your pretended philosophers, reformers, and men of profound genius, have not one jot of reason, consequently are *fools*. Secondly, allowing women to be pretty idiots, they are the most proper to give education, and the less genius they possess, the greater is their qualification: and indeed I might draw a third inference, that persons writing palpable contradictions are unworthy notice on either side.'

' Oh !' cried Frederick, ' were the great Stupeo here, he would bring arguments that would incontrovertibly prove——'

' Prove what ?' said Laura : ' prove himself a greater fool than the pupil.'

' No,' cried Frederick, ' prove that you are the charmingest pretty idiot in the world.'

Thus the great copyist of one of the greatest philosophers that have glittered in the eighteenth century, descended from the pinnacle of intellect to tell a girl what



her glass told her every morning. But, as Voltaire has admirably proved, by a few arguments in about a hundred different places, and Rousseau demonstrated by practice with the idiot Teresa, it is a fact, that great heroes, great poets, great philosophers, metaphysicians, and ballad-makers, have all become fools to please foolish women.

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## CHAPTER XI.

*Reasons for peopling the world—specimen of the Sublime—the consolations of Philosophy in Disappointment—the immutability of Truth.*

FREDERICK was discomposed beyond the dignity of a philosopher at the perverseness of Laura: he began almost to think that women were beings made expressly for the pleasures of men, a gilded toy, which a great metaphysician and philosopher might condescend to play with when he quitted the Hall of Contemplation, and ventured from the paths of intellectual rambling to the gross pavement of life.

His mind was perpetually bent upon the great work of reformation, and the perfection of jurisprudence, *except* when he mused upon the pretty lip of Laura, which frequently dimpled with an inimitable smile, and that smile was not the vacant smile of childishness—it was

a smile of meaning, expressive of some fine sensation of mind, brightening the whole countenance, and lightening the eye with the intelligence of good sense.

'I know not, said he to himself, as he rambled over the fields, 'what to make of this girl; she reasons as if she had reason, but it is quite in the old style. What is this love? What would my dear Stupeo define it? A passion, that, like an optic glass, inverts its object. Ah! now I am satisfied she does not in reality possess any good quality: it is my passion which deceives me, and she is no more an angel than the rest of her sex. All her virtues are only like 'colours in objects, merely rays pressed in different angles upon the eye. She herself is a blank, a mere white sheet of paper; and it remains for me to stamp upon her any character I please. As to beauty—what is beauty? Ask a negro of Guinea what is beauty, the supremely beautiful, he will answer you a greasy, black skin, hollow eyes, and a flat nose. Consult the philosophers, they will tell you some unintelligible jargon for answer—they must have something correspondent to beauty in the abstract.'

Having thus used the light of human reason in rational argument, Frederick determined that Laura must and should be his, not for his own sake, but for the promotion of freedom, and the *spread of the truth*.

'It is the universal good and greatest resulting benefit we are ever to have in view,' continued he: 'a

the great men of the eighteenth century tell us we must not regard any contingencies, these being only partial and unavoidable evils. It is plain the world must be peopled; for if it is not peopled, we philosophers would have nobody to revolutionize, and logic, and ignorance, would be tantamount to the same. This then is the self-demonstrated hypothesis: this then is the grand basis to build upon; and as all things depend upon peopling the world, it follows, that to people the world is the most meritorious action of life. But how am I to contribute to this greatest good, if Laura persists in her notions of matrimony? It is impossible. I should then surrender my freedom, and freedom is even a *greater good than life* itself. Some middle way must be devised; and though I abhor giving pain to any creature under the heavens, yet I must not be deterred from peopling the world, by the tears, faintings, and frettings of a woman who even does not know the great maxims of philosophy. What are tears? mere bubbles of water emitted from a particular stimulus of the nerves of the eye: Women have weaker nerves than men, therefore tears from them are more common. As to fainting, that also depends on weak nerves: Some will faint at the sight of a rat. Well, I cannot help the irritability of the nervous system:—A charming idea indeed! that, because women have weak nerves, the world is not to be peopled! Besides, am I not a philosopher? Yes: I have, and I will rise far above human nature. Have I not seduced the mistress of my friend? Have I not

been the means of a pretty girl and her father perishing in the flames? Have I not led a mob to burn down the metropolis of Great Britain? Have I not induced a wife to betray her husband, which caused his own and his children's death? Have I not lost three teeth and half my little finger in the cause of liberty? Have I not murdered my own mother? And shall the tears and lamentings of a girl prevent my marching forward in the high-road of all-irradiating science, and peopling the world?

O Philosophy! how few can contemplate thy sublime and terrific features: Thy feet stand upon the poles of the world—thy head is encircled round with nubilated exhalations, whose volcanic entrails emit thunders and lightnings that scatter all existence around thee, and hecatombs of infidels and surdous men are reared or dispersed by the cataclysms of thy scientific fulminations. When shall the catenas of mankind be decrepitated by the furnace of truth, ignited by the ballows of reason? When shall the ingannations of prejudice be delacerated, and the catachrestical reasonings of facinorous aristocrats be dispanded by the zetetic spirit of the eighteenth century?"

From this prodigious flight of the true sublime and unintelligible, Frederick suddenly descended to the consideration of more common action: simply, how he might promote the increase of mankind. It appeared no very easy task to do away the qualms of conscience in a modest girl, unless indeed he could prove to her

that there was no such thing as conscience, which was a task of no great difficulty for a modern philosopher to undertake. Another small reflection occupied him, for he saw that he must proceed upon the principles of deception, and what then became of immutable truth? But weighing over the maxims of *political justice*, he found that deception was extremely moral in affairs of love, and he was more than ever enamoured of the new philosophy, which seemed calculated for the comfort of man.

He began with Doctor Alogos, whom he soon convinced of the non-entity of conscience; that reason was the only guide to truth, and passion the index to pleasure. Laura, the blind prejudiced Laura, was not to be wrought upon by the profoundness of his reasonings and the subtilty of his logic.—‘Though I feel myself unequal to answer you,’ said she, ‘that by no means is an approval of your arguments; for I well know that by argument we can neither prove nor refute many things which yet we feel to be or not to be. For instance, you may tell me I am ten feet or only ten inches high; that my sight deceives me; and you may confound me with arguments to prove your assertion. But all those arguments will not change my opinion that I am only five feet high, nor will you persuade me that I have no conscience.’

One fine glowing evening, when the country was yellowed over with harvest, and the birds chirped amongst the hedges, which were hung with stalks of loose corn,

Frederick and Laura took a walk to some distance, and, as it is very natural, discoursed on love by the way.

Frederick exerted all his eloquence upon the usual subject; but seeing that he made no impression, he *transided* into the more natural language of commonplace, such as has been the practice of all lovers since the flood, and such as will continue to win the hearts of the fair, till philosophy shall introduce a new set of ideas and sensations.—‘I will,’ said he, ‘charming Laura, adopt your side of the question, for really metaphysics do not altogether satisfy the heart.’

‘Were you to forsake your wild opinions,’ said Laura, ‘you would become an agreeable member of society.’

‘It is you,’ he replied, ‘who must make me so; it is you I shall look up to for instruction; but remember the sentiments of Rousseau in his *Emilius*. If women be formed to please, and be subjected to man, it is her place doubtless to render herself agreeable to him instead of challenging his passion: the violence of his desires depends upon her charms; it is by means of these she should urge him to the exertion of those powers nature has given him. The most successful method of exciting is to render such exertion necessary by resistance, as in that case self-love is added to desire, and the one triumphs in the victory which the other is obliged to acquire.’

‘These sentiments were worthy a voluptuary,’ repli-

ed Laura: 'they came, no doubt, warm from the heart of Rousseau.'

'Yes,' said Frederick, 'from the author of *Eloisa* we should expect strong expressions, but they are nevertheless true. You have read, Laura, that charming romance. What did you feel at the *first kiss of love*? In a word, did not the whole performance set your whole soul on fire?'

'No,' replied Laura; 'I saw through the sophistical jargon of rhapsodic language. I beheld only a man who kept a milliner, endeavouring to justify his actions to the world by drawing a fiery picture totally untrue. Do you think there is a man in the world like Welmar? And what was St. Preaux but a precious sentimental rascal, who, under the sanction of the most sacred friendship, plunders a believing love-sick girl, and talks all the while about virtue and celestial innocence?'

Frederick found by this discourse that he should not easily contaminate the purity of her mind by the introduction of voluptuous subjects, for he knew of no book more likely to introduce a desire of dissipation than the celebrated *Eloisa* of Rousseau: \* he therefore resolved to supply his want of persuasion by violence, beginning with those liberties often allowed, till his passions throwing him off his guard, he exerted that prowess which men are endowed with for other purposes; but here he

\* To this may now be added the *Mont*.

gain deceived, Laura not being one of those puny of fashion which shrink from the touch.

A philosopher was confounded at a resistance he not expected from the delicate figure of the maid, bringing down his head in silent vexation at her keen wiles; for *shame* he knew not, unless it was in being short of his heroic and patriotic intentions. He sed, in a tone of voice much beneath the dignity of a hero, to accompany her home, but she refused him with superlative disdain.

He turned away to philosophise, and call to his aid the doctrines of Stupeor: so chagrined was he at the disappointment, that he almost resolved never again to put himself before Doctor Alogos,—but again he sed, that it was unworthy a great man to stoop to such arts, it being more in the order of Nature that accidents should bend to them.

As he walked forward, wrapped in *musings melancholy*, a gleam of satisfaction darted across his mind—‘Why,’ he said, internally, ‘am I so grieved at a trifling disappointment?—I, who am a being independent of the world, in how few years will age destroy the appearance of pleasure, and I shall then regret not having made advantage of the fleeting moments. Did I bow down to the idols of priestcraft, I might be deterred from actions called *crimes*, by the dread of future punishment; but it is the height of monkish blindness to suppose there is any such thing as future punishment, I am persuaded, I am certain, I am *manifestly* do not



give credit to such shocking doctrines, or it were impossible they could act as they do.—What could undertake a wrong cause? What guardian ruin the orphan under his care? What wife betray her husband? What son would disobey his father? What father would ruin his family with variety of sin? And what young man would, for the pleasure of half an hour, cajole, with false oaths and professions, a fair, believing-tender-hearted girl into a misery to end only with her life?—No; I am certain, if I believed any thing of revealed religion, none of this could happen. Then shall I be trammelled by such considerations? O Philosophy! divine light of the world, thy consolations never fail in the hour of distress, says Paul, lest men spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit; but Paul was an old woman, and knew nothing of *eternal sleep*.’

Having thus confirmed his mind in these decided principles, he felt re-assured to his purpose, and directed his thoughts to suggest the means of subduing

Laura informed her uncle of the great design of the vagabond Philosopher; but that disciple of the school only coolly bid her be cautious, for not every nature could be more natural.

Frederick was surprised to find the Doctor in spirits; and no hint being dropped concerning his attempt, he already concluded Laura in his power. He retired early to bed to digest his plan; and unable to sleep, he tumbled about till midnight, v

alarmed with a grating noise at the window beneath him. He listened, and fancying he heard footsteps, arose, and was proceeding down stairs with a poker in his hand, when two men ascending, presented pistols at him, with threats of instant death, if he alarmed the house.

‘Am I to be deterred from speaking the truth?’ said Frederick: ‘a truly virtuous man will proclaim the truth, amidst an host of foes.’

‘D—n my glims,’ said one of the ruffians, ‘you are a rum quiz; but I suppose he is dreaming.’

‘If you will tell truth,’ said the other, ‘tell us where the old codger hides his cash.’

‘Truth,’ replied Frederick, ‘is invariable: the great Stupeo declared that no circumstance could change its effects, and that it must be spoken at all times.’

‘Well, out with it then, and no qualms!’

‘In love,’ continued Frederick, with *sang froid*. ‘we may conceal the truth because it is an allowable deception to deceive a girl to her own benefit, and the augmentation of mankind. But, for the sake of wealth, dross, trash, rubbish ———’

‘D—c’ cried the first, ‘you are a devillish rum one: only tell us where we may find the rubbish, and less of the gab.’

‘This rubbish,’ cried Frederick, ‘the bane of society, the cause of all unnatural accumulations, of all the miseries of suffering man; what is this to truth, eternal and immutable truth?’

'Blow his brains out,' said the robbery, 'if he don't instantly tell us where the possibles be.'

'We are not to be compelled to speak the truth,' said Frederick: 'we should speak it for our own sake, and not to avoid any evil, or to promote any independent good: for instance, I could now, to avoid the evil you threaten, tell you that in the front parlour there are bank notes to the amount of fifty pounds, and that would satisfy you; but that is an equivocation, because you ask where *the money* is concealed, implying *all*. Aye, aye! All! all! Well, that being the case, and *an equivocation* being a lie, according to Dr. Paley, I continue to tell you, that under his bed in the back room, on the second floor, is an iron chest, where you will find the remainder, and thus it is clearly demonstrated that—'

'Aye, aye, clear enough,' cried the thieves, 'don't say a word more—go back to your own bed and sleep in a sound skin.'

'I am not obliged,' said Frederick to himself, 'to run hazards in proclaiming truth when it is not required. Perhaps these patriots intend to murder the old Doctor: well, suppose they do, what will be the resulting consequences? Ignorant, unilluminated people, in stating this fine and metaphysical argument, would talk about gratitude—that is totally exploded in political justice. A servant might urge his being obliged to serve his master, but I am no servant; and a servant would be condemned if he did not assist to destroy his master in the cause of truth, by the new system. But what possible

good will result to mankind by the death of the Doctor? Is he not one of us? Is he not an enlightened philosopher of the eighteenth century? He has already created three or four riots in the parish, and rendered the people so dissatisfied, that they will neither work nor play. A revolution seems maturing in this little spot, that shall light the torch of liberty all over Europe: and shall this man be cut off by men who seem unorganized to systematic depredation—men who do not seem to plunder upon principle? No: the whole human race would suffer in his loss.

These arguments were convincing, and he hastened with the poker in his hand to the chamber.—The robbers had drawn out the chest, and emptied its contents, when Doctor Alogos awaking, began to call aloud for assistance, and the robbers swore they would cut his throat if he was not silent. At that instant Frederick burst into the room, and one of the thieves fired, but missed him. A blow of the poker tore off the rascals ear, and shook his arm so rudely, that the pistol fell to the floor, and the Doctor having reached a blunderbuss, they hurried away, carrying with them the notes and cash with which they filled their pockets, swearing they would shoot whoever attempted to follow them.

‘My dear Frederick,’ cried the Doctor, embracing him, ‘you are a brave fellow, and this favour shall not go unrewarded: you may always rely on my friendship.’

‘Friendship!’ exclaimed Frederick, ‘Has fear clouded your intellects? Friendship is well enough for board-

ing-school girls, who are plotting intrigues. You esteem me for my intrinsic value, and not because I done *you* a service. No man ought to return favour—favour—that is an old obsolete doctrine, done away with by the new political justice. Hear the great sentiments of the great Stupeo on favours:—‘It may be objected,’ said he, ‘that a mutual commerce of favours tends to increase the mass, or cube lump, of violent action, and that to increase the mass of benevolent action is to contribute to the general good: indeed the general good promoted by falsehood, by treating man of *one degree* of worth, as if he had *ten times* worth? or, as if he were in any degree different from what he really is? Would not the most beneficial consequences result from a different plan, from my constantly and carefully inquiring into the deserts of those with whom I am connected, and from their being *sure*, after a *certain allowance* for the infallibility of human judgment, of being treated by me exactly as deserved? Who can tell the effects of such a plan universally adopted?’\*

‘Not even the profound Stupeo himself,’ said Por-Alogos. ‘I very much fear we shall never attain to that perfection of knowledge, so as to be *sure* and *uncertain* of the quantity of merit: had that great man lived, he would, no doubt, have made a baron of which, upon being applied to the object, would instigate to the exact degree of worth.’

\* *Godwin's Political Justice*, page 86.

'The idea is original,' cried Frederick, 'and I am persuaded he would have attempted its completion, for mind in that case would overcome matter. Alas! what has the world lost by the death of such a man, who only was rescued from the gallows to be shot in a riot. O Fortune! what a jilt art thou to men of genius and science.'

'Nothing more true,' said the Doctor, with a sigh. 'Here is an end of our great projects of reformation, for my rents come in very slowly, the wretches declaring they have a right to the ground rent free, and here I have lost five hundred pounds.'

'It is the vile government we live under,' said Frederick; 'a monarchy is a mere excrescence, and a disease in the body of society: the wars it occasions, and the lavish revenues by which it is maintained, make it unbearable. Ah! if we could fly from its evils and re-assume the primitive simplicity of mankind; if we could shake off all sorts of governments, and live to ourselves as independent and rational beings, we should then pay no taxes: Laura should be my companion, and Susan yours:—there beneath vine trees of our own planting, we should sit and talk of love: beneath the date tree and the olive we should sing hymns of peace, and in the sylvan shades should be united in harmony and celestial affections. Our children would promiscuously grow up untainted by the world, and no tyrant should violate the chastity of our daughters at his imperious will.'

‘Oh! charming, cried the Doctor, dressing himself. ‘Go and wake Laura instantly, and before to-morrow’s sun raises the blue mists of the lake, we will be on our journey to this terrestrial paradise.

Frederick, impressed with equal rapture at the romantic idea, and repeating to himself anathemas against the tyrants who have debased unthinking innocence, he hastened to the chamber of Laura.—He found her half dressed, having been alarmed at the cries of her uncle. She blushed at being thus exposed to the eyes of so great a philosopher, and that blush drove all the tyrants from the mind of Frederick. He clasped the fair maid in his arms, and at that moment Doctor Alogos entered to tell his niece the service he had received from the interposition of the virtuous hero.

Frederick, in such a situation, would have been confused if he had not been a very great man: but he was arrived at so much perfection, that he could listen to his own praise in the moment he wished to perpetrate what with half mankind would have rendered him an object of detestation; but this attainment could only be acquired by a steady attention to all the enlightened doctrines of the eighteenth century, and is called the bold, unblushing front of *manly* truth.

Laura rejoiced at the escape of her uncle, for her bosom was only too susceptible of gratitude, and she almost forgave the attack upon herself. She, however, objected to the plan of emigration, as a wild-goose chase after happiness; and the arguments she used almost

convinced the Doctor that all pleasure was ideal, for, as to dates and olives, not a single tree grows in all North America, which obliged Frederick to own he meant only *figurative* expression.

Frederick was too candid to conceal his discourse with the robbers, and Doctor Alogos could not refrain observing, that, though truth ought to be spoken at all times, yet, if it cost five hundred pounds it was as well to be silent.

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## CHAPTER XII.

*The introduction of a very great Man—Matter and Spirit discussed—the raising of the Dead by natural magic.*

THE harmony of the family once more restored, the public good became again their chief care, but an accident happened that very much checked their proceedings. A countryman had been detected offering one of the notes which had been stolen, and was carried before a Justice of the Peace, where he was identified by Frederick and the Doctor.—He pleaded very much in his own favour, protesting that it was his first crime, and that his accomplice had carried away the whole booty except that single note.

‘And how,’ said the Justice, ‘could you be guilty of



so great an offence when you could not be ignorant of the law ?”

‘ That be very true, your honour,’ replied the man : ‘ but I did hear Doctor Alogos in his pulpit reading a great book of political justice, which did say as how no law ought to punish *offenders* for a crime that be done, because as that it were not likely, please your worship, that any man should commit the same again, and no man ever committed the same offence in all its circumstances, as the law do mention. So, your honour, I thought that I did see clear enough, that if I did not do the action as the law did forbid, I were not guilty. Beside, and more your honour, I were near starving, having lost my playse because I would not attend church on a Sunday, nor work like a neger, as the Doctor did tell us we all were, as laboured for the rich ; and so, your honour, I had nothing to do but to starve, and the day were once, when I would have starved rather than do a dishonest act : but Doctor Alogos did tell us that there were no such thing as dishonesty ; that it were all a tale to cheat us out of our right ; and that the poor ought to have the lands of the rich divided : so, please your honour, I were in a strange quandary, and though my heart did misgive me, I were persuaded to begin with the Doctor, as it were but proper he should practice what he did preach.’

‘ Doctrines like these,’ said the Justice, ‘ are certainly of the most pernicious tendency, and, in fact, Doctor Alogos, this man appears to me less guilty than

yourself. You know I must commit him if you prosecute, but I should suppose you would not wish to appear in such a situation; and I hope this will be a warning to this simple man, and teach him to follow the track of his forefathers.'

'Such,' cried Frederick, 'is the blessed effects of property! The great philosopher Stupéo, used to say, that the fruitful source of crimes consists in one man's possessing in abundance that of which another man is destitute. This day gives us a proof of it; for this poor man would not have attempted the robbery, notwithstanding the beam of truth which flashed on the obscurity of his mind, had it not been from want.'

'It is not my place,' said the Justice, mildly, 'to attend to arguments; my business is with facts; but, for the good of my countrymen who are round me, I will observe, that this is the general topic of modern reformers, but like most other of their pernicious principles, it is erroneous. Thieves, ninety-nine out of the hundred, are idle and dissipated, and in general possess that ingenuity, which, rightly employed, would raise them to considerable eminence. Drunkenness and lust are their great incentives to outrage, and *not* the want of food and raiment, the latter being, with a very small exception, in the power of every one who is willing and who has strength to work. It is likewise to be remembered, that, in the professed system of equality and property, no man is to enjoy or possess more than food and raiment, all else being luxury. It has been urged, that

some have been starved to death for want of encouragement, *who had genius and talents*; but let this be remembered, that it was owing to their employing those talents in a wrong way. Chatterton, for instance, starved as an author, but he might have maintained himself well as a school-master; but, you will say, can any man of feeling speak so coldly of so great a genius. We will not talk of feeling, but reason. When I speak of Chatterton, I mean it of *all others*. Chatterton knew his abilities, and he wished to force the world to acknowledge him at once—but this must always be a work of time. Placing his whole dependence on one foundation, he was too proud to stoop from the high throne of poetic exaltation; whereas, had he become a school-master, he might have lived and watched the progress of his productions to the climax which awaited them. Again I would seriously observe, and would to heaven I could be heard by all mankind; this man here accused of robbery tells you one means of losing his place, was disregard of Sundays—mark with your own eyes the difference of those who do attend the service of God, and those who do not!—I will not mention sects of religion; but look at those who pay a reverence to holy things, sobriety directs their way; they have no taste for profligacy, and they rarely sink into ruin from their own vices. But let us see those men who despise the formality of church, and spend the Sunday in drinking and gaming; idleness and debauchery powerfully seize on the mind in these vacant moments, and thus it is from the cottage to the

mansion that we may in general draw a more general character from his attention to Sunday; and we need none of us look far roundly without, as it were, perceiving that even in the transient prosperity of this world, God has distinguished those who obey his commandments.

The attention of the numerous company assembled was arrested by the approach of a crowd of people. The poor labourer was discharged; for in the interior of the country, Justices of the Peace are extremely arbitrary. Frederick hastened into the yard, where, amongst a troop of women and country people, appeared a thin, sallow-complexioned man, with one eye, and a large gash on one side of his face, which added to the gloom of his countenance a trait of ferocity and malignant expression.

Frederick gazed upon him a few moments with a look of surprise.—“Is it possible,” cried he; “I behold the profound and immortal Stupeo!—Are you resuscitated, or were you not hanged nor murdered?—Can I believe my eyes?”

“It is I,” cried the great philosopher himself: “I have escaped these evils by accident, but I have lost my eye in the cause of freedom. How, my dear Frederick, are you here? How could you possibly escape the vengeance of that glorious night?”

“Another time,” answered Frederick; “I will tell you every thing; but, why are you deprived of your liberty?—Have you fallen at last under the gripe of that many-fanged monster—the Law?”

'This is a mere trifle,' said Stupeo: 'I am acc  
of marrying *three* wives, and as it is not a criminal  
cess, I shall escape with finding bail to maintain t  
So much for the glorious uncertainty of that prof  
abyss—the Law.'

'But, is it possible,' cried Doctor Alogos, 'that  
Sir, the great and powerful opponent of matrim  
should be married to *three* at once? This strikes  
as a contradiction.'

'That is, Sir, replied Stupeo, with a look of sup  
rity, 'because you are but little versed in the sul  
doctrine of political justice. Sir, you would ther  
that contradictions are nothing in the way of trut  
but here there is no contradiction. The excess  
evil is *always* a remedy; as, for instance, when  
militia of Europe shall exceed the standing armies  
all the citizens become soldiers, the evil of standin  
mies will cease, as the power of directing them t  
destruction of the people will be gone. In like  
ner, a man who has three or more wives may li  
free as though unmarried, for he has only to go t  
altar with any female whom he judges capable of  
ing to the stock of general or resulting good.'

Frederick was struck with this profound argur  
and the company being now ordered before the Ju  
he paused to reflect whether, after all means were  
of subduing Laura, he might not adopt this plan  
out infringing the principles of liberty.

Doctor Alogos, who, had he not imbibed the new philosophy, would have been a man of benevolence, agreed to pay a stipend for the maintenance of the young woman at whose suit the great philosopher had been detained, and, proud of having so celebrated a man for his guest, though at present a little in disorder, he invited him to the mansion-house.

Laura started with surprise at the sight of so shocking a being in human form, and not being able to discern the wonderful patriot beneath his unseemly habit, for females are strangely impressed by exteriors, she concluded it one of the robbers of her uncle, and scarcely knew whether to run away or stay.

The name of Stupeo which she had often heard, arrested her attention, and when she gazed more minutely on the master, she ceased to wonder at the eccentricities of the scholar.

When they were seated and refreshed, the Doctor inquired in what state Stupeo had found the people of England in his excursion?—In what state!’ cried he, ‘why, absolutely starving and undone: the whole country is in a rapid consumption, and no efforts of man can save it. I may say, without vanity, I have done my endeavours. I have had twelve illegitimate children, but not one of them could bear the air of this foggy climate. I have had three wives, but still the people decrease—population is rapidly declining. What with emigration and the prevailing taste for celibacy, I am convi

this island will, in a very few years, become an howling wild, and its sea shores a place for fishermen's nets. The sun of science is hastening westward from these benighted lands, and it becomes every rational man to follow its beams.'

'I have long meditated on the subject,' said the Doctor: 'I would not proceed rashly, but I find the people of this country so tenacious in their support of an old rotten constitution, so wedded to old principles, that we are thwarted at every motion by some cross accident, and they are such gross fools, that the most palpable facts they invert to contrary tendencies.'

'I am on fire,' cried Frederick: 'I am determined to breathe a freer air; and let me tell you, the man who remains voluntarily in a despotic country lends his countenance and support to the measures of that country.'

In the evening Stupeo and Frederick took a walk, when the latter requested his tutor to inform him of the accidents he had met with since their first separation, their meeting in London having been so momentary, and their minds so employed on great exploits, that they had no time for private relations.

'It would be impossible,' said Stupeo, 'to detail all the actions I have engaged in; I must therefore briefly enumerate them in a sort of catalogue. The life of a philosopher ought to be perpetually changing. First, then, I was appointed tutor to some young ladies, one of whom I took a fancy to, for I am not very difficult of choice, and the father having prevented me from starv-

ing, it was impossible I could do less than instruct his daughter in the new philosophy of political justice. He was, however, such a bigot to the old school, that he kicked me out of his house, and I remained for some time nearly starved; when I had an undeniable right to dine at the richest table in the kingdom. A trifling forgery I had been induced to commit, not for any purpose of self-interest, that would have been morally wrong, but merely to take a little from the fortune of a man who wallowed in wealth he could not consume, was the means of introducing me to the cells of Newgate: such is the present detestable system, fencing round property with capital punishments, so that it is next to impossible to reduce the horrid amassments of wealth into more equal channels.

‘After I was shot and trod down, I lay some time insensible, when a surgeon’s man dragged me into a bye alley, and whipping me into a sack, carried me to his master’s dissecting-room. Having prepared himself for a grand experiment, he was surprised to find that I was not wholly dead, and applying some powerful stimulants, I opened my eyes.

‘I was astonished to see stooping over me, an haggard figure, dressed in a brown stuff gown streaked with blood; in a belt hung a parcel of instruments; and round the room were various preparations of anatomy, with saws and skeletons hung upon nails. I inclined my eyes to see my own situation:—a wet cloth bound my head, and I found that I was lying naked upon a large



table clotted with morsels of skin and flesh. I fancied myself in the inquisition.

‘Fiends!’ said I, ‘is this your way of promoting your superstitions? You would make me believe in the immortality of the soul; but matter is eternal—and as to the soul, it is like the sap in vegetables, when it leaves one form, it goes to impress motion on matter: it is a bundle of ideas perpetually changing, and never is the same two moments together; and yet this fleeting something you would make me believe is immortal.’

‘Are you an Atheist?’ said the surgeon.

‘No,’ cried I, ‘I am no Atheist, I am a new philosopher. Helvetius says, he is no Atheist who says that *motion is God*, because, in fact, motion is *incomprehensible*, as we have no *clear* idea of it, as it does not manifest itself but by its effects, and lastly, because by it all things are performed in the universe.’

‘Then you call *motion* God?’—‘Certainly,’ said I, ‘because it is *incomprehensible*.’

‘Then whatever is incomprehensible is God?—But, what do you say of the *cause* of motion?’

‘That must be motion itself, because passive power cannot act, and active power is action or motion.’

He took a lancet, and making a slight incision in my thigh, dropped upon the part a few drops of elixir, which threw me into such intolerable pain, that I started on my legs and made at him like a fury.

‘Is it a Deity,’ cried he, ‘that acts on you? You

are under some strange impression.—Do you *comprehend* the *cause* of your motion?’

‘That fluid,’ said I, ‘has cut to my soul, and stimulated my nerves to a convulsive motion.’

‘How say you? What then is *motion mechanical*! If so, how is motion God? But, do you comprehend the reason why this elixir ran like fire to your brains?’—  
‘No.’—‘Not comprehend it? Why then this elixir is your God: It is an *incomprehensible cause of incomprehensible motion*.’

‘I might reply in the words of Mr. Hume,’ said I:—  
‘If you do not believe as I do, I must confess I can reason with you no longer.’ ‘But, however,’ continued I, ‘to give you a *clear* idea of this grand doctrine of motion: The internal organization of abstract principles coming in contact with tangible substances, forms a concatenation of resulting consequences, demonstrating the powers of loco impinging motion, resulting from the chance arrangement of ponderous bodies, subsisting in concocted masses, and assuming a form in vacuo.’

‘My dear Sir,’ cried the surgeon, ‘I can form no clear idea of your *incomprehensible* discourse, and yet I should not take you for a Deity—at least you must be one in disguise.’

‘You must allow, however,’ said I, ‘that chance has produced every thing, and directs every thing.’

‘So far the contrary, that chance produces nothing and cannot direct any thing; this elixir acted on you as

it would on a thousand others. What appears char to us is only an invisible cause, of which we see the effect. In some cases we may trace up the effects to great First Cause, who must, from our very nature, be to us incomprehensible ; but not for that reason non-existent, or on the contrary, because many things possess this *one* attribute to us, are we to call them Deities? For, if so, every phenomenon of nature would become a Deity, and the philosopher of the eighteenth century would have more Gods than the ancient heathens.

I saw by these arguments that he was so wrapped up in the mists of the old school, that it was no use attempting his reformation, and finding I was not in the Inquisition, I rejoiced at having escaped the muskets of the soldiers and the fangs of Jack Ketch, not for my own sake, that was out of the question, but for the sake of universal man.

After my recovery with the loss of an eye, I lived some time with this anatomist, being frequently employed in *raising the dead*, which to me was a matter of indifference, because I knew that all things in nature were merely modifications of the same matter, there being no difference between a putrid carcase and a bank of violets, except in the perception of our ideas.

The surgeon frequently lamented the necessity there was for this barbarous practice, as he called it.—‘Were we allowed,’ said he, ‘all unclaimed bodies which die in hospitals, all malefactors of every description, and all

suicides, we should not need to disturb the repose of sacred bodies, whose places affection laments and visits, when perhaps they have been mangled to pieces in our lecture-room, or sold piscemeal, at fixed prices, like butchers' meat, to any person.\* The dissection of suicides would be a greater preventive to the action than all the laws of *felo de se*, because the plea of insanity would not abrogate the consequence.'

My practice of plundering the church-yards at the most solemn hours, under danger of detection, and what was worse, under the fear of infection from diseases nearly advanced to putrescence before the interment; to break open a coffin, and carry in my arms a naked body, whose scent was sufficient to ferment a plague, was an undertaking that required all the resolution of philosophy, and fitted me for the event of any revolution or combustion of nature.

One day I observed to Dr. Cuticle, that it was to me a plain demonstration from the structure of the animal œconomy, and its tendency to putrescence, that it was like every other material substance; that the derangement of any one part affecting an immaterial, impalpable something, called the soul, was a gross bigotry; for,

*\* It is a known fact, that every part of the human body has a regular price. No person can deny the necessity of dissections, but as at present conducted, they are a disgrace and an outrage on society;—nor are the jests and levity of some of the young surgeons becoming, over the body of a human being.*

were the soul an immortal spirit, it could not be affected by matter—it could not feel pain in disease.—He replied,

‘Place a man in perfect health in a circular room, glazed round, some of the windows shall be green, some red, and some blue: you will grant that in looking through these windows he will see objects of different colours and shades, but yet his own sight shall be clear and perfect. If the windows are dirty, he will see objects obscure; and if they are painted black, the surrounding scenes will to him be invisible; so the human soul, placed in the body, like the man in the room, can receive no external impression but through that body. His reasonings will take various shades, his passions and affections will be variously combined; but this does not deduce from his perfection as a man, but proves that the soul may be immortal, and yet *obliged* to partake of every accident which touches or acts upon its habitation.’

To this I replied—‘Modern philosophers define the soul to be an immaterial substance, in the strict use of the term, signifying a *substance* that has *no extension* of any kind, nor any thing of the *vis inertia* that belongs to matter: it has neither *length*, *breadth*, nor *thickness*, so that it occupies *no portion* of space; on which account the most rigorous metaphysicians say, that it bears no sort of relation to space any more than *sound* does to the *eye*, or *light* to the *ear*: in fact, that *spirit* and *space* have nothing to do with one another, and it is even im-

proper to say an immaterial being exists in space, or that it resides in one place more than another, for, properly speaking, it is *no where*, but has a mode of existence that cannot be expressed by phraseology appropriated to the modes in which matter exists.\*

Cuticle bowed profoundly at this observation—'You have proved to a demonstration *in words*,' said he, 'that we have no soul: to answer you *in words* would be an easy matter. I must confess that modern philosophy has something in it sublimely unintelligible: it is like the definition you have given, *a substance without substance*, a cube, long, broad, and wide, but occupying *no place*, and has no more relation to reason and sense, than *nothing* has to *something*, and *something* to *nothing*. It is even improper to say philosophy exists *any where*, or that it is *here* more than *there*, for, properly speaking, it is *no such thing*: its mode of existence cannot be expressed in any language utterable by the human tongue. Such an argument as this may be applied to any thing, and would disprove the existence of the whole universe.'

So saying, he turned away to pursue some anatomical preparation, and I saw clear enough that we have no souls at all. My present employ was not congenial to my desire of benefiting mankind. I was like a gem hid in the mud, and I resolved to quit my situation. Indeed, the house-maid had been a little troublesome, for

\* *Priestly on Matter and Spirit. vol. 4. page 74.*

in teaching her some of Munro's anatomical comparisons, we were naturally led from theory to practice, for she had so much of the modern spirit of inquiry, that she frequently attended dissections promiscuously with the other sex.\*

I rambled over great part of the country under different professions, and gained a great deal of money from a certain medicine that was an infallible cure while I staid in the town. Wherever I went I disseminated the new doctrine of universal emancipation; I made many converts from religion, and taught the ignorant peasant to read the great book of Nature. I may say that mankind are infinitely obliged to me for the knowledge of various grievances they never so much as dreamed of till I pointed them out.

'My dear master,' said Frederick, 'you are a martyr to your virtues; but here you may rest for a time.'

### CHAPTER XIII.

*The formation of the World—a strange event, results from a political Lecture, which disgusts the Philosophers with society.*

THE following day, Frederick, in the garden, informed his tutor with his passion for Laura; that he debated with himself as to the resulting good, and found

\* One of the pursuits pointed out to females; Rights of Women.

a sort of hesitation to use her with too much violence.

‘I will let you into a mystery,’ said Stupeo. ‘The great mass of mankind are fools, and no better than the callous sod on which we tread. It is the part of the great men and philosophers to mould them as they please; and when we have shaken off the influence of every thing called principle, are satisfied we have no portion in eternity, and that the fable of an avenging Deity is an old woman’s tale, what power, I ask, can controul us? We become almost too great for the world; mind seems to rise superior to matter; crime becomes nothing; all that men call murder, incest, lust, and cruelty, is trifling, not more, in fact, than changing the form of passive matter, or cutting down the trees of the forest: for, remember, we cannot *destroy* any thing, we only change its form; and suppose a woman dies under our hands, her death makes room for another; the same as plucking a turnip makes room for the planting of a cabbage.’

‘I feel,’ cried Frederick, ‘I feel I am now free.—I shall render my name immortal, for no human tie—no moral check shall stay the purpose of my power. But it seems true, after all, that a society of atheists could not exist, they would murder and be murdered: no trust could be placed upon any man; the king would assassinate the man who affronted him; the courtier would assassinate the man who opposed him; the wife would assassinate her husband, when disappointed in meeting her lover; no girl would arrive at the age of



maturity; and the human species would soon become extinct.'

'And what then?' said Stupeo. 'The same spirit which now actuates our bodies, must then actuate something else:—you cannot annihilate that subtle gas; and if it does not give motion to men, it may to some new species;—who knows but it may animate the trees and plants with rational faculties\*—it would make this world a very different place.'

'I should like to see it,' said Frederick. 'Metaphysics are surely the most useful of the sciences; but here come Laura and the Doctor. 'We have been discoursing,' continued he, 'on matter and spirit, and it appears plain that matter is eternal, and spirit mere fermentation.'

'I wonder,' said the Doctor, 'how our world was so admirably formed, unless it was by the power of an omnipotent Being.'

'Our earth,' cried Stupeo, 'was once a part of the sun, a molten mass, when a large comet brushing too near that luminary, dashed off a considerable portion, which flew till the natural motion formed it into a spheroid, and it began to cool. The atmosphere round it

*\* Let the reader reflect upon this. Nothing is annihilated, though the form may be changed. What then becomes of the soul? Are the laws of nature suspended in this one instance? If not, the soul must still exist—it must be somewhere.*

formed the ocean, and the friction of this vast body of waters upon the scoria and cinders, which composed the great skeleton of the world, formed the sands of the sea, which subsided into large beds, rising by degrees to the surface, where the action of the sun hardened the superficies. The heat of this luminary upon the putrid particles of the sea generated shell-fish, which are evidently most allied to stone of any animal we know. These possessed the whole of the ocean for some thousand ages, and being by the gravitation of the earth, thrown into large chains of beds, in the progress of time decaying and cementing together with the olaginous substance they contained, the shells became stones, forming mountains.—Thus we always find shells in every body of rock, and on the highest mountains. Every great change produced a revolution, and from the soft slime of shelly mountains, vegetables were produced.—This new form of matter decaying and fermenting, animals, such as lyons, tygers, bulls and monkies, were produced. The latter was man in his original state. It was some thousand years before he learnt to walk upon his hind legs, some thousand more before he pulled off his shaggy coating; but it is not material for me to trace him in every improvement, till he acquired a full face from the effects of a change of climate, and learnt the articulation of sounds by imitating the babbling of a brook, for he is to this day a creature imitating every

other animal, and nothing is more clear than that he was originally an Ouran-outang.'

'It strikes me,' said Laura, 'that your system is a little preposterous; and one is led to inquire where you stood when the earth was a liquid stream of melting fire? But, with regard to man, I would observe, that had he *ever* been a mere brute animal, he *never* would have changed his nature; he never could have acquired perfectibility, for we never see the least progression in animals, nor are monkies, at this period, one single degree advanced beyond what they were three thousand years ago; but, nevertheless,' said she, with a look of irony, 'when one sees some people, they are apt to acknowledge the relationship, and when they hear the chatter of jingling, unmeaning sentences, they are apt to cry out, that the Ouran-outang is the better man.'

Stupeo could not but feel this sally, but it was beneath his philosophical metaphysical dignity to regard, or even reply to this reasoning of a woman, who was not illuminated with the splendid rays of intellect.

Frederick often sought an opportunity to accomplish his schemes, but sought in vain, the vigilance of Laura precluding a possibility of success. He more than once attempted to infuse a drug into her drink; but whether she suspected him or no, she always avoided any thing from his hands which would admit adulteration.

Peace was about this time established with America; and the whole country rang with exultation.—During the war, no one had more execrated the system than the

Doctor, and every lecture concluded with an apostrophe to peace. He now mounted the pulpit in the Hall of Science, the name of the lecture barn, and to prove that he was a very great philosopher could find fault with every thing, and was staunch at all times and all seasons against government. He declared that the peace was the most disgraceful that could possibly be made; that it would not continue a twelvemonth before we should be driven from Canada. He declared, that, like Milton's devils, mankind were only born for rebellion and revolution, that all their joy was to riot in destruction, murder, and violation.

A number of soldiers who were returning to their families, hearing these great truths, swore the Doctor was insulting them. A sailor, with one leg, threw a crab cudgel at the head of the Doctor, which narrowly escaped him. Frederick leaped upon a bench, vociferating, 'Citizens! the cause of all mankind is involved in this dispute: we ought to know whether these vagabonds are to insult us in our halls, and in our temples. Truth is sacred, and I will speak it, though a legion of spies were around me.'

'Citizens!' roared out Stupeo, 'you are under military government; the Philistines are upon us; the freedom of speech has departed, and you are all slaves bound in chains, and riveted by your own supineness.'

Anarchy and confusion now reigned in the Hall. The benches were broken in pieces and served for clubs. A desperate battle ensued, as some few of the country

people stood by the Doctor; but they were soon completely drubbed, and fled in different routes. Doctor Alogos and his two companions found a temporary shelter in the mansion, and to their astonishment, saw their principal hearers the most violent.

‘What shall be done?’ cried the Doctor, trembling most philosophically: ‘This enraged beast, this many-headed monster will devour us.’

‘Reverence the divine majesty of a mob,’ cried Stupeo; ‘all their motions possess energy, and all their actions justice. This is a mere momentary fermentation, the effervescence of popular frenzy, and will subside into a delightful calm.’

‘But what are we to do in the mean time? We shall be murdered!’

‘A mere trifle, my dear Doctor;—a mere re-modification matter.’

‘A remedification of the devil: I don’t at all like this.’

‘It is a d—d aristocratical church-and-king mob,’ cried Frederick. ‘I have been to talk to them, but they are deaf to the voice of reason; they are increased by a number of market-women, who vow vengeance against Stupeo for his three wives, and the Doctor for his kept mistress. This is no republican mob, inspired with the divine frenzy of liberty and equality.’

‘Oh! curse it,’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘they seem to have liberty enough; they are treading down my fine flower-garden like an herd of swine; there go all my

exotic shrubs!—I believe they are a troop of Goths and Vandals, who pay no regard to science.'

'There is your whole congregation!' cried Laura, weeping, 'My dear uncle, they are all gone mad; they are talking about rights and liberties, and destroying every thing before them.'

'Let us defend ourselves,' cried Frederick, running to the front window. 'Citizens!' cried he, 'is it thus you abuse your friends?'

'Friends!' shouted a countryman, 'there be no such thing as friendship. Equality for ever!—and down with the Doctor!' Frederick immediately fired a fowling-piece, loaded with small shot. A volley of stones was returned, which broke half the windows in front, and dashed out one of the orator's teeth. Stupeo instantly advanced, with a blunderbuss, which he fired, and checked the fury of the mob for an instant; but the soldiers leading the attack swore they would murder man, woman and child, and burn the house to the ground.

Not a moment was to be lost in this case of extreme necessity; and Frederick even debated whether the resulting good did not require him to join the mob, and aid them in the destruction of property. All the Doctor's cabinet of natural history was destroyed; his fine library made a bon-fire, and his elegant mansion was reduced to ashes, amidst the shouts of liberty and equality.

The fugitives found shelter in the house of a neigh-

bouring gentleman, who saved them from the madness of the mob. 'For me,' cried Frederick, 'I am determined not to remain another week in this vile island, where there is not one single spark of liberty and national spirit remaining.'

'What do you call this?' demanded the Doctor: 'I think it is liberty sufficient to burn a man's house about his ears.'

'But that must have been a mob hired by the government,' said Stupco: 'had it been a republican mob, it would have been a different thing; we should then have had a fine display of rational principles.'

'All mobs,' said the gentleman, 'are alike, whatever name you may give them. Mischief is their only desire—plunder the only object. To their leaders they are a subject of perpetual dread. For my part, I would rather live under a Turkish Bashaw, or in a country under martial law, than in a revolutionary country governed by mobs.'

'For this reason,' said Stupco, 'you are a man of *property*, but for a man without any property, the latter is preferable, as it renders, in a summary way, the accumulations of wealth.'

'But then,' answered the gentleman, 'you are not one moment sure of your plunder; a stronger man may tear it from you, and, like a worm caught by a chicken; the whole flock will in turn catch it from each other, till it is either pulled in pieces, or gulphed down by some one at the hazard of choking.'

‘But that has nothing to do with liberty,’ cried Frederick. ‘All riches, and especially hereditary riches, are to be considered as the salary of a sinecure office, where the labourer and the manufacturer perform the duties, and the principal spends the income in luxury and idleness. Hereditary wealth is in reality a premium paid to idleness, an immense annuity expended to retain mankind in *brutality* and ignorance, by the want of leisure, or time to be idle. The *rich* are furnished indeed with the means of cultivation and literature, but they are paid for being dissipated and indolent. The most powerful means that malignity could have invented, are employed to prevent them from improving their talents, and becoming useful to the public.’

‘You have made a very long speech,’ said the gentleman, ‘on a very short subject: All you have said amounting to this, that the poor are ignorant, because they have not leisure to be idle, and the rich are ignorant, because they are paid to be idle; so that, in fact, all real knowledge centers in yourself; and I have very little doubt, but, in your eyes, all the rest of mankind are little more than ideas, or at best machines.’

‘I will prove it by a demonstrable argument,’ cried Stuebo.

‘They are very destructive ideas then,’ said Doctor Alogos. ‘To say the truth, I am become quite sick of society, and all human nature together. I will go and bury myself in the wilderness of America, where no mob will burn my house and destroy my library.’



‘Oh!’ cried Frederick, ‘there the people are free;—there the spirit of truth fought with irresistible energy; republicans always fight with double ardour.’

‘Enthusiasm,’ said the gentleman, ‘is no proof of either truth or justice; but it is certain to inspire a desperate spirit in those who feel it, let the cause be liberty, religion, rebellion, revenge, plunder, or what not; though it is very well to ascribe to the justice of the cause what in fact is only due to the intoxicating enthusiasm of attaining a point.—Revenge in general inspires revolutions. The people feel the evils they suffer under: they forget that a change will most probably be for the worse; and to be revenged on one set of men, they become slaves of another. I believe there never yet happened a revolution, where the then living generation did not feel accumulated ill, and the benefit to the next is very doubtful. Time, and the natural improvement of the human mind, gradually introduce reform, and in our own constitution we find always some trifle to improve; and it is well known, that at this moment we enjoy more *real liberty than any of our ancestors*; for in the days, called the golden days of good Queen Bess, did not she grant so many monopolizing patents, that a gentleman demanded in the house, if there was not going to be a patent for selling bread.’

The next day the Doctor began to arrange his plans of emigration, procuring all the information he could of that detestable country, where poor people live better

than the rich; where provisions are so plentiful, you have money to take them away; where more is paid to mechanics for their labour than the articles sell for; where there are no taxes, and where the travellers *bundle* with the daughters of the family.

Frederick felt his enthusiasm rise at this description, and determined to accompany the Doctor to Philadelphia, one of the finest and most regular cities in the world.—‘It is there,’ said he, ‘we shall begin to breathe on the broad basis of truth and reason; there all the puerile distinctions of religion and country are unknown, and man is respected for his good qualities.’

Laura raised many objections to the scheme, and Susan absolutely refused to trust herself in a foreign country without being married. Thus the doctor was under a philosophical necessity of complying with a superstitious custom; and he could not refrain observing, that if he would have submitted to matrimony before, he might have married a lady of education and fortune, and not an ignorant pert baggage, who assumed the airs of a lady, without the qualifications.

The estate and ruins of the mansion being sold, the Doctor determined to set out without putting in his claim to the damages he could demand from the county.

Frederick for a while suspended his designs upon Laura, foreseeing, that when they should be settled in a wilderness, she must of necessity be either his or Sturgeon’s, and he had no doubt but she would prefer the greater good.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Reflections in a storm—the delights of Philadelphia—the Doctor purchases a large estate in Kentucky.*

A PLEASANT gale wafted these adventurers from the detestable island, where every thing was conducted in the worst manner possible, and where law and religion influenced the majority of men. Their hopes were high, and they discoursed and disputed with true metaphysical ardour. The rest of the passengers were mechanics and countrymen, going over to make their fortunes, and the praises of America bounded from one mouth to another.

‘I am astonished,’ said a man who had sold a very good trade to emigrate, ‘I am astonished that any man remains in Europe, when all the blessings of life await him in America. I am going to purchase some lots of ground in the great city of Washington, which will shortly be the most magnificent in the world. All the houses will be polished free-stone, the most narrow streets will be as wide as Portland Place in London. Ships already arrive there, and the city will be the emporium of commerce: I understand that it already makes a noble appearance.’

‘A very noble appearance indeed,’ said the captain: ‘the streets are all laid out in right angles, upon paper. The number of workmen and mechanics employed in building this magnificent city is truly astonishing, they

amount to nearly one hundred and fifty. But the chief advantage attending this city is, that it is contiguous to the estate of the President.'

'You speak,' said the passenger, 'as if you were an Englishman, and wished to discourage new settlers. I suppose you are jealous of others partaking in the pleasures of your country.'

'Very far from it,' said the Captain. 'I am amused with the golden dreams of emigrants, who expect to find silver crows in America; and I can assure you what I tell you of Washington is literally true, and more than that, it never will be finished, on account of the local and multiplied inconveniences around it.'

'But how comes it,' said the other, 'that such advertisements are inserted in the newspapers?'

'How comes it,' said the Captain, 'you puff off any article you wish to dispose of?—Do you think it is natural for a man, who has discovered a treasure, to call all the world to share it with him? This very reason ought to deter people, if they were not mad; they might be certain, if America was that happy land held out to them by designing men, all the vagabonds in Europe would not be invited to its bowers.'

After they had sailed many days before a fair wind, the heavens became suddenly obscured; black clouds embattled over the deep, which hissed in rising breakers against the ship's side. Sudden squalls furrow the dark bosom of the ocean, and threatened to tear the sails from the yards. All hands were ordered to work; the

sails were furled, the yards struck, the pumps cleared, and every preparation made for a storm.

'My dear Doctor,' said Frederick, in the cabin, 'now we shall behold a grand display of magnificent scenery; we shall see Nature in a rage, and admire the terrific features of her countenance.'

'I hope not,' said the Doctor: 'I have no curiosity to behold the bottom of the terrible sea; to be hacked in pieces by the sword-fish, smothered in the embraces of polyusses, or devoured by alligators.'

'A true philosopher,' cried Stupeo, 'will behold the combustion of elements with tranquillity; he would not tremble were all the human race scattered around his feet with a blaze of lightning; though the clouds were to become ignited and flame around his head; though the concave vault of the heavens was to become red hot; though the earth was to dissolve with fulminations beneath his feet, and parting nature to mix in chaotic confusion, yet would he stand firm and undismayed: Such are the effects of real philosophy.'

At that moment a loud crash of thunder burst over them, and rattled to a distance in various directions.

'The devil take it,' cried Stupeo, 'that is a horrid smash; the wind howls like an hundred wolves in a forest hung with snow. The sea thumps against the vessel as if it would break in the timbers. After all, men are very foolish to trust themselves so far from land in an egg-shell.'

‘It is nothing but an idea,’ said Laura. ‘What, are you frightened at your own ideas?’

‘I am fearful,’ said the Doctor, ‘that even Mr. Hume must allow this storm to be something more than idea.’

‘I shall go on deck,’ said Frederick. ‘I am like an Englishman so far, that I am only afraid when I do not see the danger.’

‘I will go with you,’ said Laura; ‘the ship trembles so much I cannot sit.’

It was with difficulty they could preserve themselves from falling, by grasping the hatchway; but the scene that presented was the most terrible sublime. One universal canopy of black clouds seemed to unite the ocean with the heavens, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that they might be said to be overwhelmed in water; through this, the vivid flashes of lightning played at leisure, dancing on the mountainous billows, and giving to the ridges of rolling waves, which tumbled over each other as if contending in a race, the momentary appearance of melting gold. The thunder was so near, that it appeared rather surrounding than above them, and the whole was a promiscuous confusion of fire and water, the waves reflecting and refracting the variegated lightnings in every direction.

‘Oh! great Creator of the universe,’ said Laura, a tear of piety starting from her eye; ‘Oh! that man would acknowledge thy power, for what prevents that thou shouldst at this moment destroy the whole earth,

and expunge it from thy presence for the crimes of its people !”

‘Surely, said Frederick, ‘this is more than idea ;—there must be an omnipotent Being, notwithstanding Mr. Hume and Stupeo. Were this storm the production of chance, it might continue, it *naturally* would continue for ever, and overwhelm creation.’

‘Chance!’ repeated Laura: ‘How has it happened that this whole globe has never deviated from its orb? Why do not the planets leave their harmonic circles, and dash each other to pieces?—Harmony is not an attribute of chance, for the very word chance implies confusion. Surely, had not some infinite Being, whom we should tremble to name, given them their motions, they never could have continued within their orbit. But man, weak and silly man, denies Providence and miracles, because Providence is not every day working miracles to provide him a dinner.’

‘That peal of thunder seemed to me to shake the foundations of the universe,’ said Frederick ;—‘but you look quite composed, Laura—are you not frightened?’

‘I am indeed,’ said she, ‘very much frightened, but I am not dismayed.—It is true I am a weak woman, but I look beyond these heavy and sulphureous clouds, to a Deity who knows the weakness of his creatures, and can, in his omnipotence, as well protect me as a world.’

‘But do you think,’ said Frederick, ‘that he regards at all the actions of human beings? If he did, why in

the shipwreck of a vessel shall perhaps every man be drowned, except the most execrable villain amongst them ?”

‘ Because that the good and the bad are so connected, that a storm cannot fall upon one without touching the other, and to a good man drowning, is a very trifling evil.’

‘ How so ? You speak now like a philosopher. Is it a trifle to be annihilated to self-consciousness, to lose all the pleasures of life, and become no more than the stone or vegetating shrub ?’

‘ Indeed,’ answered Laura, ‘ if such are your sentiments, death is to you the most tremendous of evils—you must shudder at the idea, and to secure yourself some paltry, transient gratifications, perpetrate unnumbered crimes. But, amidst this storm, when the next moment may whelm us beneath the deep, see how calm a woman can be, whose mind is acted upon by the cheering hopes of religion ; and who expects hereafter to live to a beatified eternity.’

‘ But I have no ideas of such a state, and we know that the vulgar notion of an heaven above us cannot physically be true.’

‘ And why not ?’ said Laura ;—‘ you will tell me perhaps, that beyond our system there are other systems, and beyond these others, reaching to distances surpassing comprehension. But, is space bounded by our imagination, or is all space filled with systems ? Beyond all these systems may there not be a surrounding space,



whereevery idea of heaven may be realized, where new regions of inconceivable formation and glory may exist, for who shall limit the Supreme? Even suppose all space to be filled with systems and worlds, may not these stars be so many different paradises, fitting the disposition of different spirits?’

‘These things,’ said Frederick, ‘may not be impossible; but they are very contrary to the doctrine of the great Stupeo. What a grand scene is he losing!—I will go and call him.’

The storm now raged with such violence, that the ship was given to the winds, driving between the furrows of the rushing waves. The great Stupeo laid upon the cabin floor, uttering the most horrid execrations—swearing that all hell was broke loose, and, that the black demons of the air were running the ship into the clouds.

‘That is a very sublime idea,’ said Frederick, ‘but I hope not literal, for if there be an hell, what will become of us?’

‘O God!’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘I do acknowledge thy power, I was a fool ever to doubt it.’

Laura endeavoured to comfort poor Susan and the rest of the passengers in the cabin; and the better to prevent reflection, she desired them to sing some psalm, setting the example by beginning the 104th. The novelty of such an action in so despairing a situation gained their attention, and many joining in, the terror of the danger was damped, and they felt a something of con-

scious satisfaction, which is unknown to any but those who have been in some similar situation, or have felt the tranquillity of a quiet conscience ;—even Stupeo himself changed his execrations into groans, and Frederick hung down his head in silent reflection.

The storm gradually subsiding by degrees, the several characters of the company returned, with this difference, that Stupeo maintained with more obstinacy than ever his doctrine of chance and scepticism. Frederick wavered in his mind according to the impulse of his passions ; and Doctor Alogos became convinced that there was more in religion and *common-place* maxims of good and evil, than the great Stupeo would allow.

In this disposition they arrived at Philadelphia, and rejoiced at the prospect of having reached a place where truth and justice had erected the standard of reason. Frederick was surprised to find the renowned city not so large as that part of Mary-le-Bone which is built ; but consoled himself with the loss of one of the finest cities in the world, as he could look over the ground where it *was* to stand.

As they passed along the streets they were hooted at by the children, and called vagabond English, with other opprobrious names. ‘This is very strange,’ said Frederick : ‘I thought the Americans made no distinctions of country ; but we are only strangers yet—they will respect us when they know us better.’

They procured lodgings at an extravagant rate, and

calling for refreshment, received some very coarse cakes, wretched butter, and salt meat, for in summer no *fresh* meat will keep a day; and for this they paid more than the best articles would have cost in London.

'Things are not quite as they should be even here,' said the Doctor.

'What do you mean by that?' said an American waiter. 'Do you mean to stigmatize Congress?'

'Heaven forbid,' replied the Doctor: 'I should like to speak to your master about my baggage.'

'My master! I don't know such a man. Do you think I am a slave?—I am a republican, a free-born American. But who are you? some lousy, beggarly emigre, come here to cut wood and hew stone for us.'

Doctor Alogos looked in silent amazement.—Frederick was rising to kick the republican down stairs; but Stupeo observed that this was the genuine blunt spirit of freedom; that, like Spartans, the Americans took perfect liberty of speech.

'But they do not seem to allow it to others,' said Laura.

The heat was extremely intense, so much so, that the whole company confined themselves within doors, deliberating on the mode they should adopt in promoting their pastoral scheme. Laura amused herself at the window: to her it had an air of novelty to see every third person a black; but she was astonished to see the people labouring notwithstanding the violent heat, which was almost suffocating to those who remained inactive;

and the swarms of musquetoës were to Englishmen a perfect plague.

‘These labourers,’ said a waiting maid, ‘are Scotch, Irish, and German emigrants, who earn *eleven shillings* a day currency.

‘Eleven shillings a day!’ exclaimed Frederick; ‘it is more than our peasants in England earn in a week: they must live like noblemen. But what do you call currency?’

‘Why it is about six and six-pence English; but they are very badly off for all that, for every thing is so dear they can hardly live upon it, and one half of them soon die of fevers and agues.’

The landlord’s daughter was a prettyish girl, and night coming on, Frederick requested her to *bundle* with him. ‘If you insult me,’ said she, ‘our Matthew shall bundle you into the Delaware.’

Frederick was astonished at this frankness: It is very different here,’ said he to himself; ‘but I do not know whether it is all for the better.

In the night Frederick was disturbed by the rumbling of carts:—It is very strange, thought he, that so many nightmen are at work at once in such a little city, or perhaps they all come through this street. The Americans surely do not go in cars to balls. In the morning he inquired, and was informed it was only the *dead carts* that carried away those who died in the course of the day.

‘That is strange,’ said he, ‘I counted near twenty, and this city is of very narrow extent.’ ‘It is a very magnificent city, and the largest in all the union,’ said the landlord;—‘but the yellow fever carries off some dozens in a day; however, we don’t mind these things since we have got our independence.’

‘Very true,’ replied the Doctor: ‘liberty sweetens every thing, and it is a glorious epoch in the annals of man, that property ceases in this great western continent to influence the actions of men.’

The landlord gazed with surprise. ‘Property,’ said he, ‘is the only stimulus to commerce—commerce is the support of arts and sciences, and no man will be above trade: we have no honest gentlemen here—no idle hands—if a man will not work, he may starve.’

‘That is a detestable system,’ said Stupeo; ‘the ancient Spartans never degraded themselves with work. Man, in a state of nature, does not work, he has few wants, and these the waters or the woods supply.’

‘That may be, friend; but our motto is, *endure, but hope*, and that of all new-comers is, *work, or starve*. I see you are a green-one yet, and unseasoned; all you people from the old world think money is made for nothing here—but it is all a farce.’

‘Where in the world,’ said the Doctor, ‘shall we find the genuine principles of liberty and equality?’

‘As to liberty,’ said the American, ‘every man has liberty to follow any trade he pleases, and to vote for the Congress, if he is a naturalized citizen; and as to equa-

lity, we have no titles except *squire*, but for equality of property, as some of our own people would like it, it is a mere fire-fly of a dark evening.'

The idea of the yellow fever had damped the spirits of the whole company, and it was resolved to quit the city of Philadelphia with all convenient speed. This matter was under consideration when a thin man entered the room.

'My good friends,' said he, 'I understand you intend settling upon an agricultural plan. Agriculture is the most noble pursuit of independent man, and a sure source of wealth.' 'How did you know our intention?' said the Doctor: we have not yet been twenty-four hours in the city.'

'My desire to serve all mankind,' replied he, 'and to prevent the schemes of impostors, who, taking advantage of their local knowledge, often deceive and cheat strangers, has led me to intrude upon you.'

'Indeed,' said Alogos, 'I thought all the people of the new world had been disinterested and benevolent towards all mankind, who fly from the old world to be free of its crimes.'

'Human nature, Sir, has not yet arrived at perfection: It is true we are advancing rapidly forward—witness the great public roads and canals which intersect the country.'

'Why are these roads?' said Frederick: 'You ought to throw every impediment in the way of commerce—it is thence arises all our evils.'

‘That is very true, Sir, but in this country to talk disrespectfully of commerce is high treason: we are a commercial people. By means of these roads and canals we have peopled the great wilderness, and planted settlements where only rattlesnakes used to bask. To what part of the continent do you intend journeying?’

‘That we are undetermined upon,’ said the Doctor: ‘we would be as far from society as we can, and in a country where we can enjoy the advantages of nature.’

‘Then Kentucky is your object; it is the most delectable spot on the face of the earth; it is a second Arcadia—a continued scene of romantic delight, and picturesque prospects. An author of *undoubted* veracity has given an history of that heavenly region. Sympathy, says he, is regarded as the essence of the human soul, participating of celestial matter, and as a spark engendered to warm our benevolence, and lead to the rapture of love and rational felicity.

‘With such sentiments our amusements flow from the interchange of civilities, and a reciprocal desire of pleasing. That sameness may not cloy, and make us dull, we vary the scene as the nature of circumstances will permit. The opening spring brings with it the prospects of our summer’s labour, and the brilliant sun actively warms into life the vegetable world which blooms and yields a profusion of aromatic odours. A creation of beauty is now a feast of joy, and to look for amusement beyond this genial torrent of sweets would

be a perversion of nature, and a sacrilege against heaven.'

The season of sugar making occupies the women, whose mornings are cheered by the modulated buffoonery of the mocking-bird, the tuneful song of the thrush, and the gaudy plumage of the perroquet. Festive mirth crowns the evening. The business of the day being over, the men join the women in the *sugar-groves*, where enchantment seems to dwell. The lofty trees wave their spreading branches over a green turf, on whose soft down the mildness of the evening invites the neighbouring youth to sportive play, while our rural Nestors, with calculating minds contemplate the boyish gambols of a growing progeny; they recount the exploits of their early age, and in their enthusiasm, forget there are such things as decrepitude and misery. Perhaps a convivial song, or a pleasant narration closes the scene.'

'Or perhaps,' said Laura, with a smile, 'the Fairy strikes with her silver wand, and the whole vanishes, leaving behind an uncultivated wilderness.'

'It is every word true,' said Citizen Common: 'I have not told you half what Mr. Im—y says of it. I am a surveyor, and can point you out the most eligible situations, which, out of my respect for your characters, I will do without reward.—Here are plans of eight different estates, from one hundred acres to five thousand. There are three qualities of land, but I suppose you would prefer the best, which will be parted with pro-



digiously cheap—twelve guineas for the hundred acres.

‘Twelve guineas for the hundred acres!’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘why you mistake, you are giving the land away. Ah! if all the poor vagabonds in the old world knew that here they could have a portion of earth for almost nothing, they would beg, borrow, or steal, to procure a passage to this land of milk and honey.’

‘There are thousands every year,’ said the stranger, ‘who benefit by our hospitality. If I might advise, this plat of ground, situated on the north fork of the Elk-horn, is the most eligible for a first settlement.’

‘Well,’ said the Doctor, ‘if you bring me the title deeds and witnesses, I will purchase that: A thousand acres is just an hundred and eight guineas, and that is a mere song.’

‘Indeed,’ said Common, with a stare, ‘you shall have the deeds drawn out and registered with precision.’—This being settled, he observed, that at such a distance, they would require to take with them various implements of husbandry, and articles of necessity, every thing being trebled in expence beyond the Alleghany mountains.

‘But why,’ said Frederick, ‘should we encumber ourselves with articles of luxury? We intend to quit society, and will not load ourselves with its inconveniences.’

‘My dear Sir,’ said Common, ‘you advance beyond the mark; so much do we depend upon each other, that we can neither begin nor proceed without the co-

operations of our fellows : For instance, how will you cultivate the earth ? Will you tear down the trees with your bodily prowess ? or will you turn the sod with your nails ? You must have spades and ploughs, and a variety of other articles.

‘ We are obliged to have all these in England,’ said Frederick : ‘ I do not see that labour is less or more easy in the new world than the old.’

‘ Infinitely so,’ cried Common ; ‘ farmers here work for themselves, wages are so high that they cannot afford to hire men, and land is so cheap that servants soon become masters.’

‘ That is as it should be,’ said Stupeo, ‘ that is something like equality. In our country, a farmer, with a few hundred acres, does little more than overlook his servants.’

Under the directions of Common, near a thousand pounds were expended in articles necessary for a settlement—the patent was made out at the regular office, and four waggons waited the pleasure of these great men, who quitted the haunts of luxury in search of virtue and liberty in an howling wilderness.

Every article as they passed along the road was exorbitantly dear, seventeen dollars being charged for a common dinner for themselves and their horses ; but what more astonished them, was the impertinence of the innkeepers, who being all agricultural men, did not alto-

gether depend on their inns, and conceived travellers to be the obliged parties.

‘ This is very singular hospitality,’ said the Doctor : ‘ I have read a book which informed me it was customary to travel from farm-house to farm-house, and from New-England to Maryland, almost free of expense.’

‘ Republicans,’ said Stupeo, ‘ are independent people, they do not cringe and fawn upon you for a shilling like your traders in Europe ; they possess a conscious manly dignity.’

‘ The dignity of an inn-keeper is certainly very great,’ said Laura ; ‘ but I prefer the slavish European, where people seem obliged to you at least.’

As they advanced over the mountains to Fort Pitt, they were charmed with the scenery, and the majestic river Ohio, down which they sailed, between extensive savannas and high-towering forests, where scarcely the beams of day, much less the foot of man, ever penetrated..

Stupeo, who was a man of profound reflection, was frequently subject to melancholy, to dissipate which, he had recourse to peach brandy and American rum, indeed these mingled with water are the common drink ; but though he was no milksop, he was soon seized with a dysentery, which to his comfort he found was very usual to new comers.

Being arrived at Lexington, the metropolis of the finest country in the world, they were a little surprised at the sight of about thirty ill-looking wooden houses

but they had seen so many wonders in the world, that they were not altogether confounded, and Stupeo declared that he was delighted at the prospect of coming nearer a state of nature than they had even hoped or expected.

Their large train of baggage was a sufficient sign of importance to procure them several visitors ; by this means the place of their intended settlement was quickly known, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble avoided, there being already a family at Lexington, come from Virginia, with a grant for the same land, which they were unable to settle, it being already in the possession of another holder.

‘ This is inconceivable,’ said Doctor Alogos ; ‘ one had need possess a share of *suffering* philosophy to endure this ; but how am I to be righted ?’

‘ You may go to law,’ replied the informant. ‘ I am an attorney, and will do you justice ; for though the other purchaser has been at law this twelve-months, and has lost his cause, that was because he did not employ me.’

‘ Go to law !’ cried the Doctor with horror ; ‘ what are there laws and lawyers in a wilderness ? I expected to have found nothing worse than rattlesnakes and tigers.’

‘ The world could not exist without law,’ said the lawyer. ‘ Why, it is almost impossible to purchase a lot of land here without a law-suit entailed, for at the office they grant patent upon patent, so that any man

may choose what part he prefers of the whole country, and when he is here he cannot easily return.'

'That is right,' cried Stupeo, 'that is exactly my system of argument, the greatest resulting good is the first to be defined; the wilderness must be peopled, and the human race expanded over the surface of the earth.'

'But can we have no land?' said Frederick; 'surely this prodigious country is not all monopolized?'

'You may have thousands of acres,' replied the lawyer; 'but, if you would be safe, you must purchase at second-hand—that is a lot from the great farmers. You may have good uncultivated land at six guineas the hundred acres—Mr. Common imposed upon you more than one half, but I am an honest man.'



## CHAPTER XV.

*The Pleasures of bending Nature to the rules of Art—  
Stupeo and Susan determine to People the wilderness  
—the Superiority of savage life exemplified.*

HAVING made a purchase of three hundred acres, about one hundred and fifty miles from Lexington, nearer the Ohio, containing two fine mill-seats, with water-carriage for timber, they began their march through the wilderness. Every ten or twelve miles along the road a little plantation was begun. Laura looked in vain for the blooming orchards and sugar-groves, with

fine lawns beneath them; she saw indeed some clusters of sugar-maple trees at intervals in the woods, where *Nature* had planted them; but as to the velvet meadows, nothing of that sort appeared, the native grass being several feet high, matted so as to be almost impassable, and too rank for any use. The weather was insufferably hot—millions of insects tormented them night and day—snakes curled along the tracks, called roads, and prodigious large frogs and toads wallowed in every little tank of stagnant water, which the impenetrable forest prevented the sun from evaporating.

Neither milk nor butter were procurable at any price, and they were under the necessity of drinking spirits and water, which threw them all into slight fevers, and added strength to the disease of Stupeo.

Being arrived at the place where they were to settle, they were a little surprised to find it covered with prodigious large trees, which seemed to bid defiance to human labour. A thick cane brake over-ran half the surface, and was so matted and entangled with the trees, that they could not even clear a path through. The ground, which was not thus covered, was apparently so barren, that the black heaths of England were a sort of comparative garden.

‘It is plain to me,’ said Stupeo, ‘that cultivating the ground is a deviation from the state of nature. Has she not spread her wide extended branches to shelter us from heat and from rain? Has she not scattered vari-

ous fruits and shrubs without our reach, and what do we want more? When we shall have spent our strength in destroying these trees, and laboured to raise the rotten sods into life, shall we not set some value on the earth? We shall become proud, selfish and tyrannical—we shall not readily yield it to another, and thus we give birth to all the horrors of civil life.'

'It is too late now to retract,' said Laura; 'surely the resources of philosophy are not exhausted, reason and truth have now full power to expand unchecked in the desert wild.'

'To be perfectly free,' said Stupeo, 'we should become like the roaming Indians; let us give to mankind a great and glorious example? Let us cast aside our clothes, they are an incumbrance beneath the dignity of virtue, let us live like the wild Indians.'

'You may if you like,' said Laura, laughing, 'but I fear you will not easily do without brandy, and that is a forbidden article in the big book of Nature.'

'For my part,' said Frederick, 'I will try the inconveniences of a detached life before I wholly enter into a state of savagism; we have contracted so many unnatural wants, which reason knows to be useless, that it requires time to root out our habits and prejudices.'

In about a week's time, an uncomfortable hovel was created, with the help of some neighbours; but these philosophers had so little resolution in encountering great difficulties, that these three great men were another

week before they had cut off the lower boughs of a few trees, where they had planned a kitchen garden.

Stupeo was thrown off his legs with the little exertion he had made, the heat and the bad provisions, no meat, keeping without salt. No physician was within many miles, except one, an ignorant quack, whose whole knowledge was drawn from Salmon's Dispensatory, and the London Complete Art of Healing.

Stupeo pretended, he rejoiced that Nature would have her course; but she soon so reduced him, that it was evident the great man would quit the world without having caused one revolution; and the Doctor dispatched a messenger for the surgeon, who, on his arrival, prescribed some common medicines, which greatly relieved the patient.

Doctor Alogos lamented the want of books, though he had very little time to read; what leisure he had was spent in idle repining, and cursing the day he ever set his foot on the new world, which to his eyes appeared only half formed. He had another subject of disquiet in Susan, who was every day reproaching him with having carried her out of the world to die in a desert. Laura was the only one any way contented, for the sweetness of her disposition, and her affection for her uncle, overlooked many difficulties. Surely, thought the Doctor, there is something at least very pleasant in the attachment of kindred, and though she may love me as an individual, contrary to the new philosophy, I do not perceive any great evil in it.



The progress they made in cultivation served only to shew them the futility of their undertakings, and a whole family happening to die of a fever occasioned by over-labour, they purchased the farm, which had been brought into some degree of cultivation.—The ground, which had never been turned up to the air, being composed of rotten vegetable substance, was loaded with febrile particles and noxious vapour, the effects of which are frequently seen in the deaths of the new comers; nor did the Doctor and Frederick escape without a severe fit of the ague, which disabled them from labour.

The great Stupeo seemed here buried in unworthy obscurity; he saw his genius and talents unemployed, and mankind unbenefited by his labours. He had fruitlessly attempted to injure the innocence of Laura, who detested him even more than Frederick; and he resolved no longer to suffer the unjust monopoly which Doctor Alogos practised in the person of Susan. The latter was heartily tired of the Doctor, who was not so young as Stupeo, and having imbibed the real principles of equality, she made very little difficulty of aiding to people this wilderness, where, it must be confessed, there was a little too much of solitude.

The Doctor beheld, as a singular phenomenon, the change of Susan's shape, which neither reason nor argument could account for, though it was evident there must have been a cause superior to chance.

'It may be nothing more than an idea,' said Stupeo; but at any rate it does not signify who is the parent of

the child—the resulting good is equal; it is of no consequence to the child, because, under the protection of philosophy, its mind will gradually expand to the genial beams of truth. I am of opinion, that children should be brought up indifferently by the male or female, as it may happen. Why, I would ask, in the name of common sense, are not men as well calculated for nurses as women?’

‘Because,’ said Laura, ‘they are not so domestic, and because Providence has provided the female with a nutriment adapted to the tenderness of infancy.’

‘That arises from mere repletion,’ said the great philosopher, ‘and is the source of all our diseases—we draw in corruption at the breast, and if we would one day become immortal, I am of opinion we should be educated independent from the birth, and fed upon something more natural than milk, which is of all substances soonest corrupted.’

‘Of course upon brandy,’ said Laura: ‘brandy is one of the least corruptible of fluids.’

Susan, in due time, brought a man child into the world; but no physician or person of skill being within reach, an ignorant old woman officiated, and the poor wretch expired in agony.

‘Such,’ cried Stupeo, ‘are the consequences of being neither in or out of society:—Here we are in a desert, abandoned by our species, with all the habits we contracted in society, and no means to satisfy them;—if we

had been in a state of nature, nature would have accomplished every thing.'

The Doctor was shocked at the event, though satisfied she had not been constant to himself; and he more than ever began to doubt the reality and practicability of the sublime doctrines of the new philosophy. Stupeo undertook the education of the boy, whom he insisted should enjoy perfect freedom, and be allowed to crawl about the house like any other animal.

'He shall not be thwarted in any thing,' said he: 'The great Rousseau tells us that we only implant vices into children by pretending to teach them justice, and destroy the temper by checking the sallies of imagination.' Unfortunately for the enlightened system of education, this grand experiment proved abortive. The tender infant sickened and died of a consumption.

Frederick, however, maintained that it was the kindness of Laura which killed it; and Stupeo discovered that it was stung to death by musquetoos, its body being delicate, and not plaistered over with unguents of grease, like the infants of Indians; and the Doctor swore that Stupeo had poisoned it with brandy. Thus these three great men could not agree upon so insignificant a thing as the death of a child under a grand philosophical experiment: Where then is the wonder that men are daily cutting each others throats for a difference of political opinion?

One day when these three philosophers were labouring in the field, sometimes uttering execrations, and

sometimes disputing, not a little to the prejudice of immutable truth, which often appeared in different shapes, a troop of Miami Indians crossed the Ohio in their punts, and carried off all the portable articles at the little farm, which they had dignified with the name of Clarens. Poor Laura shared the fate of the rest of the stock, and it was not known to the philosophers till their return home.

‘Black forever be the day!’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘when I left England with all its evils—there, persons and property enjoy some protection. Alas! my dear Laura, my beloved child is murdered and scalped!’

‘Nothing more natural,’ said Stupeo, coolly; ‘savages do not make those childish distinctions we do between beauty and ugliness—revenge is all they seek, for the unjust usurpation of the Europeans:—Are we not driving them from their ancient possessions, and daily narrowing their bounds and power to live?’

‘What have they done,’ said the Doctor, ‘in the course of some thousand years? The utmost extent of their knowledge in agriculture, is the planting of a few slips of maize and tobacco.’

‘But they enjoy perfect liberty,’ said Frederick; ‘they have few vices, and few wants—they roam at will over the face of the creation:—I feel myself enamoured of savage life.’\*

*\* It is the practice of the new school to exalt every thing savage. An Indian is with them the most virtuous of human beings; and they make him utter senti-*

'I see plainly,' returned the Doctor, 'that very few men can exist in a savage state: I see we must have made a progress in arts and sciences before we can pretend to civil life. Thus arts and sciences, with all their defects, tend to increase the numbers of mankind. Indeed, I begin to perceive philosophy has not every claim I supposed to universal acceptance.'

'The new philosophy is immutable,' cried Stupeo; 'and notwithstanding every check from selfishness, it will in time sap all society, and depopulate those hot-houses of vice and disease—large cities.'

'My life,' cried Alogos, 'is a burden in this wilderness:—I have no books to amuse and instruct me—no intercourse of polished friendship, all is rugged and rude. There is no market for commodities that might stimulate avarice. I feel a thousand wants I cannot gratify, and even common necessities I cannot procure.—Affection, which I once thought a blind partiality, I now find like a balm amidst the evils of life; and as I have lost my Laura, I am completely wretched. I am not now equal to the task of cultivating the ground; and might have procured more comforts, conveniences, luxuries in England, as a day labourer, than in this with all its freedom.'

*ments he never heard, and perform actions which never were witnessed. Why is all this but to loosen men from the reciprocal bonds of society, and to sap the foundations of human governments. So far indeed are the Indians removed from these sentimental phantoms, that they are totally the contrary.*

‘I must grant,’ said Frederick, ‘that we have too much labour: this is not a state congenial to human nature—this is solitude without its concomitants, plenty, liberty, and ease. What signifies my being at liberty to wander in a forest and shoot deer, when I must till the ground or starve; this is not genuine equality, and I am determined to seek it in a savage state.’

‘For me, said the Doctor, ‘I am so completely wretched, that I will seek no further for a bauble—I will die here.’

‘The great moralist, Rousseau,’ said Stupeo, ‘has said, *by rendering life insupportable, God orders one to quit it*. Now you believe in a Deity, and surely you may trust his mercy.’

‘I will not provoke his anger, thou fiend of darkness,’ said Doctor Alogos, with more energy than he usually displayed: ‘do I suffer one single inconvenience I have not brought upon myself, and you would have me close the account with murder. The Deity does not act by evils, nor are the consequences of our head-strong passions, our follies, and our crimes to be laid to his charge. Rousseau was a fool, with all his rants and declamations, and many of his followers shew their long ears.’

A black slave, whom these advocates for universal freedom had *purchased*, his labour being cheaper than an hired servant, now entered the hut, with the tidings that Laura had been seen crossing the Ohio, with the Indians, in a western direction.

Doctor Alogos, at this intelligence, roused himself to action, and the two philosophers proposed to accompany him, more from an expectance of novelty, than any desire to recover Laura, who would never attend to the lectures of these great men.

They set out on horseback well armed, pursuing the track pointed out to them. For four days they followed the Indians, till their provisions were exhausted, and their horses nearly jaded out. They subsisted upon the wild berries and fruit in the forests, still continuing their rout, and having plenty of powder the birds supplied them a frequent repast.

By degrees they lost all knowledge of the direction of the country. Their horses fell beneath them, and the underwood became almost impenetrable.—A council of war was called, in which Frederick pleaded strenuously that they should join the first band of Indians they might meet, and cast away every trace of society; he even proposed that they should abandon their arms and clothes, and trust wholly to chance.

This he was prevailed upon to give up, by the observance that the Indians were not so divested of all art as to be without arms, these being necessary in a roaming life to procure themselves food.

Doctor Alogos, who had no wish to return without his niece, complied with all the sublime whims of these great men; and though he was far from being in perfect health, he attended them through the dreary laby-

rinths of an almost impassable forest, where hunger and thirst were their constant companions.

For near ten days they did not see a single human being except themselves. They had fallen in with a drove of buffaloes, on one of which they made a plentiful repast. Their shoes were already worn out, and the green hide bound with thongs supplied the place; though they now ran considerable hazard from the swarms of snakes which basked in the sun, or hung from the trees like caterpillars in an English hedge. Frederick being the tallest, had received several severe contusions from the boughs of the trees, and the infinite swarms of musquitoes which seemed to fill the air, goaded the whole party incessantly.

Some Indians they accidentally fell in with, ran away from them in terror. In the woods they found several skeletons, which, from their mutilated state, appeared to have been killed in battle.

‘It is very singular,’ said Frederick, ‘that even these savages, who are very little more advanced in civil life than an Ouran-outang, should delight so much in war.

‘War,’ replied Stupeo, ‘is congenial to human nature:—what, are all the civilized states that now exist immersed in voluptuousness and sloth?—All the manly virtues are lost, when arts and sciences are cultivated. Look back to the ancients—the Celtæ, the Danes, the Goths, the Scythians, and all those hardy tribes who lived only in war, we shall there find all the heroic virtues, the contempt of danger, the bravery of seasons, the



generosity of friendship, and the gallantry to the fair, so peculiar to the times of chivalry—all these are the children of a state of perpetual war.'

'I thought,' said the Doctor, 'you held gallantry in contempt, as a pusillanimous trifling, unworthy a great mind; and that particular friendships are an outrage against political justice.'

'So I do,' cried Stupeo; 'and whoever knew me retract what I once advanced?'

'But how do you reconcile the contradiction?'

'A philosopher can reconcile every thing.—The new philosophy is founded upon the broad expanded basis of universal truth; it establishes principles not all the powers of kings and priests shall overthrow, much less a few contradictions.'

This warm debate was interrupted by some female screams. The Doctor cocked his rifle piece, and the whole company moved towards the place, where, in a little retreat, they saw an Indian severely beating two women with a cane.

'This is very astonishing gallantry,' said Doctor Alogos, 'this is a warlike people; but let us inquire what is the reason of this usage.'

Their black servant, Mungo, who understood the dialect of the five nations, inquired the meaning of the chastisement.

'Because I choose it,' said the Indian: 'I have a great mind to shoot them both with my arrow.'

'Well, but you have some cause for your anger,' said

the Doctor, through the medium of Mungo.—‘To be sure I have:—I ordered them to shoot some plovers for my dianer, while I was painting myself with this delightful blue, and they return to tell me they can find none.

‘I suppose,’ said the Doctor, ‘you are related to them?’—‘They are my wives.’—‘One of them is very young.’—‘She is my daughter.’—‘What, do you use your daughters as a wife?’—‘To be sure I do—have I not the most right to my own?’—‘Does not Nature and the great Manetaw of the lakes tell us to do so?’

‘We must acknowledge,’ said the Doctor, ‘this is very strange;—the women appear universally to be slaves to the men; but, alas! what a mere brute is man, when some greater law than his own will does not curb his passions. If this be liberty, bind me forever to a galley oar.’

‘I find nothing strange in all this,’ said Stupeo, ‘These men are ignorant of the sublime doctrines of philosophy—they do things without seeing their fitness, and therefore may err a little in promoting universal good; for instance what is there unnatural in this revolution of kindred? Is it not a common practice with animals?’

‘What horrid principles,’ said Alogos: ‘how would it be possible to rear brothers and sisters to maturity?’

‘That is none of my business,’ replied Stupeo; ‘I do not concern myself with trifles.’

Doctor Alogos felt the truth of this reply; and hav-

ing witnessed the brilliant virtues of a warlike nation in the savage state, he concluded that the whole human species was under some dreadful curse, for insanity seemed to influence all their actions.

The following day they crossed a large savanna, where they could not procure the smallest sustenance, and in the evening tired and exhausted, they arrived at a little settlement of Indians.

‘Now,’ cried Frederick, in rapture, ‘we shall behold genuine hospitality; we shall see pure nature, unsophisticated by the vices of society?’

They requested of an Indian, in an humble tone, some *hoc-cake*, but received for answer, that they had scarcely sufficient for themselves, and a demand of some of their arms.

This was very unexpected to these philosophers, who, notwithstanding their knowledge of human nature, often made egregious mistakes, and finding pity and hospitality alike unknown, they bargained for a supply of provisions, in exchange for a brace of pistols and some shot.

‘These men,’ said Stupeo, ‘must have been contaminated by trading with Europeans, at least they possess the virtues of sacred friendship; with them the security of oaths is unnecessary.’

‘Sacred friendship?’ said Doctor Alogos; ‘you are a profound philosopher—you can acknowledge what you stand in need of:—you deny and affirm just as it suits your then convenience.’

‘ And what is the use of words,’ returned the other, ‘ if we are not to turn them to our own advantage ?’

Having with difficulty procured leave to repose in one of the wigwams, they made many inquiries into the situation of the country, but received no satisfactory answer, and from the tone of their dialect, they appeared to be a tribe beyond any that had immediate connexion with Europeans. They lay down upon some long grass; their weariness caused them to sleep particularly sound, and they were not a little amazed to find in the morning most of their clothes stolen, with two of their fowling pieces.

‘ So much for savage honesty and justice,’ said Alo-gos: ‘ they are a parcel of rascally thieves, and where is their sacred hospitality in leaving us here to perish in a wild, without arms or clothes; for we have saved nothing but what we kept on our backs, or concealed beneath the grass at the request of Mungo.’

‘ In the first place,’ said Stupeo, ‘ we have no right to complain, they have not taken our lives, which, from our imprudence, was in their power; and in the second, we mistake terms. In society, I grant this would be called a robbery, but, amongst the children of nature, it is only taking from another what they want to use themselves: they have not our ideas of particular property.’

‘ It seems to me however,’ said Frederick, ‘ that they were conscious of injustice, or they would not all have departed in this sneaking way. I begin to think the

savage state of man is not conducted on philosophical principles.'

'That is what I have been saying all the time,' cried Stupeo. 'Listen while I explain to you the progress of human nature, from gross darkness to superstition; from superstition to the great light of truth; and from thence to philosophical ignorance, which is the genuine state of real felicity.'

'You might as well talk of the light darkness of the full noon of night,' cried the Doctor in a rage. 'I will demonstrate it,' cried Stupeo.—'You contradict yourself,' said Frederick; 'I will prove that philosophy——'

'You may prove the devil,' said Stupeo, 'if you will, but you shall not overturn my arrangement, which is founded on the broad basis of truth and universal man.'

'What, will you have eatee masses?' said Mungo:—and the three great philosophers arose to provide themselves breakfast from a neighbouring brook, where they gathered some herbs.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*The Vagabonds arrive at a perfect Republic on the principles of equality and political justice.*

OUR troop of philosophical vagabonds set out; they knew not whither, and had not gone far before they found, exposed beneath a tree, an Indian child, puny, weak, and almost expiring.

‘Behold,’ cried Alogos, ‘the humanity of savages! this, I suppose, is parental care. This poor wretch is so ill-formed, that it will take too much trouble to rear it; and savages have too many wants to supply, and are too ignorant of physic to encumber themselves with a sickly infant.’

‘It is a glorious practice,’ exclaimed Stupeo; and shews them to be, in fact, more humane than ourselves! Of what value is life with an unhealthy or deformed person? We are, in such a case, a burden to ourselves and to others.’

‘But how many great heroes and philosophers have had very little persons,’ said Doctor Alogos. ‘I do not apprehend the human mind to be in admeasurement to the prowess of the body—so far from it, that men of brilliant genius, have most frequently been of weak constitutions; the hardy and robust being too full of animal spirits to be contented with speculations, and why may we not find, in this very custom, the reason that Indians remain in a stationary state, as they deprive themselves of these persons of intellect.’

‘It explains to me,’ said Frederick, ‘what I had attributed to their manner of life and want of luxuries. It is easy to have none but people of strength and vigour, if all that are otherwise be destroyed in infancy.’

‘Experience,’ replied Alogos, with a deep sigh, ‘is the best school, but the mischief-is, that those who are yet well, will not take warning by example, till they suffer themselves.’

For forty days they continued to wander, more than once encountering a few straggling Indians, who attempted to convince them, that in a state of nature, *force* was the only law, and passion the only standard of right. They came at length to a great chain of mountains, extremely barren, and placed in such confusion, that they appeared scattered by the hand of tempest.

They had continued their journey, merely from the restless spirit of rambling, and the dread they felt of returning to their delightful farm of Clarens.—They now debated whether they should climb the summit, or take some other route; but the expectation of beholding an entire new country, invited them to labour at the steep. They were by this time so accustomed to hardship, that a trifle could not intimidate them, and in three days they gained the elevations of the mountains.

They gazed upon the prospect beneath them, which was much superior to their expectation. A fine level country, interspersed with gentle swellings, and intersected with limpid streams, watering extensive groves, presented itself. Among the groves appeared high spires and lofty domes, evidently the workmanship of ingenious artists.

The philosophers were enraptured, and wearied themselves in conjectures of what region they could be advanced to. They waited impatiently for the morning, when they began to unravel the mazes which wound down from the mountains, and it was the ensuing day before they reached the base.

They then refreshed themselves with some fine fruit, which seemed to grow neglected, and proceeded forward towards the great piles of buildings which they had seen from far. They overtook a man who was slowly walking, with his eyes bent upon the ground, as if in deep study, and totally naked. Our philosophers were therefore not put out of countenance by their own ragged appearance.

Doctor Alogos accosted him in various languages, but without being understood, when the man inquired in Hebrew what they were, and how they came into that country.—‘Why do you walk naked?’ said the Doctor.

‘Because we have nobody to make clothes.’—‘How do you employ yourselves?’—‘I am studying the public good.’

‘Studying the public good!’ repeated the Doctor: ‘you are then a legislator of the country?’—‘No, I am a private individual; but it is the place of every man to study to promote the public good.’

Having passed this politician, who seemed unwilling to speak much, our vagabonds disputed with themselves, on the nature of the country, which they thought very strange, especially as they met several persons employed studying the public good. A man striking a tree sometimes with his fist, and then with his head, induced the Doctor to inquire the meaning of so singular an action. ‘I am endeavouring to drive this *idea* out of my path.’ ‘That is not an idea,’ said the Doctor, ‘that is a reality.’—‘All things are ideas,’ replied the man:



'every thing which appears to exist, is merely an idea; we cannot prove that there is reality, body, substance, extension, or any such quality.'

'Very good,' said the Doctor: 'I fancy before you have beat that idea, in form of a tree, out of your way, you will have an idea of a fractured skull.'\*

As they advanced along the high road, the hedges of which were fallen into decay, they overtook a troop of people, who were moving a tree by means of a machine; the greater part stood idle, while five or six furthered the work. Doctor Alogos inquired of the nearest what was the name of the country. The man paused for some time, at length replied, 'I do not think it for the public good to answer you—I will reflect upon it.' While he stood reflecting, he was called by his comrades; the first gang of labourers retiring for another to take their places.

The travellers proceeded onwards towards the great city. They perceived some builders repairing an house, which, from its singular construction, engaged their attention. While they stood admiring, all the labourers gave over work. A man, who was half way up a ladder, fixed his burden on an hook, which seemed there on purpose. Some men winding up a crane, fixed a pully upon a catch, and left the beam hanging in the air. The whole party sauntered away different ways, and a new

\* *It is astonishing how ridiculous and even irrational the new doctrines appear, when taken from the page of metaphysics, and contrasted with practice.*

set advancing, began to labour. The travellers reflected on this incident, remaining stationary for some time. In half an hour this new set of builders retired like the former, and another troop advanced.

‘ This is a curious mode of building,’ said the Doctor. ‘ It seems an equal division of labour,’ said Stupéo ; ‘ I dare say we are arrived at last in a country of philosophers.’

‘ But at this rate an house will not be finished in ten years :—the public good does not seem much promoted by this means.’

They proceeded on, and saw on one side of the road a smith’s shop. They paused to see if labour was here equally divided. Some iron in the fire was heated to a proper heat, taken out and laid upon the anvil, when the man who was working left it there and marched away. Another took his place, but the welding heat was lost, and the iron was returned again to the fire.

A man drew near them in deep thought, and the Doctor ventured to inquire the subject of his reflection. ‘ I am debating,’ replied he, ‘ whether it will be most to the public good, that I should help half an hour at getting in the harvest, or labour half an hour at building the new granary ; I have spent all the morning in considering, and cannot determine.’

‘ Then it is necessary to do one ?’—‘ Yes, it has been proved in a voluminous book of political justice : that, in the old system of things, the labour which was per-

formed by a certain number of the lower people, could be done in half an hour's labour for each individual per diem. But I do not know how it is, since we are all equal, and all labourers, and all studying the public good, our country is going rapidly to decay. An house that used to be built in three months, is not now done in as many years; and as to works of genius, it was found utterly impossible for different sets of workmen to paint a picture, write a book, or finish a device.'

'At least,' observed the Doctor, 'you might provide yourselves clothes.'

'We do manufacture some coarse canvass, but it is a matter of prodigious difficulty, for no man will work more than half an hour; and the hands wanted from the sowing of the seed, till it is finished in the web and fashioned to the body, is astonishing, for it is strange how stupid the people grow since one man knows every thing.'

'That is an excellent remark,' said the Doctor; 'more good is produced in society, by the diversity of genius, than if each individual were endowed with a small but equal proportion.'

A stately personage, with a small piece of coarse canvass round his waist, advanced, and seeing the travellers, courteously inquired whence they came, and whither they were going.

'We have a curiosity,' said the Doctor, 'to visit that great city which rises before us—we are strangers, and not a little surprised at the customs of your country.'

‘You see then,’ said the stranger, whose name was Parecho, ‘the utmost limits of human perfection : you see a people who had arrived at the height in various arts and sciences, so much so, that scarcely a peasant who laboured in the field, but could read the divine books of our ancestors ; we were surrounded with mountains, which prevented the invasions of an hostile foe, but still we were not happy.—It was thought that the rich lived in voluptuous idleness on the labours of the poor, and that we should never be happy till the most perfect equality was established.

‘It would be endless to enumerate the devices of a set of madmen and knaves, who stunned the people’s ears perpetually with systems so impracticable, that mankind must have been re-modelled to suit them ; and indeed several treaties were written, and several experiments tried to change the very constitution of the human nature. It was proved that no man could die if fear and *prejudice* had not prepared his mind for death ; and consequently it followed, that to divest our minds of this prejudice was to become immortal.

‘It was proved clearly, by some systemisers, that the people ought, without exemption, to have a right of voting and sending delegates to our Council of the Elders, and that new representatives should be chosen every year. Not to say any thing of the riots, debauchery and excess, which disgraced the whole nation at these periods, it was soon found that scarce any man of real worth and learning was returned to the Council. Those

who were most extravagant, and could tickle the rude humours of a mob, were chosen representatives.—The lower orders likewise took pleasure in sending some of their own class, and persons of the meanest description were elected in a drunken frolic. These representatives would, however, have been cyphers, if any proportion had been preserved, and would very ably have represented their constituents:—but the great mischief arose from the middle class of society, who in point of numbers were nearly equal, and in point of influence more than equal; for, if a man had any domestics or journeymen, these were necessitated to vote with their master, and then masters were universally influenced by the powers of oratory. Any man who could rant and declaim was certain of their support, and our great Council became like the forum of the ancients, where a demagogue could work the people into passion, and lead them to any preposterous scheme he fancied.

‘The influence of the crown was soon overturned:—the people were deluded with the ostensible prospect of liberty, which none of them could describe; and their leaders throwing off the mask, a civil war ensued, in which near a million of people perished. The royal family was destroyed; the aristocracy nearly annihilated, for the nobles adhered to the crown, from which their honours were derived; and the rich were compelled to divide their property, or were *proscribed*, and the most shocking excesses took place; during which, all men of any property were in danger of destruction. Equality

in every sense of the word was to be established, and all laws, sacred and civil, were abrogated. All things valuable and curious lost their worth, because there was no longer a market. If a man worked, or if he remained idle, food and raiment was all he had to expect; and genius in one hour seemed blasted from the land.

‘ No man would work for his neighbour, because the reward destroyed the just balance of equality.—It was found that no work could be done without having some subordinate class, like the Helots, who did the drudgery of the Spartans. This in our country not being practicable, and the women having declared themselves no longer dependents on the men, but equal in every point, it was resolved to subject them by force to the labour necessary for providing food, raiment, and shelter for the community, while the men should be employed studying the public good.

‘ The female sex soon drooped under this usage, and intreated to be reinstated in the ancient slavery, for they found the rough employments not only spoil their features and render them objects of indifference, but they were incapable of building houses, and other laborious exertions. The whole labour of the nation was now at a stand, till a prodigious great philosopher observed, that were all men necessitated to work, the labour would scarcely be felt by any.

‘ It was computed, that under the old regimen, one twentieth of the people had been employed in agricul-

ture. If then this were divided, it would amount to half an hour a day : no one would shrink from this—nothing could be fairer—but, how was this to be enforced ? For it had been proved by this same great man, in a very elaborate and verbose book of political justice, that *no people could represent or be represented ; that no man could give his vote away by delegation, and the people believed him.*

‘ I have no doubt of it,’ said Doctor Alogos.—‘ My companions are very great philosophers, and made me believe wonderful impracticabilities.’

‘ Well,’ continued Parecho, ‘ anarchy and massacre would have been the consequence, if a few men had not seized themselves the helm of business, and declared themselves censors general. This was by no means difficult, for they had only to talk more about the public good, and profess principles more hypocritical than the philosophers, to lead the people any way.’

‘ It might naturally have been supposed, that genius would have roused itself from the torpor of an equality with dullness ; but there remained no stimulant, no man being allowed to enjoy greater conveniences or luxuries than another, and therefore labours of ingenuity lost their reward. Every species of trade was crushed at once, because it is the nature of *trade to amass*, and the nature of *equality to destroy*.’

‘ Our metropolis, to which we are advancing, is daily sinking into decay. Nothing new is projected—all our arts are falling into oblivion, as children are not allowed

to employ their attention on any one thing in particular, but to be provided at five-and-twenty, well regulated, active, and *prepared* to learn; thus while they pretend to learn every thing, they learn nothing, for the human mind is of narrow extent, and the next generation will be within a shade of actual savagism.

During this discourse, they had reached the precincts of a large and venerable city, but evidently under a rapid decay. The most disgusting filth covered the streets, emitting a shocking and mephitic vapour. The people were all naked, marked with extreme dejection, and half the houses were shut up.

‘What is the reason of this,’ said the Doctor; ‘we generally impute the decrease of population to the pernicious effects of sedentary and mechanical employ.’

‘It is disease,’ replied Parecho: ‘our physicians have forgot their skill, and no new students can be reared from the want of ostensible reward, and some distinction to talent.’

‘But common humanity, one would suppose, should stimulate them to promote the public good,’ said the Doctor.

‘Very likely,’ answered Parecho, ‘but common humanity will not teach men skill, there must be a laborious exertion of mind, and that cannot be the case when we have so many other demands, and the man of genius is lost in the promiscuous crowd. We were told indeed that genius was to be the only claim to distinction; but it was soon found, that where all was equal, there



could be no distinction, and genius had no means of expanding.'

'I begin to think,' said the Doctor, 'that at least there must be two orders in society, those who project, and those who execute; for no man will project, when he must execute himself, and where no reward is to be gained superior to food and raiment.'

'But if you allow rewards,' said Parecho, 'equality is sapped to the foundation; you introduce luxury, and property rises to its old standard. Beside, how many fools would share it with the men of genius, without any merit of their own.'

'Surely,' replied Alogos, 'have I not a right to what I will with the wealth I have honestly acquired? May not the chief stimulus to my actions have been this very privilege of rendering a foolish thick-brain son my heir?—It strikes me that your present system cannot possibly continue—your people will not be sufficient to the task of gathering in a plentiful harvest.'

'Indolence in the extreme,' replied Parecho, 'possesses every man, so much so, that the very cares of connubial affection are become burthensome, and I have actually heard a man debate with his wife, whether half an hour was not too much labour for the human economy.'

'My companions,' said the Doctor, 'are two very great philosophers, and not quite so sublime in their ideas.—Their system of equality goes to a right of possessing any of the sex, and I dare say they will not ob-

ject to the custom of your country, in labouring half an hour for the public good.'

By this time they arrived in a great square, it was about noon, and our travellers began to be hungry at sight of some large piles of loaves, cakes, and fruits.—  
'We do not eat, in common,' said Parecho, 'because we are not obliged to be hungry at the same time, but each comes to this repository, and takes what he wants.'

'Some may eat double to others,' observed the Doctor; 'how do you manage that?'

'At first there were many debates, but it being urged that the labour of all being equal, those who eat little could not be injured, as they could do nothing with their superfluous earnings.'

'It is very singular,' said Stupeo, the Doctor interrupting, that such an admirable institution should have such effect. Is your government patriarchial, monarchical, tyrannical, aristocratical, oligarchical, or republican?'

'It is republican,' replied Parecho.—'Then I will maintain,' said Stupeo, 'that it is the best possible form; every thing is for and by the people themselves, and they are not taxed to provide for others.'

'Taxes,' replied Parecho, 'if within moderation, and not sent out of the country, are like the returning moisture of the dews.' Titles, wealth, and honours, are incentives to exertion, like prizes amongst school-boys;—and, to speak a truth, the mass of mankind are only grown-up children.'

‘And why?’ cried Stupco, in triumph; ‘because they are held in profound ignorance.’

‘I will maintain,’ said Frederick, ‘that men are more happy ignorant than half learned; they will then follow the pursuits of real life, and are satisfied with the comforts within their reach. I am almost tired of speculation.’

‘It is true,’ said Parecho, with a languid smile, ‘that your greatest sticklers for freedom, if they see their folly, become as great champions for slavery, always in extremes. Under our former government, which was a limited monarchy, we had every gradation in society. It was observed, that the very-rich, and the very poor ranks rarely produced great men. It was from the various shades of middle life these arose, and to judge of our real liberty, I will observe to you the general routine of property. A man of talents, in humble life, generally raised himself to independence; his son continuing his track, or pursuing his maxims, became rich; his grandson claimed titles and honours, and blazed in the zenith and power; but his great-grand-son generally squandered the estates, and the family again sunk, to rise after two or three generations.’

‘That is exactly as it is in Great Britain,’ said Doctor Alogos.

‘But truth,’ cried Stupco, ‘is omnipotent. It is self-demonstrated that that government which is instituted by and for the people, is for the benefit of the people,

and equality is as necessary to genuine liberty as air is to life.'

'But here,' said the Doctor, 'is an example.'—'Examples have nothing to do with rational principles and metaphysical arguments.'

'Do the people always prefer their own good?' inquired Parecho. 'Do they not cut each others throats to-day, for what they despise to-morrow? Are they ever constant to the point? Is it possible then that such a mass of contradiction should govern itself? Look at this wretched half-peopled city, abandoned to idleness and vice, for it is necessary the human mind should be employed, and when it is not in good, it is in evil. It is only indolence prevents this people cutting each others throats, as it is, there scarcely passes a day without some violent atrocity, and two or three suicides.'

'But is there no means to stimulate them to some great action?' said the Doctor; 'and again introducing aristocracy, for to me aristocracy appears the universal government; for, most certainly the select possessors of the greatest power and connexion, govern the monarch by their strength and advice, or the people by their influence and intrigues.'

'A government,' replied Parecho, 'to be invulnerable against the attacks of time, and for the benefit of every individual, must be like a pyramid, rising from a broad base to a point. The greatest portion of mankind will of necessity be mean: these are the base, and every advance higher is to the benefit of the class or structure

till we rise to a solitary point, which finishes the work. We may indeed make other forms of structure, but no one without a base: if it is all base, all equality, there can be no building, and of all buildings, the pyramidal is found to resist longest the destruction of the elements. Had Nature designed men to be equal, in exception to all other productions, she would have endowed them with equal stature, prowess, and intellect.'

Turning the corner of the street, they saw a man standing on a tub, declaiming to a concourse of people. — 'This,' said Parecho, 'is one of our philosophers—we will hear him a moment.'

'Citizens!' said the rhetorician, 'let us never forget the glorious day of our emancipation from slavery, when a new æra, a new epoch, ever to be celebrated in the annals of man, began; when a great people set aside at once every species of government, allotted each individual his share in the terrestrial globe, and set their feet upon the necks of trade and commerce. These two monsters are happily strangled, and exulting men heard their expiring groans. Now, citizens, no man labours for others, it is all for himself, and he may enjoy the fruits of it beneath his own vine, and under his own fig-tree. The sun of science has arisen, and darkness flies before her to the borders of the universe. Where shall we stop? Who shall set bounds to our pursuits? Yes, you will wonder at the discoveries of intellect. This earth upon which we stand, is proved to be no bigger in reality than an apricot, so wonderful are the deceptions

our senses. What is matter composed of but particles and infinitum? And these are united by attraction, that attraction is, in fact, the only cause of bulk or extension. But, have we not magnifying glasses, which make an insect appear as big as a cart-horse? And what are our eyes but magnifying-glasses, which so deceive us, that what we take for men six feet, and forests the clouds, are nothing more than imperceptible animals, upon a peach, to whom the down appears in their size, large trees? Who after this will give credit to our senses? Who will not doubt every thing?—Citizens, I have an amazing improvement to offer to your attention—it requires your assistance, as the artist will be able to complete it in less than a thousand days, with six changes of twenty hands per day, which will be one hundred and twenty, a number that will do more than plant an acre of garlic. This grand invention is a plough, which will work by itself, ploughs five acres of ground in ten minutes, reaps it at the same time, and threshes it out into bins. Thus, citizens, we see the effects of the human mind when untrammelled by tyrants, and thus shall mind overcome matter, insomuch, that I will venture to pronounce a so-called fact, that we shall shortly be able to make automata, to do every act of labour the human species are necessitated to perform.’

‘Is it possible,’ said the Doctor, ‘the orator believes so?’

‘ The people must be fools to believe him,’ said Frederick ; ‘ he will persuade them next that he will thresh the corn before it grows.’

‘ And I should not wonder if they gave him credit,’ answered Parecho. ‘ This man was an apothecary before he commenced orator, but his eloquence gained him applause, he left the rattle of the pestle, for the clatter of his own tongue, and he is now so great a favorite, that any thing he utters is received with applause. Have you no men in your country, who are heard with delight while they speak nonsense?’

‘ Yes,’ replied the Doctor mournfully, ‘ we have too many: I fear our country will one day be like yours, or even worse, for my countrymen are of so restless a disposition, that, were they equal to-day, like your citizens, to-morrow they would be plunged in anarchy.’

‘ I hope,’ said Parecho, ‘ they will not quit the reality of felicity with some natural evils, for the shade with every possible ill.’



## CHAPTER XVII.

*Moral virtue, theory and practice—Stupreo is convinced there are other existences besides his own ideas, by a tremendous Phenomenon in nature.*

OUR philosophers were invited to the house of their guide, which had once been extremely magnificent, and yet bore the vestiges of fading grandeur; it contained

some rich furniture, which time had not devoured, for as to any thing new, it was impossible to be procured.

‘What you see here,’ said Parecho, ‘is only the fragments of what I once possessed—my whole property is divided, and of this house I could only claim two rooms, a chimney-sweeper, and several other equally important personages possessing the others; but since the mortality in the city, I am allowed my whole house—I had a library of ancient Syriac and Egyptian manuscripts containing an account of the most early ages, together with thirteen thousand modern productions. But these enlighteners of the human race, during their struggle for liberty, and the promotion of general knowledge, being in want of cases for their fire-powder and ball, condemned all the libraries to that purpose.’

‘How is it possible,’ said the Doctor, ‘you should be acquainted with gun-powder, which is a very modern invention, and only a few years introduced into America.’

Parecho smiled.—‘My friend,’ said he, ‘as our great ancestor said, there is nothing new under the sun.—This art we learnt from a people of India, called Oxydracæ: Alexander the Great feared to march against this people, and pretended it was on account of religion, but had he passed the Hyphasis he might doubtless have made himself master of the country all round them; but their cities he could never have taken, though he had led a thousand as brave as Achilles, or three thousand such as Ajax to the assault. For they came not into the field to fight those who attacked them: but these



holy men, beloved by the gods, overthrow their enemies with tempests, thunder-bolts, and lightning from the walls.

'It is very singular, indeed,' replied the Doctor, 'but by no means surprising: but pray of what race of people are you, since you seem acquainted with the old world?

'We are part of the tribes of Abraham,' said Paracho; 'we crossed the great deserts of Tartary and China, travelling those regions of desolation and eternal ice which unite the Continents, and in about one hundred years wandering, discovered this valley, where we were as happy as it is possible for the transient and perishable existence of man to be.'

'Have you no religion?' inquired the Doctor.

'To-morrow,' answered their host, 'you should visit our temple, it is the sabbath.'

The philosophers retired to their room, where some clean straw was laid upon the floor, the beds having been sequestered for the public purposes.

'It must be owned,' said Frederick, 'these people are a whimsical set, and do not seem much better for their liberty.'

'This is a philosophical republic,' said Alogos; 'the ancient republics were fighting republics; the Americans and the Hollanders are trading republics, but men seemed neither better satisfied, better governed, or better fed in any of them; nor in fact, do they enjoy so many benefits as in a limited monarchy.'

‘But I insist upon it,’ said Stupeo, ‘monarchy is unnatural. It is one tyrant usurping the privileges of the whole people contrary to the sacred majesty of the body politic.’

‘But how came that body politic into being?’ said the Doctor. ‘The roaming families of men,’ replied the great politician, ‘found the need of mutual assistance and defence, and they united into nations.’

‘No,’ replied the Doctor, ‘you talk absurd: it is contrary to the nature of man—man is a rapacious animal, and is perpetually, if not curbed by laws and subordination, seeking objects of rapine and violence. Let us look back to the origin of the people, to the remote annals of *heroic ages*, and we shall find an herd of robbers gathering together for the sake of plunder. The boldest becomes their leader and chief; the weak tribes submit and join them till their power is irresistible, and they found extensive empires. Conquest is at first the only compact, and the people, little better than an herd of murderers, directed by a chief. The ambition of this chief to excel in splendour, introduces luxury, and softens the ferocious habits of his followers; the arts of peace follow a court. The fermentation subsides, or is let off by continual wars, while the peaceable remain at home; and this is the history of man in reality. To talk of a people assembling from the woods, and forming general laws and social compacts is as absurd as it

is false. In all established governments, the origin was the same, whether they were republican or monarchical; though, for a thousand reasons, a limited monarchy seems to me the best calculated for man, as diffusing the most general good, and in fact, the greatest proportion of real freedom.'

'I am still convinced,' cried Stupeo, 'that a state of nature is the more eligible. It signifies nothing that the human species may be multiplied in society. The happiness, and not the numbers of mankind is to be considered; and the greatest possible good would be, to let *one* family reside upon a thousand acres, in the most perfect freedom and happiness, rather than have a family upon every acre, with the present consequences of society.'

'You talk strange contradictions,' said the Doctor. 'You are never consistent in your opinions: do you not know, that in society we must *barter* some privileges for a portion of *social happiness*.'

'But truth, eternal truth,' cried Stupeo, 'is——'

'What we have heard an hundred times,' said Frederick, 'in as many different definitions; for my part I am disgusted with every thing.' These philosophers were here interrupted by the snoring of Mungo, who had quietly laid down upon the straw, untroubled with the nature of truth or metaphysical disquisitions; and the three great men concluded, that ignorance was in some measure necessary to happiness. The next morn-

ing, Parecho attended his guests to a large hall, where they found a great number of people sitting upon benches: in the midst of the hall was a square platform, railed round similar to a small stage. There was no ornament to fix the eye, nor any music to catch the ear, a profound silence remained.'

'Why,' said Alogos to Parecho, 'is the place painted black. Have you no priests—no music?'

'There was once very fine paintings,' said Parecho, 'representing the miracles in Egypt and the Wilderness, but it was feared by the philosophers that these symbols would recall to mind the God of their fathers, which they wished to expunge from the human soul.—We used to have fine music; but the musicians could not be paid, and the whole art fell rapidly to decay, for who would or could attend to the acquirement of skill, when all their reward was a bare existence. As to the old priests they were deemed to have enslaved the people, by darkening their minds with superstition, and indulging themselves in licentiousness; so that they were most of them destroyed, and the rest mingled with the people.'

A person now moved from the crowd, and mounting the stage, made an oration for half an hour upon morality, political justice, and the great book of Nature, where he asserted every thing was to be learnt that was worth knowing: he concluded with declaring against the power of revealed religion, to check the crimes of

men, asserting, that morality was every thing, and the light of nature the real standard of virtue.

The people then waited some time; and no one else coming forward, they dispersed to walk in the fields, the day being an holiday.

Our philosophers likewise quitted the city, following at a distance the orator, who had harangued about morality. They entered a grove of trees where they sat down, conversing on politics. A young woman was walking in the grove, to whom the moralist advanced, and seemed to press her to something she objected. He was proceeding to violence, when a young man sprung upon him; they both fell upon the ground, but the orator being the strongest, rose, and with a long knife stabbed the youth to the heart, and ran away.

‘Horrid!’ cried Doctor Alogos, ‘is there no means of punishing the monster?’

‘This man,’ said Parecho, indignantly, ‘is a reformer of the people, and such the consequence of his doctrine. If you destroy in the minds of men the belief of an avenging and infinite Power, you give loose to every passion in the corrupted heart of man. It is not possible to bring this wretch to justice, because *no individual* has the power of life and death, unless it is done in a private manner, by way of retaliation;—besides, it is contrary to political justice, that any *past* offence should be punished with coercion.

‘Very true,’ said Stupeo, ‘that I taught the people of England. But he might be fined—no man, or bo-

dy of men, can have a right to punish with death.'

'But how will you fine a man who has no property, and where all are equal—and what could be done with the fine? You would soon destroy equality.'

'But you might imprison him,' said Frederick, 'to prevent his doing the same again.'

'Impossible,' replied Parecho.—'My dear Sir, hear the opinions of our great philosophers. The body is perpetually changing—the soul of man becomes every moment a different being; so that were we to put this man in prison, to-morrow we should be confining a totally different being wholly innocent of the crime.'

'Very good,' replied Doctor Alogos, 'the fashionable Mr. Hume has made most of the young men converts to these very doctrines in my country. So that, notwithstanding, I can recollect a friend or a wife for twenty years back, they are not the same persons. I and they are changed, transformed, and renewed, nobody knows how often; and Mr. Hume who finished the essays, was not the Mr. Hume who wrote the treatise on Human Nature. So Alexander the Great, who was the son of Philip of Macedon, was not the Alexander the Great who subdued Greece by his flatteries, nor him who overthrew the Persians.'

'Such being the case,' said Parecho, 'it is plain, that there can be no punishments without they are corporal punishments without infringing political justice: you cannot restore the injury done to society by committing an outrage in the article of punishment.'

‘Then crimes may be done with impunity,’ said Doctor Alogos.

‘What a delightful country,’ cried Stupeo. ‘I will never quit it. The human mind is here in perfect freedom. At length, my dear Frederick, we have found the place where our principles are practicable, where truth and philosophy shine with beams of irradiating splendour, and the dignity of human nature is unsophisticated in its pursuits.’

‘Would that I were once more in England with my dear Laura, if the children of nature have not murdered her,’ said the Doctor, with a deep sigh.

Frederick knew not what to think: his senses frequently contradicted the profound Stupeo, and often led him to think his tutor in the wrong; but the philosophical disquisitions, the grand doctrines of the greatest good, and the elegant Romance of Political Justice, inclined him again to the new philosophy.

Our vagabonds returned to the city, when they became hungry. Stupeo grumbled very much to find only coarse bread and fruits, with clear water. ‘Have you no fermented liquors,’ said he, ‘no spirits?’

‘No,’ answered Parecho: ‘spirits could not be the universal drink, independent of the labour to procure them; they are, therefore, unallowable in a state of equality. At first, when they were distributed according to every one’s pleasure, the streets were filled with drunkards. Nature never designed men to drink liquid fire.’

‘At least,’ said Frederick, ‘I should think animal food would give variety to your table.’

‘What,’ replied Parecho, ‘rear animals on purpose to destroy them. Nature never tells us any such thing—we used formerly to have excellent oxen, but since labour has been equally divided, no body will undertake to breed them; and the species is become almost extinct: besides, no one would take the unpleasant office of butcher, where there was no reward.’

‘Human life,’ said the Doctor, ‘is not worth enjoying, when we thus limit our pursuits—the very peasants in my country enjoy infinitely more advantages: and what does any government signify, if in reality men are not benefited, the intellects expanded, and their gratifications increased?’

‘It is a false taste,’ said Stupeo, ‘which has introduced animal food: and if we do indulge in it, why not eat it raw?—Nature, had she intended we should feed upon dressed dishes, would have produced animals ready roasted and boiled.’

‘And why not,’ said Parecho, ‘have loaves and cakes ready baked, grow upon stalks in the field: all this is a deviation from nature, and very absurd in great philosophers to follow. But seriously, what is this jargon about nature?—What is nature?’

‘Why, nature,’ answered Stupeo, ‘is that which every man sees with his eyes—it is visible at first view to all understandings—it is the influence of rational principles impinging upon men, actions palpable to every



comprehension : thus nature signifies beginning, or begetting, so that to act according to nature, is to begin, to beget, produce, which is according to the light of reason and nature.

‘But what is the light of nature?’ cried Doctor Alogos:—‘We know the genuine meaning of the word, but you apply to nature a *personality*; you make a mere *action* an *active being*; such are the consequences of applying terms, when the real meaning of the word is not understood; and thus we go to deny a Creator, and place in his stead not a power, not a being, but an absolute *action*, called a beginning or a begetting. Thus to express ourselves clearly, we should say, *The act of beginning* teaches us to prefer good for evil. *The act of beginning* has produced all things. Thus we should avoid the absurdity of confounding an act with the person of the actor, for even a new philosopher would stattle, if, in place of saying man can be no longer happy than while he lives according to nature, we were to say—man can be no longer happy than while he lives according to the *act of beginning*. Let the worshippers of the *act of beginning*, or *nature*, remember the advice of Mr. Locke, to be perfectly acquainted with the *meaning* of words they begin to dispute about, and not to overthrow society with a cant jargon of equivocal expressions. But we are now plunging into the profound and muddy abyss of metaphysics, and shall lose ourselves in the darkness.’

‘How do you marry in this country of equality?’ said Frederick: ‘Is it a civil or religious ceremony?’

‘It cannot well be called either, replied Parecho. At the first establishment of equality, every man gave a full sway to his passions, and in one week there was scarcely a maid above fourteen. The labour of the females, as I informed you before, rendered them very indifferent objects to the young men, and it was judged a deviation from equality, that one should have a pretty wife, and another an ordinary one. It was proposed that all young people, arrived at the age of marriage, should once a year assemble, and the *nearest of stature* divided into parcels, each casting lots for his partner;—they are then deemed married, and if they have children, cannot be disunited; but if they have not, they may, by mutual consent, change every year, because the number of the people are the strength of the republic; thus we attempt to increase population, while we smother the principles of vitality.’

Have you any mode of punishing adultery?’ inquired Stupeo.

‘No; the will of the sex is free, and were it not a matter of policy, no man would marry.’

‘That is as it should be,’ said Stupeo: ‘if the rich of the old world knew of this blessed spot, you would have no reason to complain of the decay of your people.’

‘No grass grows in our highways,’ said Parecho: ‘licentiousness and debauchery will never increase or

improve the human species; the people must have a taste for domestic enjoyments: a hope must be excited of reward for the rearing of an offspring, or natural affection will do very little.'

'You shall go with me to England,' said Doctor Alogos; 'you shall see there the remains of conjugal affection, and virtues which still linger in Europe; you shall tell the people the effects of this horrid and impracticable system of equality.'

'Impossible,' said Parecho; 'a man who is really a patriot, will not abandon his country when it is in danger. The hour may come when the people will awake, and they will need some one to direct their rising hopes.'

'I will return,' cried the Doctor, 'that I may at least set my example before them, and would to God they could see the precipice to which they are blindly straying, and open their eyes to the private views and interests of those miscreants who are shaking the torch of sedition in their face, while they seek only an opportunity of picking their pockets.'

Stupeo made a long oration against leaving the country, where the new philosophy completely triumphed, protesting if they had but a little brandy, he would prefer it to any spot on the earth; and Frederick, who was nearly ashamed of his former opinions, consented to follow the Doctor.

Having taken leave of Parecho, they returned by the way they came, not a little amused with those naked

philosophers, who were studying the public good, and working in ratio for the support of equality.

‘It seems to me,’ said the Doctor, ‘that to study private good would be more advantageous: it is impossible the public good can be established upon private evils.’

They clambered the rugged mountains with difficulty, descending again to the forests of America. The day was extremely sultry, not a breath of air whispered amongst the trees, and a strong sulphurous smell exhaled around them. A thick haze overspread the face of the heavens, through which the sun appeared one moment purple, and the next violet.’

‘Oh horrible!’ cried Stupeo: ‘what do I see?—The phenomena of nature are changing—the desolation of all things is at hand.’

‘What desolation?’ said the Doctor, calmly; ‘are you frightened at your own ideas? or do you think this terrene habitation will dissolve? Do you believe in the revelations and prophecy?’

‘Is this a moment to talk of such things,’ said Stupeo, ‘when an instant may swallow us alive into the gulph of hell? Do you not feel the ground trembling beneath you?’

‘The ground tremble!’ said the Doctor; ‘what has you an idea in your head of the ground being in convulsions?’

‘An idea?’ cried Stupeo; ‘can any man in his sense call this an idea? Look at the dreadful appearance of

the sun, and say if that's an idea: see how the tr  
bend—the earth moves like the waves of the ocean:—  
God! what will become of us?’

At these words, Stupeo cast himself upon the grou  
which was agitated by an earthquake, and exhibite  
scene tremendously grand. The mountains, o  
which they had passed, split with dreadful chas  
tumbling fragments of rock broke from their beds,  
rushed into the plains, tearing all before them. T  
earth undulated like a moving lake—at the interval  
a few minutes, yawning with a frightful rent, and cl  
ing with a dreadful concussion: a large savanna st  
at a distance, and a body of water overwhelmed it fr  
ver.

‘Oh! omnipotent Being,’ cried Doctor Alogos, fall  
on his knees, ‘protect us, protect us from the surrou  
ing ruin—if such, O Preserver of mankind, be the c  
nsequence of some trifling disorder in nature, what wo  
this world be if governed alone by chance?—It depe  
upon thee forever for its existence, and, if thy power  
withdrawn, every atom will disunite, and the wind b  
them like chaff through the regions of space.’

‘I acknowledge,’ said Frederick, his eye gazing  
on the dun face of the heavens; ‘I acknowledge th  
is a great and ETERNAL POWER. The phenom  
na of nature must convince us, if we are not fools, but  
easy in a calm region, where the seasons are scarc  
ruffled by a storm, to doubt the existence of a God, as r

frequently doubt in their own minds, whether they shall die before they arrive at an hundred, while health floats in their veins.<sup>3</sup>

‘It is not sufficient,’ said Doctor Alogos, ‘that we behold the wonders of nature, these can only inspire our minds with the sublime and the terrific; we must be taught first by revelation, the great truths of religion, and then shall we find a confirmation in every particle of matter.’

For half an hour the shocks of the earth continued, and the profoundest silence sealed the lips of these philosophers. Horror chilled their veins, and they expected that the hour of final vengeance was come, when the Most High should judge the world. By degrees the undulations became fainter; the starting rocks remained in their beds, and the philosophers found sufficient courage to seat themselves upon a fragment.

‘At this moment,’ said Frederick, ‘a solemn awe, a strange sensation trembles through my frame—I feel that I am re-assured, and I do not fear this scene of desolation:—I would at this moment that I could believe in the immortality of the soul; but we are told in the eighteenth century, that it is a modern invention of Christianity.’

‘Like many other falsehoods which are delivered dogmatically,’ said the Doctor; ‘there are none greater than this. There is scarcely a nation or a people under the heavens who have not believed in it, though

some of their *ignorant young men* have pretended to set it aside, merely because it did not agree with the excess of their passions. These people we call heathens, in the Elysian fields, plainly testify their belief, which is as ancient as record can refer to.—Homer was no philosopher of the eighteenth century—but we might go higher than Homer, we might travel to the ages immediately succeeding the deluge when the Noahchidæ settled in the Median mountains, when the Cushites hewed out the mountains of Thebes into caverns, which exist to this day, an everlasting memorial of that great devastation. In these caverns, safe, as they hoped, from another flood, and before they dared venture into the plains, where they built the city of Thebes, they invented the mysteries of hieroglyphics to convey the sacred doctrines of their religion, which, doubtless they received by traditions prior to the deluge. In these hieroglyphics the Thebaic beetle had principal part, and was the emblem of immortality for two reasons: the first, because, after the waters of the Nile subside, and leave the mud behind, this insect is the first which appears, and is thence emblematic of the resurrection; and the second, because the beetle is the longest lived of any insect known, far exceeding the age of man. From these people descended the Egyptians, the fathers of science. A colony also spread eastward, and were the founders of the Hindoo nations, professing the religion of Buddha or Booda, who was the Hermes, or Mercury of the western, and the Woden, Odin, or Gwoden of the

northern world. It is remarkable that all the primitive mythologies agree in every grand point, as the existence of a great Supreme, the creation, the immortality of the soul, and future rewards and punishments. The Druids, though inhabiting the regions of the North, yet agree in these points of religion with the people of the torrid zone. Were I to enter into the astonishing discussion, which, of itself must strike the mind with amazement, we should perceive that the first inhabitants of the earth had a pure religion, unmixed with fable, and that it is *time* which has introduced amongst them so many factitious deities: but, to prove to you what I have said, I will repeat to you part of a passage relative to a future heaven, which is taken from the Icelandic, and was the tradition of the ancient Celtæ, Danes, Scythians, &c. from whom the nations of Europe are descended.

Speaking of the destruction of the world:—*The fire consumes every thing, and the flame reaches up to heaven; but presently after, a new earth springs up from the bosom of the waves, adorned with green meadows; the fields there bring forth, without culture; calamities are there unknown; a palace is there raised more shining than the sun, all covered with gold: this is the place that the just inhabit, and enjoy delights for ever more. Then the powerful, the valiant, He who governs all things, comes forth from his lofty abodes to render divine justice—He pronounces decrees—He establishes the sacred destinies which shall endure forever.*

‘Such is the doctrine of those men we call heathens.



whom we are told only invented deities through fear. But let us one moment now, when the earth ceases its concussions, ask, if the point-blank assertion of the new philosophers be true, when they tell us that the immortality of the soul cannot be traced from the Old Testament.'

'Prove that it can,' said Stupeo;—'prove that, and I will believe any thing.'

'What do you say of Saul, and the Witch of Endor?' said the Doctor. 'The very identical spirit of Samuel was supposed to appear, which could not have been, if they believed the soul either a bundle of transient ideas with Hume, or mere matter. What do you say of charmers and dealers with familiar spirits? or, where Solomon asks, who knoweth the *spirit* of a *man* that goeth upward, and the *spirit* of a beast that goeth downward to the earth? But even more plain than all this, we read, *Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame, and everlasting contempt!*—and then a *spirit* passed before my face, and the hair of my head stood up.

'But why,' said Stupeo, 'is not the Old Testament as full in this point as the New? And why did not Moses' law declare future rewards and punishments!'

'The Old Testament,' answered the Doctor, 'contains only the civil code of the Jews, holding up to them a deity who held sin in so much abhorrence, that its effects were entailed to the fourth generation. The sublime doctrines of Christianity were reserved for a grea-

ter than Moses to promulgate; though it was evident the Jews, as well as other nations, believed the immortality of the soul.'

'Why,' said Frederick, 'could you ever doubt, when you seem so capable of removing the doubts of others?'

'Because,' answered Doctor Alogos, 'the human mind is charmed with novelty, and loses solid reason in the glare of plausible hypothesis. It requires reflection to perceive that the philosophers of the present day are supremely ignorant, and to cover which, they pretend to deny and discredit every relic of antiquity, by which they would plunge the world again into ignorance. What are the dead languages, is a common cry—they teach us nothing—we should be studying man; but how, pray, are we to study man;—man, who is a creature of experience, when we destroy the experience of ages? I have actually heard a public character, a man of the literary world maintain, that all the classics were mere forgeries of the fifth century, and that he did not believe there ever existed such persons as Homer, Demosthenes, &c.'

The face of the sky by degrees became serene, and the vagabonds bent their course by the attitude of the sun. Stupeo supported his principles with more vehemence than ever, and ridiculing his late trepidation, he asserted that it was a mere accidental impulsion of the animal œconomy, arising from the action of the air in its perturbed state, and had nothing in common with

his rational faculties, and the grand principles of truth and reason, and universal man.

Frederick revolved in silence the words of Doctor Alogos—he shuddered at the remembrance of his former actions, and would have openly derelicted from his professions, had he not been ashamed of the reproaches Stupeo, who perpetually declaimed against that imbecility of mind, which, having once felt the force of reason and the grand light of truth, returned again to superstition and ignorance.

To these taunts, Doctor Alogos steadily replied that, to say he had changed his opinion, was only to say he was wiser to day than he was yesterday.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Stupeo quits the world in a blazing idea—an unexpected meeting, and the conclusion of what is not concluded*

DURING many days these philosophers wandered the woods, till their ammunition was expended, and their spirits exhausted. They had no means of making fire, and had for some time devoured all their game resort to the no small prejudice of a state of nature—for Stupeo himself allowed, that the idea of provision dressed, was better than the idea of them raw. Their bodies were worn out with fatigue and want; and they were so miserable, as to desire death as a relief.

For three days they tasted nothing but water, and

few berries which grew wild. Their clothes were partly worn from their backs, and the remnants were animated with living multitudes;—a severe fever burnt in the veins of Frederick. and but for the steady encouragement of the Doctor, he would have sunk by the way;—their beards were grown to philosophical length, and take them all in all, they appeared truly the vagabond children of nature.

In this forlorn condition, Stupeo uttered curses with volubility, arraigning the conduct of Providence, if such there really were.

Doctor Alogos endeavoured to inspire him with patience, observing, that Providence was not to blame, as themselves had wilfully plunged into the wilderness in search of an *ignis fatuus*.

When they were all nearly at the last exertion, they were overtaken by a tribe of Indians returning from an expedition against another tribe; and as they could make no defence, they became prisoners without a struggle. These men of nature having fed them with a paste of pounded Indian corn, tied their hands behind them, and, notwithstanding they were every moment at the point of fainting, urged them forward in a rapid march—poor Mungo fell down and expired, with the over-exertion; but his fate did not move with *false pity* the callous bosoms of these children of nature.

Stupeo was almost distracted at his condition, though he obstinately insisted that pity was a false feeling of weakness in the human heart. Frederick now remem-

bered that Rousseau had said, 'That *pity* was a natural sentiment, which moderates in each individual the activity of self love, concurring to the mutual preservation of all the species. So wonderfully do great philosophers contradict each other in the grand affair of immutable truth.

On the following day they reached a little Indian village. On setting up the war-whoop, a number of women and children came out to meet them, with screams and yells, surpassing in variety and sublimity of tone, a chorus of an hundred cats howling by the moonlight.

'This is the music of a natural ear,' said the Doctor—but Stupeo was too much absorbed in his execrations, to reply. These great men were confined in a little hut, and had a plentiful repast of bruised Indian wheat and water.—'After all,' said Stupeo, 'these savages are better than men in civilized life; this hut or prison is wholesome and clean, we are not confined in a loathsome dungeon—the light of nature is always pure, and the actions of simple men cannot fail to be just. We only become monsters when we condemn each other to eternal flames for a bug-bear, or drag each other to stakes for the sake of religion. I am more than ever a sceptic; all existence is to my eyes a farce, a folly, an idea. Pain, pleasure, life, death, every thing is an idea, or Hume must be wrong.'

While he thus spoke to his silent companions, an hideous howl and continued roar of joy advanced towards them. It was night, and the Indians drew near, danc-

ing in rude figures, with torches of pitch-pine, blazing in the air.

‘These are very singular ideas,’ said the Doctor; ‘if your ideas and my perceptions are alike, we shall have a comfortable idea of roasting.’

‘I maintain,’ said Stupeo :—the door of the hut at that instant was opened, and several black children of reason dragged out the miserable philosopher, and bore him triumphantly to a green, in the centre of the village. There they fastened him to a stake, and sticking his body full of pine-knots, set fire to the whole, which consumed the miserable wretch with the most agonizing tortures, while the sons of nature danced around him, mocking his cries, and encouraging their children to dart at him little pointed arrows.

Such was the termination of that enlightened great man, who, while he lived, endeavoured to kindle the world, and set society in a flame, but expired himself in the midst of a blaze.

‘Alas!’ cried Frederick, in extreme agitation, ‘what is man? A being influenced by cruelty and rapine :—he is worse than the savage hyena of the desert, or the untamed tyger of the burning sands. I see with bitter conviction, that coercion and laws are necessary to restrain the arm of destruction and violence : in the imperfect nature of all terrene existences, no law can be made to deter the wicked, without being a restraint, or in some instances a grievance to some who are innocent. I see that society, with all its drawbacks, possesses

the greatest portion of real happiness ; and that half our miseries we bring on ourselves, by endeavouring to raise human nature superior to itself.'

' I am afraid,' said the Doctor, ' it will be our turn next. These wretches are ignorant of the *laws of nations* ; and they have not sufficient *religion* to teach them the duties of man to man.'

Thus these two vagabonds, turncoats, unworthy the great name, or glorious martyrdom of the immortal Stupeo, who perished in the heat of his own ideas, bewailed the accident of a gentle roasting. But the Indians had no sooner perfectly reduced the great philosopher, metaphysician, and politician, to the idea of a few cinders, than they advanced to the cottage, and dragged out the two prisoners to renew their pastime.

As they approached the stakes, they were buffeted on every side by severe blows from the delicate fists of the ladies, who out of spite at the fair skin of the dirty, lousy, Frederick, bit and pinched him with a very agreeable and sportive air. Indeed, if one might judge by their cries, they were even more delighted than the tender European ladies who crowd to see some poor wretches extended on a gibbet, or run screaming to contemplate an house in flames ; or, than the fair daughters of France, who danced the Carmagnole round the guillotine.

While they were tying their victims to the stake, and dancing round with their blazing torches, the report of a gun struck them with consternation, and a loud yell

spoke their despair :—a second fire, which sent a bullet whistling amongst them, urged them to flight, and our heroes remained exposed to whatever might ensue—a large fire gleamed on one side of them, by the light of which they perceived several persons advancing, dressed in frocks, like American hunters.

They drew near with their rifles in their hands, and seemed to start with astonishment when they saw two white men naked, and covered with dirt. ‘Whoever you are,’ said Frederick, in a doleful voice, ‘have *pity* upon our situation, and release us before these monsters return.’

‘Who are you?’ said one of the strangers, whose hat was adorned with a feather—‘Surely, I am no stranger to your voice.’

‘My name is Frederick Fenton.’

‘Frederick Fenton?’ exclaimed the stranger; O! eternal Providence, what mysteries involve us finite beings?—Hast thou brought into the wilderness of America the man I had most reason to abhor, and made me the instrument of his preservation. Me, whom he so cruelly injured in the person of my Amelia?’

‘What,’ cried Frederick, ‘are you Vernon? Point your rifle at me, and finish at once the days of a miscreant.’

‘No,’ replied Vernon; ‘it is not for me to wrest vengeance to myself; but how are you in this situation? *Gratitude* to your father makes me almost rejoice that I have saved his son.’



'Gratitude,' sighed Frederick. 'Ah, Vernon! had I but felt it more early; had I listened to the common claims of nature and of society, I might have been a worthy member. But the new sophisticated jargon of philosophy and impracticable liberty, had rendered me insane. I have, however, been the pupil of experience, and have seen the ashes of Stupeo scattered by the wind.'

'I will return to society,' said Vernon: 'it was the loss of a woman which embittered it to me, and drove me a forlorn wanderer in these woods; where I have fortunately found another to supply her loss, and lead me again into the world. I fancy, Frederick, she is not unknown to you; and if I may judge right, this is Doctor Alogos her uncle.'

'Can it be,' cried the enraptured man, 'that my dear Laura yet lives—is it possible she has escaped from these horrid savages?'

'She now, I hope, waits us at your plantation,' replied Vernon, 'where I left her to search for you, in company with these my friends; though I confess with very little expectation of finding you..

'Thou art too good: O Providence?' cried Alogos, shedding tears, 'what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

'I am glad,' said Frederick:—'I feel at this moment more satisfaction than I have felt for years—surely, there is something in virtue not to be described—you will be happy, Vernon, with Laura—she is formed for

you, and I rejoice that I did not succeed in debasing her purity. I am tired with philosophy; I detest politics; and I perceive that an *equality*, the most exact and perfect in respect of every moral and social obligation, springs from *inequality* itself.'

'Have you heard lately from Europe?' inquired Doctor Alogos. 'Yes,' replied Vernon: 'I have news, that in Frederick's present sentiments, will increase his satisfaction. His mother yet lives; she recovered with much difficulty from her wounds—but she mourns with her husband the deviation of their son.'

'I will fly,' cried Frederick—'I will cast myself at their feet, and implore them to pardon me.'

In less than a month, they arrived again in Kentucky, where they found population increasing with the numerous emigrations, but unhappiness and discontent prevailed: for though the grounds which were cultivated, were productive, there was no channel for trade—and it signifies nothing to a farmer, that his harvest is plentiful, if he has no market to meet his commodities.

Taxes increased, and every man was obliged to learn the military exercise, and keep in check the predatory Indians.

Doctor Alogos remarked, that the people of America was equally dissatisfied with the people of England; and saw clearly, that no government would be universally approved, which was not to the exact model and interest of every private individual.

At Philadelphia he settled his accounts, and drew his money from the bank.—Laura gave her hand to Vernon; and Frederick could not but feel a wish, that he had some amiable maid to unite her destiny with his—and by mutual good offices smooth the rugged road of life. He felt at that moment, that the endearing and tender smile of a modest woman, has more real pleasure, than the most wanton blandishments of promiscuous intercourse.

The wind favoured their return to the land of genuine liberty, where there is not *one* man so obscure as not to possess a right, nor *one* man so high, as not to be subject to the laws.

Where the noble and the peasant are upon *equality* in the *penal* code, and no man can suffer for his crimes, but with the consent of twelve of his equals—a right unknown to every government heretofore existing—a right which checks at once the arm of power, bribery, or malice.

Doctor Alogos threw himself upon the beach, while tears of pleasure gushed from his eyes.—‘Happy, happy shores,’ exclaimed he, ‘how few comparative evils do you know. Unvisited by savage war—insulated from a treacherous and rapacious foe—untainted by pestilence, and at a distance from the climes, where earthquakes and tornadoes in one moment swallow up, or sweep away the exertions of a century.—Thy lands are never parched with the beams of a torrid sun, or gelid with the frosts of the polar circles: thou never feel-

est the blaze of perpetual day, or the stillness of constant twilight. Thy fields never fail in their produce, and half the world brings the tributes of commerce to thy shores—though the *smallest* nation on earth in local territory, thy situation and the valor of thy *genuine* children, renders thee impregnable. Nor is there a spot upon the universal globe, so favoured by Nature, and so blessed by Heaven.

May then thy fair face never be blasted by the insidious attacks of self-interested and ignorant *empirics*, may the mania of impracticable political dreams be dispersed by the surges of thy rocky shores; and may thy fair daughters know, that modesty and maternal feelings are the chief ornaments of a celestial mind. Experience has qualified me to judge of learning, whose researches have taught me the paucity of the human mind! taught me, that in this age of reason, in the eighteenth century, I may exclaim with the learned and polished Socrates, —*‘All that I know is that I know nothing.’*

FINIS

**P** The Binder is requested to be particular in collating the sheets G, and H; as a mistake has been discovered. Part of the inset of sheet H, from page 83 to page 86, is marked G 2, the signature should have been H 2, and must be collated accordingly.

H. S.

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24  
E.H.









**This book is under no circumstances to be  
taken from the Building**

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